

# **An Endeavorer's Working Journey Around the World**



**By JOHN F. ANDERSON**  
**Introduction by Robert J. Burdette**



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JOHN F. ANDERSON.

# An Endeavorer's Working Journey Around the World

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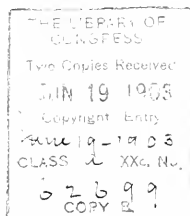
BY JOHN F. ANDERSON

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INTRODUCTION BY  
ROBERT J. BURDETTE



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## PREFACE

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THE class popularly called "Globe Trotters," to which I have neither right nor inclination to belong, is a large one, and includes in its membership not only those who desire to see the world for an educational and honest purpose, but a great number of seekers after notoriety who adopt various methods of making their way, and whose only purpose is the winning of a wager or the satisfactory completion of a "freakish" undertaking. In spending five years in an absolute working journey around the world, my sole desire was to see that side of the world which the average tourist does not come in contact with, and to study the "common" people of each country from the level of sympathy which I could find only by associating and living with them and laboring for them whenever opportunity was offered. If it had been necessary to beg my way around the globe, or ride a spotted mule with a sign on his lazy sides, or employ a bicycle with the name of the maker emblazoned on its frames, or win a wife while making the journey, or do any other ridiculous thing in line with the innumerable plans that have been adopted, I never

would have seen a foot of ground outside of my own land.

I can say truthfully, that never on my entire travels did I display the sign of a kodak maker, the colored posters which tell the merits of a washing powder, or carry a banner emphasizing the qualities of a five-cent cigar. There was not a hint of advertising or commercialism in connection with my trip, and the only income I had was in the use of two hands and two strong arms in the prosecution of any work I could find to do. I was not a barber when I decided to undertake the journey, and if it had not been for the journey I never would have been. I learned that trade simply because I believed that it would afford me more opportunities, in more countries, to earn the money that even a tourist of humble tastes like myself would need. How well my trade served the purpose designed for it may be known from the fact that, after treading the soil of every state in my own country, I left New York with \$8.00 in my pocket, belted the sphere with my footprints and arrived at San Francisco with about \$65.00, although it was not all earned by the use of a razor and shears. There were many times when the tonsorial trade was useless, so far as buying bread for my hungry stomach or furnishing a place for my weary head was concerned. In such straits I was cook on

an ocean transport, bridge builder in Egypt, porter in a Japanese hotel and "Jack of all trades" in many ways and in various climes. It was truly a "working" journey, and the lesson of doing the first thing that my hand found to do, where a dollar could be honestly earned, was the only safe method of procedure for one in my position, when a constant employment of the wits was necessary in order to prevent exposure and starvation.

The average tourist has told us much of the palaces of royalty and the salons of art centers. What I wanted to know was what the lower caste of India ate for breakfast, the sort of carpets the peasantry of France had on the front room floor, how hard a German laborer had to work to provide for his large family, whether the sentiment of the Bedouin was a fable, and the possible profits of the farmer in the Holy Land. Books had not told me these things. Lecturers had given information about the Leaning Tower of Pisa, but had not told what would be necessary for an American to do in order to shift for himself in the Philippines. I went to the old countries far more anxious to see the wage earners of Italy and Switzerland and China than to behold a string of princes or marvel at the architecture of European capitals.

It was, therefore, my constant purpose, and faithfully carried out, to get as close to the

common people and to the humbler things as I possibly could. That I succeeded I believe the following pages, which are submitted with all the trepidation an unknown writer can know, will conclusively show. The book is not an attempt at rhetoric, or charming description. It would be counted a failure in either class. It is the modest chronicling of the life of a Western boy, who received an inspiration to see the world at the age of nine, nursed the determination until an age when the journey could be undertaken and then carried it out as successfully as American grit could make possible. The book gives an insight into the lives of the people of many countries, tells how a young man may find something to eat and a place to sleep under the most unfavorable circumstances, and describes in a feeble way how one Endeavorer saw the bright and dark sides of the world and came through it all with a more strongly fixed opinion that the Christian life is the source of all there is of good in the world, and that those who enjoy its blessing and results are the ones who alone know the true happiness.



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## INTRODUCTORY

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THE Teacher, talking one day with His disciples, men of such intellectual power, clearness of perception, and strength of faith that they turned the world upside down—it being at that time downside up—and so restored it to its right position, said: “Having eyes, see ye not? And having ears, hear ye not?” Even these pupils, living day and night under the instruction of Incarnate Truth and all wisdom, had to be taught how to see and hear. The blind man who sat by the wayside and begged was not the only man who needed to have his eyes opened. It is a great part of one’s education—learning to see and to hear. Millions of men saw apples fall from the laden boughs, and then went and picked up the apple and ate it. The pig in the orchard did the same thing, with the additional excellence in favor of the pig—it could the more quickly hear and more accurately locate the fallen apple than could the human animal who merely wanted something to eat. But when a man who had learned to see, noted the fall of the apple, he read, in the handwriting of the Infinite, a law

that governed the Universe. Millions of lads had scalded their fingers playing with steam, even as the equally inquisitive dog had scalded his nose,—only the boy scalded his fingers many times—the more intelligent dog scalded his nose but once. But by and by there came the lad who could feel, in the quivering of the teaspoon held at the nose of the tea-kettle, the throbbings of the mighty Corliss engine.

People will say when this volume is presented to them, "What! Another book of travel?" They will read a few pages. If they find it is "guide-booky," they will lay it down and never glance at it again. Because the guide-book lies on the shelf beside the dictionary, about as useful, in its line, but less interesting. A dozen lines in the letter, a page in the book, betrays the guide-book origin, and people will have none of it. But the same people read with eagerness the daily paper, which tells only, it may be, of affairs in their own little town. Because the reporter tells of things which are not in the book. Men love the Tales of a Traveler who has traveled with his eyes open. The highways of travel are not tiresome. They are more interesting than ever. There are more people to meet and more things to see in them. The world has not grown stale. Mountain and sky and lake have lost none of their beauty, and cities have lost

none of their power to thrill and interest during the past thousand years. Nor have the old narratives grown dull. But we have them in other books, and we do not care for them at second-hand. But for new views of old things, for fresh impressions, for living experiences, there are always eager readers. Mr. Anderson, in the following pages, has his own story to tell. He was and is an old-fashioned traveler, who brings a touch of pedestrian loitering into the high pressure gallop and gulp of these hurrying days. He travels as Goldsmith did. Whatsoever his eyes devoured, city or lake or mountain, ivied castle or Bedouin tent, his mind took time to digest. You brought home from your tour abroad more hotel labels on your luggage; he, perhaps, more and more varied memoranda on his memory. Some things, perhaps, he saw which you missed, journeying in the same places. He followed the advice which the poets gave long ago—

“Go far, too far you cannot, still the farther,  
The more experience finds you: And go sparing;  
One meal a week will serve you, and one suit  
Through all your travels; for you’ll find it certain  
The poorer and the baser you appear,  
The more you look through still.”

More than once I met him on his journeys in the Orient. A good type of the young American. Independent, with never the slightest trace of swagger; wearing his poverty with

manly dignity, rich in his unconsciousness of it; at ease with guests in a hotel parlor; equally at ease with the same gentlemanly demeanor when these acquaintances rolled or galloped past him as he trudged alone on carriage road or bridle trail. Proffers of financial assistance he declined by showing his hands. These, and his brains, won for him day by day, bread for his eating, money for his journey, a tent or roof to cover his head at night. And if these failed, he slept as did the Patriarch, pillowed on the stone and sheltered by the skies. Because that everywhere he carried his Americanism, modestly, loyally, independently, I am more than glad to say this little foreword for his book and to commend it to my friends.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

"SUNNYCREST," Aug. 12, 1902.



## BOOK I



## CHAPTER I

### SEEING THE BEAUTIES OF CALIFORNIA

WHEN I was nine years old I heard a lecture by a man who had traveled around the world. His descriptions of sights with which the great majority of people are unfamiliar thrilled me and awoke an intense desire to journey to those distant countries and see for myself the wonders described by him so eloquently. During his stay in the little town of Burlington Junction, Mo., this lecturer was entertained at my father's home, and I therefore had a double opportunity to absorb the things that interested me more than any I had heard of before.

In 1882 my father moved from the town where I was born and where I first knew the desire to see the world, and located in Nebraska. There he engaged in the live stock business, and there it was that I first knew the wild, unrestrained life of the plains. My associations with the type commonly known as the cowboy helped to round out my early experience and to prepare me for the uncertainties of the broader life which I was still determined to know. As I attended to the needs of my father's herds, I was constantly laying plans for the

five-year journey I had resolved to make. That resolution never flagged. In fact, it grew more fixed as the years went by. The deep ruts in the roads, telling of travel toward a section of our country whose development was still young, drew my thoughts toward the great West, and I knew that the limitless forests and plains of our wonderful country would be the starting-point for my undertaking.

But there was still an important problem to solve. The ambition and determination were mine, but I had not the means with which to carry out such a determination as I had formed. I can say truthfully that I did not want such means, for the purpose from the very inception of my plan was to make it a working trip around the world, and to be thus enabled to see the real conditions of every country rather than the surface show which the opulent tourist is obliged to limit himself to. I wanted to go deeper than this. I desired to know the common people, the working people, and to that end I must be one of them.

So I decided to learn the trade that would best serve this purpose, and it was my conviction that the best trade would be that of the barber. I felt satisfied that it was as creditable a task to cut hair as to cut hay, and that to "shave" my way around the globe would be

practical, even though it might sound like comedy.

Having accomplished this part of the task before me, I made preparations for the greater journey by traveling three times to California, each time visiting different places of interest and giving myself a preparation that would prevent the embarrassment which most tourists have to undergo in foreign countries when they are interrogated by the natives concerning the marvels of their own land. It is not uncommon to find men climbing the Alps who have never seen the Rocky Mountains, or explorers digging into the mysteries of Egypt who do not know what the Natural Bridge of Virginia looks like. I was determined to have no such lack of home information when I went abroad. I knew that my country was the best and the most wonderful, and was resolved to know it well before I entered another.

For two months, following the practical line which I was desirous of carrying out through the entire course of my travels, I worked in a logging camp in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, thus gaining a personal knowledge of lumbering. After I had quit work I rode down one of the immense "flumes," which is seventy miles long, a trip that for excitement and speed will outrank the "shoot the chutes" or any other

dangerous pleasure devised for revenue purposes.

In the San Joaquin valley I visited one of the immense grain ranches, and turned my visit into something more vigorous by turning up the ground with the aid of ten mules and a "gang" plow. This is a large valley, and everything is done on a correspondingly large scale. I also worked on a harvester, a huge machine that is drawn by twenty-six horses or more, and which cuts, thrashes, cleans and sacks the grain and then tumbles it to the ground, where it remains sometimes for two months before it is gathered into the barns. I also studied the various methods of irrigation, and saw the huge artesian wells of Tulare County, from which never-ceasing streams of water are sent out.

During these early stages of my journey, I found that there was little satisfaction in railway travel. Although a great many places of interest were visited in this way, it was evident that nature, in its real beauty, and railroads did not nurse each other. The most attractive spots were away from the tracks and the poles that stood like sentinels over them. The noises of the forests and the sweep of the plains were not near so charming when associated with the screech of steam whistles and the flying dust in the wake of a fast-moving train.

This conviction led to a determination to employ modern methods of transportation as little as possible, and to circle the earth by the use of a motive power that would give me greater freedom and be always at my command.

In October, 1894, I became a Christian at Vacaville, Cal., and immediately fell into the ranks of Christian Endeavorers. This experience, always uplifting, inspired me with new motives. I saw the beauties of nature with different eyes. I appreciated the handiwork of the Almighty more deeply than ever before, and had an increased desire to see and to understand more of it.

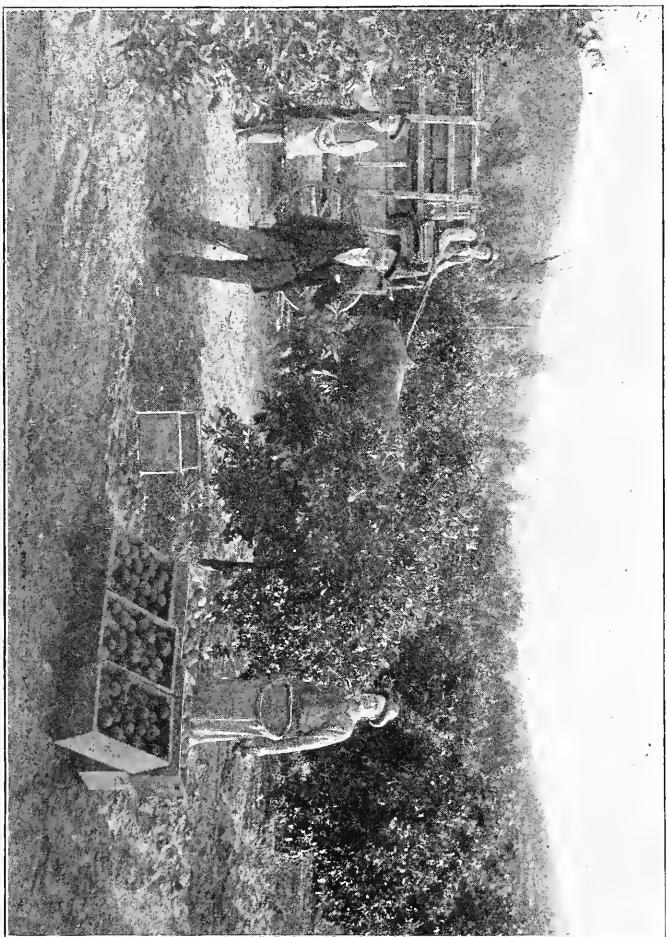
After leaving San Francisco and the Golden Gate, I traveled south through the coast counties, visiting the popular resorts, the old Spanish missions and other places of historic interest. At Piru City, Ventura County, I worked for D. C. Cook on his 13,000-acre ranch, nestled in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, the home of the heroine of the Spanish romance, "Ramona." I then pushed on farther south, and spent a year looking over Southern California, spending about six months in Pomona in the fall and winter of 1896. In this ideal little city, which I am pleased to call home, I was engaged in the business of barbering as my own employer, and remained there until the opening of the orange season, when I

obtained practical experience in this industry by grading, packing and shipping oranges. But in a short time it was necessary to break the fellowship of some of the best people I had ever met. Finally, with my plans definitely outlined for a five-year journey around the world, I purchased an unbroken mountain horse on the 6th day of May, 1897, and began the trip that had claimed my thoughts from boyhood. I bought a buggy and camp outfit, and started for the Mexican line from Pomona. There was much encouragement from my friends to spur me on, and in this connection I would refer affectionately to my former pastor, Prof. F. M. Dowling, of the Christian Church.

I left Pomona May 13, driving through Orange and Riverside counties, and crossing the picturesque Magnolia Avenue south of the city of Riverside. This is a wonderfully beautiful thoroughfare, with eucalyptus and pepper trees on either side, and a row of magnolia trees in the center, with thousands of blossoms burdening the summer air with a fragrance that can be none other than balm to the heart of a weary traveler. I camped that night on the shore of Lake Elsinore, in Riverside County, and made my bed upon the ground for the first time that season.

The next morning I started early and, driving around the lake, over the small red hills





THE WORKING JOURNEY BEGINS WITH PICKING ORANGES AT HIS HOME IN POMONA, CAL.



and through the rich green valleys until evening, I reached Fallbrook, the end of my second day's journey. At Fallbrook I spent three days at an apiary, delving into the secrets of California bee culture. I visited Rattlesnake Hill, which, as its name signifies, is fairly alive with the venomous vipers. This country truly seemed like the "land of milk and honey," for there were dairies in every valley and apiaries on every hill. I was entertained by a young man from Pomona named Vernon Campbell, who as a bachelor had developed excellent powers as a cook and whom I helped to dispose of a "baking" of toothsome biscuits and a liberal quantity of the results of the labors of those busy bees I had seen that day. Sunday morning, May 16, we attended church and young people's meeting in Fallbrook, and the next day, in the bright early morning, I gathered my camping equipment and traveled toward the famous old San Luis Rey mission.

This mission, unlike most of the others, which are made of adobe, sundried bricks, is built of well-burned red brick about two, by eight, by twelve inches. The mission has the form of a quadrangle, with arches and buildings on all sides, while in the center is an open court. The structure and arches are to a great extent in ruins, but enough remains to give a general idea of the magnitude and impressive-

ness of this ancient landmark, which has inspired awe and reverence in the heart of many a half-clothed red man.

There was a group of ranch houses a short distance away. They are occupied by a company of priests who had purchased the grounds for the purpose of remodeling the buildings and transforming them into places of worship for the Indians.

A Spanish gentleman who spoke English well was there, and after an old Indian squaw had passed by he gave me her history, which he had heard from his grandfather. Her age was estimated at 115 years, and it was said that she had helped in the work of building the mission which I had just left. Her wrinkled face and tottering form made it easy to believe that she was as old as the pile of masonry whose very age made it interesting. She hobbled along on her bare feet and picked her way by means of a stick, for she was blind. As she arose after getting down from the steps, she placed a buckskin band across her forehead. This was attached to a bundle which hung on her back. In it she carried provisions that she had begged from the priests. She was certainly one of the last living reminders of a primitive day when that section of the country knew no civilization save that brought by the priests who entered the wilds for the purpose of carry-

ing a religion to which they had devoted their lives.

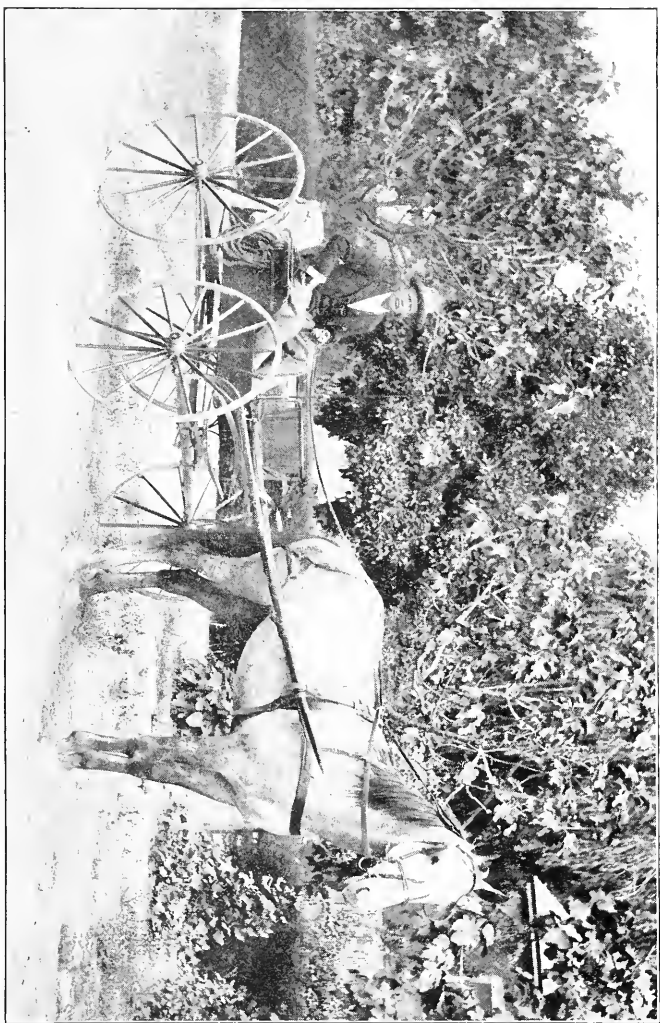
A short distance away is Oceanside, from whose streets a fine view of the Pacific Ocean can be had. My host that night was J. M. Jolly, at whose home I spent hours that were happily in accord with the pleasant sound of his name.

The next morning I drove from the city and took the beach road toward San Diego. This thoroughfare is a pavement made by the waves of the sea. With the fresh, morning breeze blowing in one's face, a good horse maintaining a brisk trot, the roaring billows on one side and a wall of solid rock on the other, the free and light-hearted traveler could not help feeling that the railroad tourist missed the most enjoyable features of sight-seeing. This soon came to an end, however, for the beach road leads to sandy hills, crowned sometimes by eucalyptus trees or an occasional field of grain. The New England Dairy Ranch is beyond a row of grassy hills, and that was my lodging place for the night. Dampness and a heavy fog followed the supper hour, but a waterproof canvas is true to its name, and one can sleep upon the wet ground in perfect comfort when snugly rolled in one. That was a sound night's sleep, but I made the discovery in the morning that the enlarged microbes of

San Diego county, commonly called fleas, have no mercy for the legs of a tender young man who is so thoughtless as to *stalk* abroad with a skin less tough than that of a pachyderm.

An early breakfast in a California fog tastes as good as a late one in the sunshine, and with a good start the day was not old when San Diego was reached. This town throws its arms around a bay that bears the same name. Here the supplies of the "grub box" were replenished, after which I drove around the bay and left the city through a very luxuriant valley and fruit belt. Orange and lemon orchards border the road for a distance of eight or ten miles in the direction of the Mexican line.

Before night I reached the United States custom house, which is only a few hundred yards from the line. The Mexican custom house is about the same distance on the other side, and situated in the village of Ti Juana. Experience in a Mexican custom house teaches one the true value of his property, when measured by the rules that others have set up. If I had desired to remain in that country the duty on my modest possessions would have been \$30 in Mexican money, or \$15 in the coin of my native land. This was my first realization of the fact that a man with property in the United States must pay liberally if he wants to take it out of the country with him. This unexpected



"OLD BUZZ," THE HORSE DRIVEN FROM MEXICO TO CANADA, 2,560 MILES, AT AN AVERAGE OF 30½ MILES PER DAY.





tariff destroyed my intention of remaining across the line for a few days, and it was a decision in the interest of economy when I determined to begin my tour across the continent by starting from the Mexican line in a northerly direction. So, that night I camped on the line that separates the two republics, staking the faithful "Buzz," my horse, as nearly as I could judge, directly on the line by driving the lariat pin through the heavy ink mark on the map, so that he could choose his picking from either country as his taste might prompt him. For the good old horse let it be said that he was patriotic enough to show the greater appreciation for the grazing found on the American side.

While I cooked my supper that night the natives stood around my camp fire, commenting quite freely upon my bill of fare and the manner in which it was prepared for consumption. If one believes that a meal under such circumstances, with hunger for a sauce, is not really good, let him try a combination of fried bacon, eggs, potatoes, bread, home pickled olives, fresh honey in the comb, sweet dairy butter, black coffee, oranges and lemons. The table was a piece of canvas spread upon the ground. The afterwork done and my utensils nicely packed away, I spent an hour in broken conversation with my curious visitors, and then

sought delicious rest, with my head in the United States and my feet in Mexico. I hope the fleas that left their imprint upon me that night were not American fleas. I should hesitate to think that even fleas from my country could be so rude as they.

In the morning I started for the headwaters of one of the irrigation systems of San Diego County, and by passing through an extended grain belt, I reached the Otay dam, which is about eighteen miles from San Diego, protected by the mountains. The dam was then in course of construction. It was not difficult to find several odd jobs of barber work to do there, and while my horse nibbled I picked up a comfortable sum by shaving the workmen, cutting their hair and honing several razors that were too dull to even give a hint of having ever possessed sharp edges. Having replenished the purse, I crossed a small group of hills and came to the Sweetwater dam, which is four hundred feet above the sea level and supplies San Diego and the rich fruit belt around it with water. The dam is built of granite, taken from a canyon just below it. Its width is more than twenty feet at the top and in form it is like the frustum of a pyramid.

I camped that night immediately below the dam, in a narrow valley. Just before I fell asleep I thought of the consequences that

would follow a break in the dam and the certainty of my being washed into the Pacific Ocean. But this danger did not drive slumber away or prevent a good night's rest. The next morning I again drove to San Diego and from there journeyed down the beautiful avenue called Orange Grove. This was followed by a visit to the ostrich farm, where there was ocular denial of the adage that fine feathers make fine birds. I went to the famous Coronado Beach hotel, the finest all-the-year-'round resort in the world.

The San Diego mission is situated in the Mission valley, about eight miles from San Diego. This is the oldest of the Southern California missions. It was founded in 1769, and is almost in ruins. That night the evening meal was prepared late, and the task was made easier by the use of a lighted candle, with the loose sand for a candlestick. At this place there is an Indian school, which has about two hundred students. I was surrounded by the little Indian boys, who watched me curiously as I prepared and ate supper. At sunrise I stood upon one of the fallen walls of the old mission. In the old tower were the bells whose tones had called, for more than a century, the red man from his chase and hunt to worship a Being the missionaries had taught him to know. This bell was cast in New Spain in

1796. The work of the mission inspired a comparison between this humane enterprise and the methods employed by De Soto in 1539. One used the Gospel of the Savior for winning the confidence and respect of the natives, while the other employed cruel methods to subdue them. This mission might now be in a good state of preservation had it not been for the settlers, who used the bricks to improve their claims, and for the relic hunters who have carried away large portions of it. The bricks of which the mission was built are almost as hard as the brick made to-day and are much larger.

A drive up the Mission valley shows the traveler that the process of irrigation is no new thing in California. Cutting through the valley at frequent intervals are old, deserted and broken ditches which lead to the parched fields that were once the scenes of thrift and industry in the days when the mission was not an abandoned ruin. My journey continued higher, leaving the railroads behind, and the week's travel closed at a little post-office called Bal-lana.

Sunday morning, being above the fog, I was awakened by the sun. Later in the day groups of people could be seen going toward the little schoolhouse. Taking my Bible, I joined one of the groups and, proceeding to the school-house, found a Sunday-school. After this serv-

ice a preacher from one of the nearby mountain towns conducted regular church devotions. I sat on a bench with five or six boys. On the seat in front of me were an equal number of girls, giggling and causing the rude bench to crack, just as the girls in a more "refined" community might do if they did not feel themselves under greater restraint. The restlessness of the girls led to the expected result, and the bench and its occupants fell to the floor with a crash. That Sunday night I attended the Baptist Young People's Union meeting at Julian, a mining town that is 4,500 feet above the level of the sea and about twelve miles from where the girls disturbed the service in the morning. On Monday several gold mines were visited. Going down the mountain side many tunnels leading into the mines could be seen. The variety for this day was added to by the slaughter of a dangerous looking rattlesnake that persisted in getting in my way.

A few miles further on I found Warner's ranch. Near a pure, cool stream in that vicinity I was engaged in the preparation of the noonday meal when a large, powerful Indian came to my little camp and stood near the fire, gazing long and intently into the frying-pan. The cooking food was the only thing that attracted him, and after having had his eyes fixed upon it for a considerable time he gave a grunt

of longing and real desire, and said, "Me very hungry, me very hungry." I was too far from a base of supplies to share the meal, however, and when I refused he accepted the verdict quietly, and not as a warrior. He gathered up his lariat, which had a spotted pony at the end of it, and was soon lost from sight. On the tract of land through which I next passed, I was told that there were 30,000 head of cattle. Warner's Hot Springs are just beyond a group of small hills, and there a number of squaws were gathered, doing their washing. They would drop a garment into the pool and then, fishing it out, would beat it against the rocks until clean.

I reached Oak Grove late that night, and upon awaking in the morning found myself between two spreading trees of this variety and on the bank of a sparkling stream. A drive over many level plains, broken only by an occasional clump of sage brush, brought me to a grain country, and in the midst of waving fields the old horse trotted for many miles. Now and then a "rancher" could be seen gathering his hay into bales. Presently there was the appearance of familiar country, for there was the faint sound of escaping steam, the rumble of an approaching engine, and the inevitable sign, "Railroad Crossing, Look out for the Cars."

The orange belt begins at Moreno, and in

this neighborhood the water gushes from immense pipes down the mountain sides and finally runs into large ditches, from which it is distributed to several parts of Riverside county. Redlands is on the western slope of the San Bernardino mountains. Here are the winter mansions of many wealthy persons, gathered in a typical home spot. Crossing the Santa Ana river I wound around up the canyon until Brown's ranch was reached. There I learned that the wagon road was blocked by snow and that Bear Valley could be reached only by horse trail. Old "Buzz" happened to be a good traveler under the saddle, and, using my lariat, I made a "hackamour" for a bridle, tied my blankets and canvas up for a saddle, made girths and other necessary parts of the harness out of the rest of the rope and, with Buzz's food in one end of a barley sack and mine in the other, started up the trail. This path leads up both sides of the canyon alternately. On the first summit there is a little cabin known as the "Mountaineers' Home," and here were three tourists who had just reached the home from the other side. At the bottom, on the opposite side, there was another log cabin, half buried in the snow. In it lived an old man who had been contented with that kind of lonesome life for many years, and who probably intended to remain there

until his days were ended. At noon the second summit was reached. A ride through considerable snow brought me to a small, sheltered meadow, where I fed the horse and prepared a meal for myself. The dinner was consumed and thoroughly relished at a height of six thousand feet above the place where breakfast had been eaten. From this summit there is a splendid view of the Bear Valley, the glassy lake and the surrounding hills covered with stately pine trees. The repast was followed by an immediate resumption of the journey and, winding down a steep and narrow trail, I was soon at the Bear Valley Dam, the principal irrigating system of southern California. I made camp that night on the shore of the lake, and the faithful horse was turned loose for a few hours of freedom after a hard journey of twenty miles. Another camp near by had been made by two young men who had come over the trail the day before on burros. The next morning we were awakened by the tinkling of the bells worn by the burros. I was up at 4 o'clock, and an hour later was jogging along the lake shore toward its upper end. Then another trail was taken, I was soon on the summit again, and in a few hours lost sight of the charming valley, as I rode down the mountain side through the snow which in some places was four feet deep. Passing through Seven Oaks,



a little summer resort in the Santa Ana canyon, I reached my buggy before night and again enjoyed the comforts of a cushioned seat as I traveled down toward Redlands. That night camp was made in an orange orchard, and I cooked supper between two rows of orange trees, with the golden fruit hanging all around. It was easy to fancy that they resented such an intrusion. When I awoke next morning and looked up through the branches of well-laden trees, I thought of what a tramp, or "box car tourist," said of southern California: "All you have to do is to raise up your foot in the morning, shake your roof and your breakfast comes tumbling down to you."

On May 29 I drove through a large grain belt to San Bernardino, where I spent the day with friends whom I had become acquainted with on a previous visit. Among this number was L. D. Johnson, who, after a short talk, decided to join me in the expedition. He agreed to join me by train, a few weeks later, at Madera. That same afternoon I journeyed to Pomona. The beautiful Euclid Avenue out of Pomona is truly a "lover's lane," for it is lined on both sides with eucalyptus trees and pepper trees. At eleven o'clock that night I reached the home of the beloved pastor of my church, Prof. F. M. Dowling. This was truly like home, and without arousing the family I

put the horse in the barn and crawling into the loft was soon fast asleep. In the morning I entered my old church home for the last time in several eventful years. On June 3 I left Pomona, the place whose name implies, as it should, the home of the flower and fruit. Meanwhile I had been appointed a delegate from my church to the Christian Endeavor International Convention, to be held in San Francisco. In the valley a few miles from Pomona I visited the old San Gabriel Mission.

At about dark I reached a watering place called Gum Grove. It deserves the name, for the little saloon and neighboring buildings are surrounded and almost hidden from view by rows of tall eucalyptus, or "Blue Gum trees." The smiling saloonkeeper was standing in front of his place, across the road from which was a quantity of new-mown hay. Driving the horse up to the watering trough I asked the keeper concerning the ownership of the hay. He said it was his, and invited me to take of it and of the water, and to make myself at home. He was a most remarkable man for one of his calling, I thought, and the matter claimed my mind long after I had rolled myself into my blankets. But the whole affair was easily explained the next morning when I saw in his face a look that indicated his displeasure over my failure to visit his place of business. He

told me in strong language, punctuated with oaths, that I might have "spent a few bits with a feller," and cursed me for having partaken of water that God made free for everyone. My reply was as straightforward as I could make it, and the man was given to understand that he need never look for support in such a trade from me. With a parting shot that left him unable to make a quick reply, I went on my way. There are many of these watering places in that part of the country, but they appear to have been improperly named, for water is the last beverage their frequenters seem to think of drinking.

In the lively city of Los Angeles, which I reached a few hours later, I spent but a few hours, preferring to push on to San Fernando by way of Pasadena. I spent that night at San Fernando, a small Mexican city in which there is another of the old Catholic missions. Near this mission gold was first discovered in California by a French Canadian named Baptiste Ranalle, in the year 1841.

Going on from San Fernando, I came upon the longest railroad tunnel in California. It is on the Southern Pacific Railway and is the initial tunnel between Los Angeles and Bakersfield. It has many successors, however, for this is a very mountainous country, and there are so many tunnels that the railroad crews are

called "smoke-eaters." The wagon road goes over the mountains, and for a time I lost sight of the railroad. The trip at that stage was so laborious that a tunnel for private use would have been acceptable indeed.]

It is a steep and sandy road that leads up the canyon called San Moquit. Toward evening I came across Tucker's ranch, and as it was Saturday evening, I prepared to camp over Sunday. The sacred day was spent in the shade of huge oaks, beside a babbling stream and in the pleasant company of some campers from Los Angeles, who were also headed for the Yosemite. Monday morning I was up early, and after winding zig-zag up the steep canyon, finally reached the summit of the Sierra Pelona mountains, and also the edge of the beautiful Lake Elizabeth. This was the rim of the Mojave desert. It took two days to cross the southern corner of this desert, and I never before realized what a real waste could be. I had crossed this several times before, but always by rail.

In this lonesome place I was out of hearing of human voice. At the last possible place I had purchased water and hay for the horse. My home the first night on the desert was strange indeed. I had no sideboard and was not bothered by hotel porters or waiters hungry for tips. In that wild place there was a perfect

feeling of security, for the moon seemed to be keeping a careful watch, and the only animals I had seen on the desert were horned toads, lizards, tarantulas and occasionally a half-asleep rattlesnake, short and thick, or an athletic rabbit. As for means of self-protection, I had not even a butcher knife or a hatchet.

For miles I drove over this level tract, away up on top of the mountains 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and during the trip saw nothing of vegetation but bunches of cactus and vast armies of yucca palm, standing like sentinels over the boundless stretch. These palms are very peculiar in appearance. They have a cluster of thorned spears at the base, and from this breastwork of defense there rises a stem about three feet in height. Perhaps it will then bend abruptly at a right angle and grow out for a foot or more, then raising its head to the sky again or bending it toward the earth. This misshaped plant then buds and blossoms into a very beautiful and fragrant flower. When this dies, early in the summer, it leaves a dry stalk and clump of thorns. As there are many thousands of them in sight at one time, they give the desert a waste and forsaken appearance. As one gazes out over them about dusk, they give a suggestion of watchmen on a battlefield, for it is not difficult to imagine that the crooked arms resemble muskets.

On this desert the wind verily ceaseth not to blow. Day and night there is a terrific gale, caused by the altitude, dryness of the air and the heating and alternating cooling properties of the desert. In the daytime it is very hot and the air is as though blown from an oven. I was compelled to dig a hole in the ground in order to kindle a fire over which to cook my meals. The wind not only was strong enough to blow out the fire, but it carried away the wood from the feeble blaze. The "wood," however, was merely a substitute in the form of a sage brush, which I had gathered from sheltered nooks, behind a cactus clump or a group of yucca palms. The only human beings I saw on the desert were a few Mexicans or half-breed Indians, and they were about as scarce as the harmless rabbits or the sluggish snakes.

The next day I went through a little watering place called Gordon's Station, and by the time night came I was through the Tejon (Tee-hone) Pass. As the sun was setting behind the stately hills, I could look down upon the fields of golden grain in the Joaquin Valley. Here at Tehachapi the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevadas come together and form a divide that extends into the valley. Here also is the big loop on the Southern Pacific Railway, where the track runs around the side of the

mountain and back in such a way as to run under itself. From the summit there is a fine view of the Sierra Nevadas, with the snow-capped Mount Whitney holding its head 15,000 feet above the sea.

As I drove on down the mountains I came into the largest wheat belt on the Pacific coast, and as I neared Bakersfield I crossed several large open irrigating ditches, which carry water from the Kern river and distribute it over this vast area of country for the purpose of watering the fruit trees and the alfalfa crops. I arrived in Bakersfield on June 9. From there I went to Delano and spent a few days with a cousin engaged in grain raising.

And now in this section of the country the harvesters, for a distance of about three hundred miles, are beginning to lay low the ripened grain. Harvest there begins about the first of June and lasts at least ninety days. The combined harvesters now in use are no small affairs. They are capable of taking from twenty-four to thirty-six head of horses or mules, and the immense machines indeed cut a "wide swath." But few short turns have to be made in a day, owing to the vastness of the fields, and by the time a harvester has passed over the ground it has cut, thrashed, fauned and sacked the grain in jute bags, while a man stands at the mouth of the chute, sews the sacks up, and

then drops them to the ground, where they are picked up and hauled to the warehouses after the harvest is all over, sometimes two months.

From this place of industry I went to Tulare, and from there to Sanger, where there is an immense mill which gets its lumber from the tops of the Sierra mountains by means of a flume that winds down the mountain sides and through deep canyons for a distance of more than seventy miles. From there, through the raisin belt which surrounds Fresno, to the city of that name, which is supported principally by that industry, I drove the next morning. On the journey to Madera a great many jack-rabbits were seen. They had escaped the last drive that had been made in the regular effort to get as near rid of this pest as possible. They do a great amount of damage to the fruit crops, and the drives, in which all the men, boys and dogs for miles around take part, are marvelous carnivals of blood. The hunters, at the start, encircle a certain amount of territory. Then, by shouting at the top of their voices, they frighten the rabbits, run them into fence corners and slaughter them by the hundreds. Fences made of net wire are constructed around orchards to protect the small trees from the damaging rabbits.



## CHAPTER II

## A TRAVELING COMPANION

I ARRIVED at Madera early in the day, and it was several days later when I left, for there were old friends to visit and pleasant acquaintances to renew. It was there, also, that I was to wait for the young man who was to be my traveling companion from that time on. From the time Mr. Johnson joined me my journeys were more thoroughly made and more enjoyable, on account of the cheering influence of an associate. On June 21 we packed our buggy, filling every crevice with supplies for ourselves and horse. We needed everything we carried, for we were about to undertake the ascension of the Sierra Nevada mountain on a trip to the Yosemite valley.

We left Madera bright and early and drove through Raymond to a stage station eight miles farther up. We refused the invitation of a gay camping party to spend the night there. When we saw that they were having an "outing" on a very modern and refined plan we decided to continue the life of roughing it and to push forward. The next place where we could get water was six miles up the hill, and the sun was almost down, but we found when we

arrived there that it had paid to resist even so attractive an invitation, for there was plenty of game on the way up and we feasted on rabbit, dove and quail. At about 8:30 o'clock we pitched camp, and within half an hour had the horse cared for and a fine fowl stew singing over the camp fire. Soon afterward we took our first lesson in practical astronomy together, by making our beds under the canopy of the twinkling stars and lying on our backs, while the gentle breezes played with the corners of our blankets and the dusty locks on our heads.

What a delicious feeling of refreshment we experienced the next morning, and how well we enjoyed the breakfast of fried rabbit, can best be left to the imagination. We started up the hill for Grub Gulch, at which place we arrived about 11 o'clock. There were several quartz mines there that were worth looking through and a stamp mill that was interesting. At the Grub Gulch hotel we induced the proprietor to give a pie-fruit can to the good of the cause. This can, with the dexterous employment of a piece of baling wire, was soon converted into a very acceptable coffee pot, of which we were sadly in need. We had been cooking everything in one pot, making coffee in it after the food had been prepared for the table.

A short time after leaving Grub Gulch we

chanced to look down into a little valley, and there we saw a big Indian squaw riding on a small "cayuse." Behind her sat a buck. They had evidently just been married or were about to be, and their attitude was the very essence of affection, as the buck held his prized one on by clasping her firmly around the waist.

At about noon we met two wheelmen coming from the valley. They were using all sorts of "complimentary" words about the mountains and valley, and things in general, but we were of the opinion that their real trouble was that their method of locomotion was by means of bicycles instead of the more practicable—at least in such a country as that—donkey. Steadily up grade we continued for about six hours, one of the hills being eight miles long, and at sunset we reached the first summit, where we pitched camp in a yard that surrounded a vacant house and was filled with feed that was relished by the horse. June 23 we were compelled to pay the first toll that had been charged since I began the journey. The amount was 25 cents, and it was paid at a little saw mill. At noon we reached Wawona, the station where the stage stops for the night. For us that was wash day. We found a delightful little creek, where it was possible to thoroughly cleanse our wearing apparel as well as ourselves. Then we went "down town," the same con-

sisting of one hotel, one store and one blacksmith shop.

The next morning we set out for the Mariposa grove of big trees, on foot. After traveling up a steep mountain trail for several miles we came upon a group of these immense trees. They were standing by the roadside and we came upon them so suddenly that we were surprised when we found that the object of that day's sight-seeing was so near at hand. The largest is 104 feet in circumference at the base. A little farther on is the "Grizzly Giant," which is 108 feet around. This monster is well named. It is the largest in the world, and has brushy limbs projecting from its huge trunk. The first limb is fifty feet from the ground, and is more than six feet in diameter. While we were still struck with awe over this marvelous work of the Creator, we went on to the tree through which the stage coach passes and which is about 150 yards from the Grizzly Giant. In this tree we ate our lunch. Although this roomy passageway has been cut through the tree, it is still alive, and appears to thrive as well as its brothers who have not been altered by the hand of man.

The upper Grove is about two and a half miles from the Grizzly Giant, and on up the mountain side. In this grove there are a large number of huge trees, many of them being

familiarly named for cities and states, such as St. Louis, Philadelphia, New York, Pennsylvania, etc. Others are named for noted men, like Lincoln, Grant and Washington. It is in this grove that the Wawona tree, the one through which the stage road passes, is situated. After procuring moss from the Grizzly Giant and bark from another immense tree, we returned to camp, where we camped, appreciated a good supper and followed it by a trip to town, and then another night for the study of astronomy in our own practical way.

When we awoke on the morning of Friday, June 25, the rain was falling in our faces. It was with happy hearts that we crawled out of our blankets, for the gentle rain was fast settling the dust that had been making travel so unpleasant. At 6 o'clock that morning we left Wawona for the valley, twenty-six miles away, and mostly up hill. One mile from Wawona there is the camp of the soldiers who are stationed there to guard the entrance to the park. One of their duties is to seal all firearms that are carried into the state reservation, California's gem of nature. We had a gun, and to save delay or an unpleasant experience, it had been concealed in the bottom of the buggy. This precaution proved unnecessary, however, for just as we were passing the camp the bugle sounded for breakfast, and, the soldiers think-

ing more of the morning meal than they did of our arsenal, we were unmolested.

There were numerous deer tracks in the road, but no deer until we entered the valley. The first view of the valley was from Inspiration Point. Here El Capitan, a bold, barren, perpendicular cliff at the head of the valley, rising more than three thousand feet above it, can be plainly seen. In the distance can be seen the North Dome, a round peak standing by itself. Around to the right of it is the Half Dome, a peak that appears to have been cut in two and which bears a strong resemblance to the letter D. Behind this rise the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevadas, with their cold heads forever above the snow line.

Still farther around pours the constant stream of the Merced. As it falls over two cliffs in succession at the upper end of the valley it looks like a beautiful white ribbon hanging in graceful festoons. Nearer us was Glacier Point, and the overhanging rock, which reaches out into space more than three thousand feet above the valley. At our feet were the Bridal Veil falls. This precipitation of water and mist truly is a magnificent sight. Although the amount of water falling is small, it comes leaping from the edge of a precipice 860 feet high, and in its descent strikes the stones which throw it into a spray that bounds from

rock to rock and then rises in filmy clouds that give it much the appearance of that which has imparted to it its appropriate name. The Indians call it the "Spirit of the Evil Wind."

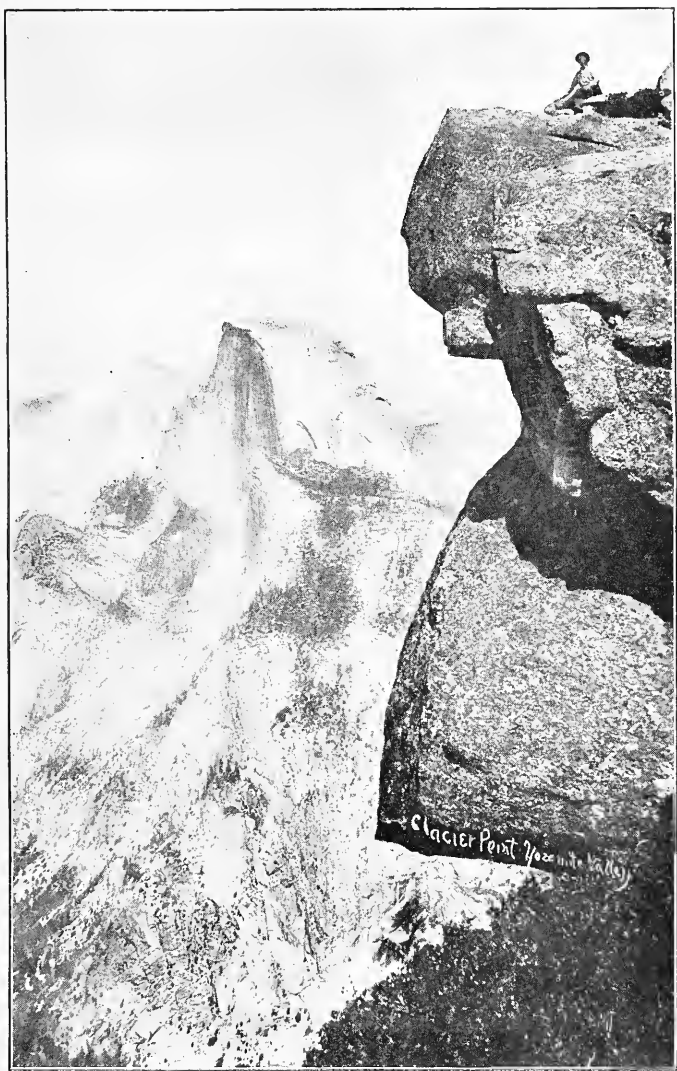
Crossing the Merced river, which flows in a winding, emerald stream through the valley, we came to the hotel, stores and post office. There the guardian of the valley told us that the sights to be seen there were ours to enjoy to the fullest extent. So we followed the tortuous stream for a distance of two miles, and there came upon a camp having about 500 inhabitants. They were sight-seers, there for a like purpose, but most of them, perhaps, seeing and living upon a more pretentious plan. There was one camp which had recently been vacated, situated just across the way from "Tapioca Camp," and of it we took immediate possession. There we prepared our first supper in the Yosemite Valley. That toothsome task finished, we saw that in order to be abreast of the prevailing style we would have to give our camp a name. Procuring a smooth board, we soon had the Cuckoo Tavern printed thereon, and this sign we placed in the conspicuous position which the name and its owners merited.

The next morning, after a breakfast at the "Tavern" that was up to the standard fixed by our tastes and appetites, we prepared a lunch and started for the trail toward Glacier Point.

This is a reasonably good trail, zig-zagging up the side of the cliff. At the top we stood, alternately, on the overhanging rock and took each other's pictures in that position, according to the prevailing habit of tourists the world around. On the downward trip we followed another trail, leading to the Nevada Falls, and came to a pure, cold stream, where we rested and partook of the mid-day lunch. Just as we were ready to start, a woman, who had traveled ahead of her party, came to us and said she was almost famished for a drink. I washed out a small can that had contained corn beef, and, filling it with clear water from the little running stream, offered it to her with as great a display of gallantry as I could have shown under circumstances of some formality. The shock to my feelings can be faintly imagined when it is known that the lady informed me that she could not drink from such a receptacle. She sat down, with her thirst, and waited until her party caught up with her. Then she procured a silver mug, with appropriate carvings, and divers embellishments, and drank from it.

The South Fork Falls are truly beautiful. From a height of five hundred feet the water comes tearing down, rushing through a narrow canyon which it has worn in the edge of the cliff. The tiny drops race madly to the bottom, where they unite in a thunderous roar, are





GLACIER POINT, IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, 3,100 FEET ABOVE THE BANKS OF THE MERCED RIVER, WHERE THE CAMP WAS SITUATED.



scattered again and finally join forces for the last sweep toward the river. The Nevada Falls give an effect similar to the other falls, but are very different in formation. Here the water strikes projecting rocks several times and is from them thrown out and dashed into spray. Then, suddenly collecting itself, it rushes on in the characteristic fashion of madness, only to be thrown down another precipice, known as the Vernal Falls, a distance of 336 feet.

We reached camp that night at about 5 o'clock, having tramped over twenty miles of mountain trail. After a hearty dinner we bathed in the icy water of the Merced river. As we were emerging from the bath several bombs were thrown from the top of Glacier Point, almost directly above our heads. They exploded with a deafening roar that was echoed many times from the neighboring hills and mountains and seemed to shake the entire valley.

The next day, Sunday, was, as usual, our day for rest. After a late breakfast we drove down to the guardian's office, where we wrote letters, and then went on down the valley to the little Yosemite chapel. Here we met people from all parts of the world, and, although but few were acquainted with others, we were all there for one purpose, and there was a general feeling of friendship and unity. In the afternoon we went up to the marvelously placid

Mirror Lake, which reflects the outlines of mountains, cliffs and trees perfectly. The rest of the day was pleasantly occupied in visiting with our camp neighbors, around huge fires, and in enjoying, together with some of the young women from Tapioca Camp, an open-air concert and song service in the neighboring locality.

Monday we went up the trail to the foot of the Yosemite Falls. This is the highest waterfall in the world, and is made up of three divisions. Its height is nearly 2,600 feet, the first division being 1,502 feet. After reaching the foot of this we decided to go behind the falling water. With much climbing and slipping over the wet rocks, we managed to follow a crevice between two large boulders and, continuing in the face of difficulties, were soon behind the spraying sheet. Here, for the novelty of it, we ate a portion of our lunch, but we were becoming so saturated that we decided to put an end to the novelty and go in search of a dryer spot. By the time we reached the top of the falls the warm sunshine had almost dried our clothing. By means of a beaten trail and steps cut in the rocks, we managed to descend to the very edge of the falls, with that mighty flood falling at our feet, while an immense rainbow crowned the wonderful picture.

Four miles further is Eagle Peak, a high

mountain of barren boulders overlooking the valley. Far below, wagons and vehicles of various kinds can be seen threading their way toward many destinations, and looking from such a distance like mere toys moving upon a fairyland playground. Upon our arrival at camp we ate a lunch of applesauce and crackers, meanwhile making preparations for a bounteous dinner. We followed this by the preparation of a large kettle of sauce which we knew would be appetizing at any hour, when regular meals were being waited for.

The next morning two of our neighbors agreed to meet us at the foot of the Nevada Falls trail and we set out for Mirror Lake, where we arrived in time to get a view of the beautiful sheet of water just as the sun was rising behind the Half Dome. After enjoying the scenery for some time we descended to the foot of the trail, where we were to meet the young women whom we called our neighbors in camp. It had been agreed that they were to furnish the lunch, while we were to help them to the top of the Nevada Falls, where the luncheon was to be spread. We intended then to go on to Cloud's Rest, the highest mountain peak around the valley. But we waited for some time and they did not appear, so, fearing that we would be too late to climb the mountain if we delayed longer, we started on the upward

journey, expecting to get back in time to fill the engagement made hours before.

But we had not reckoned properly on the task before us. We toiled up the hot and dusty trail toward the summit and at 1 o'clock had not near reached the top. We met a large and ruddy-faced gentleman riding on a horse, and we told him of our failure to make connection with the promised lunch, and of our growing thirst, which was then bothering us greatly. He informed us that if we kept on a short distance we would be able to eat snowballs, and this we found to be true. Dragging our weary feet up and up we finally reached the summit, where we not only found snow that served the place of water, but were rewarded by a view of the country that was truly inspiring. Away off to the west lay the beautiful Yosemite Valley and off to the east, standing out in bold relief, were the snow-capped peaks of the Sierras.

The hour was late, and we had to forsake the picture. Rolling a number of snowballs we wrapped them in our handkerchiefs for the purpose of taking them to the companions we had missed, and whose dainty victuals we felt so pressing a need of. The descent was as rough a journey as I ever made, for we rolled, slid, ran, jumped and fell in turn. After traveling downward for about an hour, we came to a

large stone in the path, and on it was a package, wrapped in common paper, and bearing these words: "For whoever may be hungry or have failed to take their lunch."

That certainly meant us. It was a double application and we lost no time in undoing the package. The contents were not bountiful, but they renewed our courage and our energy. Bounding on down the trail we came to the fleshy, ruddy gentleman, who was resting after his exertions. His name was Dr. Hubble, of Redlands, and it was he, kind and thoughtful soul, who had left the welcome lunch. A short time later we reached the top of the Nevada Falls, but the young women were not there. Neither were they at the top of the Vernal Falls. We had just about decided that we were deserted when we came suddenly upon them. They had heard us shouting further up the trail, and in preparation of our coming had spread the toothsome lunch upon a huge flat rock and had it in readiness when we arrived. The food was too inviting to permit much time to be wasted in apologies for tardiness or unexplained delays. It tells the story of that never-to-be-forgotten meal to say that the rock, by the time we had finished, could not have been swept cleaner by a cyclone from the prairies which my eyes had grown so familiar with in my boyhood. We accompanied the young women to

the foot of the trail, where a welcome sight met our gaze in the form of a wagon, in which sat the father of one of them, ready to carry us back to camp.

That was our last night in the valley. The next morning we arose early and after striking camp and bidding farewell to our newly made friends, zigzagged up the road, hot and dusty at that early hour, and left the Yosemite behind. After dinner we passed the summit, went through Crane Flats and Crocker's Toll Gate and camped about two miles north of Crocker's on a little brook where there was plenty of feed and wood. After supper we kindled a roaring fire that lit up the woods for quite a distance, jumped into the stream for a bath and then went to bed with a shout and a song. The next day we were obliged to pay a toll of \$2 at a gate called Colfax Springs, and reaching the Luolumne River paid another toll of fifty cents. Crossing a creek we camped near Jacksonville, a run-down mining camp.

In the morning we drove up to Senora, a prosperous mining town of about 4,000 inhabitants and seventy-five miles from the nearest railroad point. Here we replenished our stock of provisions and then, leaving by way of Jamestown, or "Jintown," as it is commonly called, camped for lunch near the Rawhide mine. This is the richest ledge mine in the world, the



wealth taken from it being in the neighborhood of from \$300,000 to \$400,000 a month. While we were cooking our lunch an old forty-niner came down and recounted reminiscences that were indeed interesting to young men who knew nothing of those experiences save from the words that fell from older lips.

In the middle of that afternoon we drove through a large irrigating ditch and, woe to us, stuck right in the middle of it. The horse in trying to pull us out, broke the harness, and there we were, held fast in the mud and at least four feet from land. There was but one thing to do, and that was to wade out. We did this as gracefully as possible, and, catching the horse which had preceded us by several minutes, we tied a rope around the axle, cut a tree limb for a single tree, hitched ourselves with the horse, pulled the buggy out of the mire and headed for the nearest ranch house in order that we might get the harness repaired.

That night we camped a few miles from Knight's Ferry, and the next morning drove out into the San Joaquin Valley, the great wheat country of California. At night we drove through Stockton and camped about two miles out at a ranch where there were excellent accommodations.

Our expenses for one horse and two persons, for the two weeks of sight-seeing, amounted to

\$15, divided as follows: Tolls, \$5, which would have been less had we returned by the same route we entered; horse feed, \$3, and sundries and provisions for ourselves, \$7. These items also would have been smaller had it been possible for us to carry more at one time. Our vehicle was of very limited capacity, however, and we were compelled to make purchases at the little stores up in the mountains, where prices seem to keep pace with the growing altitude of the country as the traveler proceeds upon his way.

We celebrated the Fourth of July in the purchase of five cents worth of flags of which we made a patriotic display. Then we left Stockton, going by way of French Camp, Lathrop, across the San Joaquin River at Bante and then on throughout the hot, scorching day, watching the fitful mirages as they portrayed to our thirsty gaze pictures of shaded lakes and cool resting places. But as the journey lengthened we found them mirages without reality to give them foundation, and the enticing scenes which frequently hung in the air were only followed by a continuation of the monotony of the desert plain. We passed through several small towns and at night reached a little settlement called Byron. About a mile outside the town we camped on a wind-swept hill. There was a

Methodist church near by, and we attended services in the evening.

Passing over a small range of hills next day, we left the grain belt as if by magic, and entered a land of fruit, fertile and charming to behold. Stopping at a little town we procured some paint and soon had on the side of our buggy the words, "From Mexico to S. F., C. E. '97." That night we camped about fifteen miles from Oakland and next morning drove to the edge of the city where we prepared dinner. We reached the Oakland Mole about three o'clock in the afternoon and were there cordially welcomed by the Christian Endeavor Committee and plied with questions by the newspaper men. We then crossed the bay and took lodgings with our horse across the street from Mechanics' Pavilion. In the evening we attended the grand opening concert of the Christian Endeavor Convention, in which there were 1,800 voices, accompanied by more than one hundred instruments. At the close of their stirring anthems the entire congregation of 12,000 persons joined in the inspiring rendition of "America." On Wednesday and Thursday we attended the sessions of the Convention at Mechanics' Pavilion, and attended the denominational rally of the Christian Church Thursday evening.

Friday, July 9th, we hitched the horse to the

5/ unfailing buggy that had served us so well and drove to the Golden Gate park. The conservatory of flowers there is filled with tropical plants and flowers of many varieties. On the lawn there was a fine floral piece outlining the letters "Welcome, C. E. 1897." The zoological garden in the park has a good collection of buffalo and other animals, and the museum is a place of interest. From the park we went to the Cliff House on the Pacific Ocean. From the lower porch of the hotel we could see the seals basking in the sun on the rocks that bear their name. The bathers, the parade on the beach, the beauties of Gutro Heights, all these things added to a day notable for its variety of enjoyments. Not in this class, but none the less valuable on account of the addition it gave me to my stock of information concerning human nature, was my trip through Chinatown that night. The next day we attended the convention and on Sunday went to the Metropolitan Temple where Bro. Powell preached. After dinner we packed our buggy and left the city, going down the peninsula to San Mateo, where we made camp for the night and later attended an Endeavor meeting at the Congregational Church.

Monday we drove through several towns to Palo Alto. There we met Mr. Lyman, a professor of chemistry, who kindly consented to

show us through the Stanford University. In passing over this part of our journey it probably would be necessary to mention the Quadrangle, which is of one-story structures built around a large court and connected by shady arcades, the scores of rooms, the laboratories, the dormitories, the museum and the mausoleum, which then contained the bodies of Senator Stanford and his son. Lastly there was the splendid stock farm, where so many horses of good blood have been reared and started upon careers which were to startle the racing world by their spurts of speed.

The next day we visited a while at the home of W. S. Slade in Palo Alto, where we had been royally entertained a day and night, and then left for San Jose, on the way visiting the Santa Clara Mission erected in 1777. We then went into San Jose, coming on the southwest side and camping within four miles of Los Gatos. This is, indeed, one of the garden spots of the world, with every square foot of land either in cultivation or covered by a comfortable home, and the people all visibly prosperous and happy. After passing through Los Gatos we started across the mountains for Santa Cruz. In crossing a ditch we broke the "reach" to our buggy. But by the exercise of that degree of ingenuity which fellows in our undertaking are required to have, we managed by the use of

balancing wire and a long stick, which we used as a pry, or lever, to remedy the weakness sufficiently to complete the next twelve miles of the trip down the mountain to Santa Cruz. This temporary fixture to our vehicle was not unlike a trolley pole, and we had but to imagine that the horse was charged with electricity to persuade ourselves that we were riding in a modern motor car. We left the buggy in a Santa Cruz blacksmith shop and went on down the beach through the city, going from there to Garfield Park, where, in the pavilion, we heard a lecture by Mr. Jefferson, of Berkeley, before the convention of Christian churches of Northern California.

After the buggy had been repaired we left for San Jose, but by a road different from the one over which we came. From San Jose we traveled toward Mount Hamilton for the purpose of taking a peep through the wonderful telescope in the Lick Observatory. This is twenty-six miles from San Jose. We camped on the bank of Smith's Creek and after supper walked the remaining seven miles to the Observatory. It was exceedingly disappointing to find, when we got there, that the Observatory was closed, but there was some satisfaction in the fact that the regular day for visitors was Saturday, which would be the fol-

lowing day. So we walked back to camp, arriving at midnight.

The next day, after doing our washing and attending to other duties in the domestic line, we drove to the top of Mount Hamilton, spending a couple of hours looking over the building and examining the many photographs of heavenly bodies. After supper we ascended to the dome and took our places in the line of persons who were there for just the same purpose that had brought us. When it came our turn we sat in the stair-like seat, peeked through the little eye-piece and there, as though it were not more than one hundred yards away, saw the majestic Saturn, with its graceful rings and attending moons. In another part of the building, having looked through the thirty-six inch telescope, we were pleased to have the opportunity of seeing Jupiter through the twelve-inch equatorial lens.

Leaving the observatory and traveling down the mountain, we arrived at about 1 o'clock within six miles of San Jose. It had been a delightful return from so instructive an experience, for the moon shone from a cloudless sky and the night was almost as bright as day. In the morning, proceeding toward San Jose, we passed a fruit dryer owned by Knowles Brothers and applied for employment. Being told that we could go to work the following day, we

unloaded our things, arranged them in a "bunk house," where a dozen other young men were to be our companions, and settled down in the pleasant realization of promised employment. The rest of that day was spent in a trip to San Jose, where we embraced the opportunity of attending two Endeavor meetings.

From Monday, July 19th, to Friday, the 23rd, we worked in the fruit dryer. Because they refused to serve supper until 9 o'clock at night we exercised the prerogative of all American workmen, and quit. Saturday morning, richer in purse and experience, we left the dryer, and started out by way of Milpeta, San Lorenzo and Alameda for Oakland, where we were entertained at the home of my uncle. On Sunday we attended Edward Davis's church.

Going to the Oakland Mole the next morning, we took boat for San Francisco. Remaining there about one hour, we then took boat for Sansilato. From there we went around the bay to San Quentin, the site of the State penitentiary. As it was not visitors' day we were obliged to make one of our then famous special "talks" in order to gain admission. The talk was successful, and the captain of the guard detailed a guide to show us through the prison. The only industry carried on in the California penitentiary is in the jute mill, where the convicts make grain sacks. There were 1,400



convicts in the gloomy cells at the time of this visit.

Leaving the prison we passed through San Rafael, and after driving about five miles further on, camped by the road. Having paid poll and road tax, like good citizens, we acted upon the supposition that whatever came into that road was ours. And so, when a lumbering old cow, with udder almost bursting with that which we most wanted then, came along, we cornered her and took from her that which refreshed us and made her not a bit poorer. On the way to Petaluma next day there was an experience with a swarm of mosquitoes that for absolute awfulness went beyond anything I had ever experienced. Two days were spent at Penn Grove, about five miles from Petaluma, with the family of Mr. Valier. From there we went to Santa Rosa, and after a visit with several friends proceeded to Healdsburg. In the river bottom we made camp. Sunday we found the Sotoyama Christian Church.

## CHAPTER III

## THE GEYSERS

WE left Healdsburg Monday, and going through Geyserville and Cloverdale, camped outside the latter place on the road to the geysers. These strange freaks of nature we reached the middle of the next day. From the canyon there comes a continuous roar of immense volumes of escaping steam and thin clouds rise heavenward from it. The sides of the canyon have been formed by chemical substances thrown out in the form of vapor. This vapor has crystallized and now has the appearance of spongy rock. As one approaches the geysers the ground becomes warmer and warmer, and finally the large steam hole, called the Devil's Tea Kettle, is reached. The earth in this immediate vicinity, as well as the atmosphere, became so extremely torrid that we were glad to move along. Near this spot is a mud spring and a clear water spring within two feet of each other, and both are boiling hot. Surely this is nature's chemical laboratory.

In another canyon there is the "Steamboat Whistle," so called for reasons that do not have to be explained. This geyser is a large hole, from which issues a roaring, hissing volume of

steam. We drank from the sulphur, soda, and lemonade springs, and then left the geyser grounds by the old Clark Foss road, camping in a picturesque place, in a dense forest, where there was an abundance of fuel and water and an almost oppressive lack of neighbors. After passing the summit of the mountains, we had a down-hill road through Middletown, a small stage station on Coyote Creek. Then on to Lower Lake we traveled, camping for the night on the large lake of Lake County. This body of water is twenty-eight miles long and from two to three miles wide. It is surrounded by brush hills which come down to the very edge of the lake. The second trip through Lower Lake, the next morning, took us over very rough roads in the mountains, and for a distance of fifty miles not more than half a dozen houses were seen. That evening a trip to the Manhattan Quicksilver mine proved profitable, the process of separating the quicksilver from the cinnabar being exceedingly interesting. First the rock is broken up into fine pieces and, being of a pink-red color, is in itself an attractive sight when heaped in great piles. Huge ovens are arranged in the form of steps and in these the rock is baked for several days. Finally out of the ovens there comes trickling a little stream of quicksilver. This is conveyed to a general pipe and bottled in steel receptacles.

One of these bottles, only eight inches high, and about four inches in diameter, weighs about one hundred pounds when filled.

A small stage town called Monticello was reached on Friday, and to the delight of the writer it was learned that the village was in great need of a barber. The faces of the inhabitants gave evidence of this fact and of a promising field for labor. We therefore made preparations for a stay of undetermined length. As an evidence of the welcome addition to my purse during that stop it may not be improper to say that in one afternoon, at twenty-five cents for each shave, my profits were \$4.50. That was so good a day's work that we decided to leave a prosperous field and continue the journey. Down Puter Creek to the head of the Pleasant Valley we traveled, and then on into the fruit-laden valley that leads to Vacaville, where the earliest fruit in California is raised. Learning that a Mr. Bugby was in need of additional help on his fruit ranch, we decided to go out to his place the next morning and work for him. A week was spent in this way, plucking pears and cutting the fruit as a part of its preparation for the market.

Leaving Vacaville, we passed through Woodland and camped about three miles beyond the town, in the highway. Across miles and miles of barren, alkali plains we drove the following

day. In the winter, because of the overflow of the Sacramento river, these plains are converted into small and dreary looking lakes. Down the river, past numerous hop yards, we drove to Sacramento, the capital of the State. We ate lunch on the capitol lawn, looked through the building, entered the governor's outer office, only to learn that the executive was out of the city, inspected the State library, went through the magnificent Catholic church which stands across the street from the capitol, and left Sacramento at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, crossing the American river, on which gold was first discovered in that State which has blossomed like the rose since the exciting days of the mining pioneers.

Passing through a sparsely settled region, we camped on the Maryville road. Across the Feather River lies Maryville, a lively place of about 5,000 inhabitants. The town is twelve feet lower than the level of the river, and is only protected from engulfing floods by banks which frequently overflow. This unfavorable situation of the town was caused by hydraulic mining farther up the river. As the miners washed the hills away, looking for gold, the sand and gravel swept down to the river and filled its bed.

Crossing the river in another direction we were in Yuba City, in the heart of a wonder-

fully rich and productive fruit belt. August 19 was the hottest day we had experienced on our travels, the mercury reaching 117 in the shade. Despite the heat we pressed on all day, camping at night near a small town called Nelson, on a turkey ranch, where there were 1,500 of the delights of Thanksgiving day. The ranchmen came out in the morning, with dogs as their able assistants, and herded the turkeys just as other ranchmen might herd sheep. The turkeys are taken out two or three miles and at night they come home without waiting for orders. Even to a turkey no roost is so good as the home roost.

In the morning we went to Chico, passing the home of that California pioneer, John Bidwell. The avenue leading to his magnificent place is about two hundred feet wide and has four separate roads which are lined with locust and poplar trees. On up across the range to Vina we drove, coming to a large irrigation ditch. We made such an unsuccessful effort to drive in this ditch, in order to clean the buggy, that we were obliged to alight and unload. We went into camp then in the Stanford vineyard, which embraces 5,000 acres of land.

On the road to Redding we met an old man who, falling into a reminiscent mood, told us of early days, prefacing his remarks by saying: "I think I can tell you about this country, for I

have been here longer than anyone else, unless it might be God, and, come to think about it, I don't believe God has been in these parts fifty years." We drove through Cottonwood, near which town a bridge burned during the Endeavor Convention, almost causing the destruction of a train that carried a large number of delegates. Redding, the county seat of Shasta County, was reached in the afternoon. The town is happily named, for the soil upon which it is built is red and everything is covered with a dust of the same shade. That night we reached Shasta, camping a short distance from the town on a rocky hill. Continuing the journey, we came to a toll gate, and here my trade came in well again, for I practiced it on the keeper of the gate. Beyond this there is a hamlet named Whisky Town, but the inducements that accompanied its name had no attractions for us, and we passed the place in safety. The Lower House, a stage and lunch station, was reached at noon. At this place the Coffee Creek stage overtook us. It was loaded with Coffee Creek boomers, among whom was a slender fellow who might have been from the effete East, with beard carefully trimmed a la Van Dyke, but who came near shattering such an idea when he gave his name as "Eat 'em Up Jack," a brother of "Eat 'em Up Jake." The boomers

tried to sell us some lots in locations extremely favorable to something or other, but we were unable to see the joke, and refused either to bite or to buy.

Traveling on about two miles, we found that the only feed we could get for our horse was in a Chinaman's yard. There being no one in sight of whom we could ask permission, we turned the animal loose in the Celestial's vegetable patch and proceeded to kindle our fire under his porch, which had a ground floor and therefore meant no danger to property. While we were busily engaged in domestic duties the Chinaman came home and was so badly frightened when he saw us that he was about to go away without trying to come upon his own premises. We convinced him that we were harmless, however, and when we had thawed him out found him a very sociable fellow.

Then on toward El Dorado we pushed, the Mecca of so many in search of fickle fortune. As we proceeded we met an increasing number of disappointed ones returning from the gold fields, which, for them, were fields without gold. They were a down-hearted lot of travelers, to be sure, although there were a few who had reaped from the same harvest of disappointment who took the ill luck good-naturedly and laughed as they told of their failures. After passing through French Gulch, another mining



camp, we began the ascent of a long and steep mountain and made camp that night on the roadside before we had reached the summit. Our bed was upholstered with ferns and leaves and there was an abundance of fuel, but the horse fared badly and that was almost suffering for his guardians.

The summit was reached next morning and we started down the steep grade toward Trinity County. At Trinity Creek, the town nearest Coffee Creek, there was great excitement, but it was not caused by the gold fever. The residents were more interested in a horse-race that was about to take place than they were in all the rich ore under ground. We walked to Coffee Creek, a distance of about three miles, and went on up the canyon to the mine of Graves Brothers. There was a hole in the side of a hill, about fifteen feet deep, and at the end of the "drift" was a crevice running diagonally across it. From this crevice the gold nugget, weighing the equivalent of \$42,000, is supposed to have come.

Saturday, Aug. 28, we set out to cross what we had heard were the roughest mountains in California, reaching Scott's Mountain just after the dinner hour. The road over this elevation is indeed eligible to a medal for roughness. For stretches of half a mile there is not a particle of earth to be seen, nothing but naked,

uneven, weather-worn rocks. Many of them are so broken and thrown about that good progress is impossible, and the trip of six miles required a good half day. The descent was made in the dark, and we reached a ranch where feed was procured in the form of Buzz's first meal of oats. We remained at this ranch all day Sunday, and although travel-stained as we were, we wore colored shirts and clothes not adapted to strict parlor wear according to the common acceptance of the term, we were as well treated as though we had been faultlessly attired. This was an evidence of true hospitality and one of the bright spots in that Western journey. Monday we found Scott's Valley, a narrow strip, well populated with prosperous farmers who looked like the farmers of States farther east. Their crops also are similar. At one place there was a social event known as a barn-raising, and the new barns that dotted the valley here and there told us that there had been many previous events of a similar kind. In the north end of the valley are the ruins of an old log fort that was used for protection from the Indians in early days. Near this has sprung up a town called Fort Jones.

Yreka is an old mining town, and had been without a railroad until a short time before our visit, when a spur was run up from the Southern Pacific at Montague. But the good days of

this, like many other California mining and freighting towns, are of the past, and the future seems to have little prosperity in store. That night we camped near Ager's ranch, a few miles from the Oregon line.

By this time our horse was beginning to show signs of extreme weariness, and it was necessary for us to nurse the faithful animal by driving him carefully. Passing through Klamathon Station, on the Klamath river, and through Hornbrook, we traveled over a barren country without incident to break the monotony, until we came to a small ranch house. The old woman who came to the door to answer our inquiries was smoking a cob pipe. She told us it was but two miles to the Oregon line. We were very anxious to see another woman before leaving California, for we did not want to be compelled to say that the last woman we saw in the State was engaged in deriving comfort from an old pipe. Happily we did see another before crossing the line, and she did not have her pipe in her mouth at the time.

## CHAPTER IV

## INTO THE GREAT NORTHWEST

AS WE neared the line we looked back and saw Mount Shasta raising her snow-clad head toward the clouds in a way that spoke majesty and grandeur and inspired the observer with a feeling akin to awe. At the line we stopped a short time and then, taking a fond and farewell look at California, went on to our first camping place in Oregon. A notable item in the bill of fare for that night was stewed pears. It goes to show that variety may form a part of the menu of even a tourist, who has to depend upon his own ingenuity for daily subsistence. The next day we crossed the Siskiyon Mountains, through the Near Creek Valley, through Ashland and several small towns into the Rogue River Valley. The value of this entire valley has been almost destroyed, for the coming of the railroad did away with the teaming industry. The valley, furthermore, was a great disappointment to two who had heard a great deal about it. Everything in it is in a run-down and dilapidated condition. There are men and women there who have never been out of the valley, and a great many times, when we asked strapping boys about the

distance to the next town or for some other information, their answer would be, "I don't know." Crossing the Rogue River, a swift, narrow stream, held in on each side by rocky banks, and skirted by firs and thick underbush, we entered Gold Hill, a small mining camp.

The dust fairly boiled up around us as we traveled on the next day. The Oregonians are called "Web Feet," and with dust in some places and mud in others, it is not difficult to understand how they got the name, for web feet are almost necessary to navigation in such a country. Grant's Pass, at the foot of Rogue River Valley, is the county seat of Josephine County. As we drove up to the watering place a man approached us and asked whether we would like to work in the hop fields. We answered in the affirmative. After the dinner hour, spent in our own camp, we purchased supplies and drove about seven miles to his place. There we joined other hop-pickers, in a thicket of sycamore saplings with a tall oak standing guard here and there. The next day being Sunday we were duly proper in our conduct, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon went to a platform which had been built for dances and engaged in a song service. Then one of the hop-pickers, who had been a preacher, delivered a vigorous sermon that was just the sort, in its simple earnestness and emphatic exhortation,

that people like the hop-pickers need.

Early Monday morning, we secured our picking boxes and went into the field. The vines were still covered with dew and we were the first ones on the ground. In a short time the field was a busy place, for the laughing, happy crowd of laborers attacked the tall vines, clinging to their tall poles and with their dense foliage making the field look like a miniature forest. Men, women and children were engaged in the work. Some were singing, others were swearing; some were polite, others were rude and unpleasant. The experience was a valuable one. There is a school for the study of the diversity of human nature, even in an Oregon hop-field.

The hop grows in a very sandy river bottom. In the winter the ground is flooded and new earth is washed in to fill the low places, the vines having been cut down in the fall. When the rains are over and the river subsides, the tender shoots soon appear, and after being "suckered," thinned and trained upon poles, trellises, or trolley wires, as they are called, are ready for nature's process of making the vine. The plant grows to a height of about ten feet, and then begins to throw out runners. These are covered with leaves and hops, the vine growing and maturing until it reaches a height of twenty feet or more. The runners,

or arms, finally bunch up at the top of the pole, or the wires and there all the hops are found in a convenient group. By the time the picking is done the stems are barren, save for a few dead and dying leaves.

In picking, each picker, or more frequently every two pickers, takes a row. The pole-pullers then draw the long stakes from the ground and the bunches of hops are laid down. A picker gets on each side of the prostrate vine, props the foliage to an easy height, and begins to strip off hops and leaves into a large box. When this is full its contents are emptied into a large sack, which is weighed by the pole-pullers. The picker is then given credit for the amount. We picked by the hundred weight, and had to get into the field before 5 o'clock in the morning, working until noon. Then we would rush to camp, start a fire under a pot of beans, make a cup of coffee, and after eating a hurried meal rush back to the field and to work again. After such strenuous efforts, laboring until sunset, we were just able to pick one hundred pounds of hops each. Each sack is numbered and each picker has a number. When the hops go to the dryer and are dumped out on a large floor, it can be told what kind of work one has been doing. If there are too many leaves and stems in the sack, the careless

employe is told to pick his hops a "little cleaner."

The dryer is a house built expressly for that purpose. After seeing one it is not difficult to tell them from a great distance. The walls are generally made of wood and the first floor is the ground. Then there are the furnaces, which range in number according to the dimensions of the drying-house. On one side is a wagon platform built close to the crude structure, and running up to a second story window, where the hops are taken in when they come from the fields. The hops are dumped upon this floor, which generally consists of a heavy netting covered with coarse cloth. After the hops have been exposed to the heat for a few hours they are bleached. They are then raked out of the furnaces and other hops take their place.

As a rule the hop pickers are of the ignorant class who travel around finding odd jobs of labor wherever they can. They manage to get to the hop fields at the proper season and, with the help of the entire family, manage to earn a few cents each day, the word "few" being advisedly used in this connection. While we were among them, the pickers, not for our benefit at all, had a dance twice a week, on a platform constructed of rough boards in the open air. A huge bonfire is a regular form of evening entertainment for the hop-pickers.



The merry laborers pile the wood and brush high, and as the blaze crackles and sends out light and agreeable warmth the pickers gather around and have a sort of amateur show that calls out something meritorious every once in a while. The hop pickers-are a jolly lot. In fact, the work is conducive to pleasure. It is a healthful occupation and, for the tastes of those who are satisfied to engage in it, is remunerative enough.

On Saturday, Sept. 11, we "settled up" with our employer and bade good-bye to the hop-pickers, starting back over the dusty, seven-mile road to Grant's Pass, where we had left the road leading north. We left there the following morning, journeying up through the mountains until late in the afternoon and making camp on Wolf Creek. That night we slept under a wagon shed annex to a feed barn, where we had housed the horse. Wolf Creek is quite a center for the fuel industry. The railroads in this part of the country use wood in their engines, and a great many men make a living cutting and hauling the wood and cording it up along the railroad tracks, so that a train can stop every few miles and take on a fresh supply, just as they stop in other parts of the country and replenish the supply of water in the tanks. That afternoon we beheld two beautiful sights which filled us with reverence

for nature's work. One was a forest of fir trees, which apparently had never been harmed by the hand of man save where a road had been made between the trees. The trunks of these noble things of the forest looked like pillars in a great cathedral. Further on we came to another forest, but this one was dead. Some of the barren trunks were still standing, others had fallen into various positions, while still others were uprooted and burned. Not a tree was standing alive, and the picture reminded one of what the "Valley of the Shadow of Death" might be.

During the day we passed through one or two small towns on the Cow River, and toward evening reached Roseburg, the county seat. This is a town not uninviting, but the same cannot be said of Winchester, about five miles farther on, where nearly everything seemed to be displaying a "For Rent" sign. There was one occupied house in which a railroad section hand lived. After a comfortable night in camp we went on across the hills until we came to a town called Drain, where there was an unpleasant experience on account of bad roads. Cottage Grove is a little place at the head of the Willamette Valley. Leaving that place we were relieved to find that we were in a valley of considerable extent, for we had grown exceedingly tired of mountain travel.

Ever since leaving Redding, Cal., we had been in the mountains, a distance of five hundred miles. The trip had taken just one month.

As we journeyed on down the valley we noticed that it widened perceptibly. This continued until finally the mountains could only be seen dimly on either side. The products, also, began to change, for while in the southern end of the valley grains are raised almost exclusively, in the upper end the crops are prunes and other fruits. The timidity and bashfulness of the natives also began to vanish. Farther south it had been very noticeable that the young women were backward, but in the section in which we were now traveling the fair ones were quite the opposite, and frequently "joked" us for wood-choppers and "greenies" as they stood in the doors of their homes. One day, as we were jogging slowly past a big farmhouse on the left side of the main road, we saw five young women standing on the front porch. An old woman was sitting in a rocking-chair. The girls made an effort to embarrass us "poor wood-choppers," and one, more bold than the rest, shouted, "Hello, sweethearts." My companion, in perfect imitation of a calliope, began to hoot the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and the girls, quite outdone, ran into the house, while the old lady bent double in a fit of laughter at their expense.

We drove through Eugene, a town of about 3,000 population, where is located the State University of Oregon. Crossing the Willamette River, we made camp between Junction City and Harrisburg and spent Sunday there, in the afternoon attending a Sunday-school that was so largely made up of girls that the conclusion of an absolute lack of boys in that neighborhood was almost justified. That night we attended a Christian Endeavor that was under the management, contrary to the rule, of men and women well along in years, while the few young women who attended found seats in the rear and occupied the time in giggling.

The next morning, bright and early, we were on our way to Salem. The country through which we were then passing was not very well improved, but the products, the people and the topography of the country were quite similar to those of the Middle Western states. Differing from the States, however, the prune is extensively cultivated here, this valley being noted for crops of that variety. Although the prunes are larger than those raised in California, they have not the same rich taste, are not so sweet and have a skin that is tough and tart. They are dried and cured here differently from the method employed in California, for they have to use evaporators, of which one can be found in almost every town. The evaporator

frequently is owned by an association of farmers, and in other cases by individuals or companies.

We continued on up the valley, and after getting into a slightly hilly country, found that the ranches were larger, the people larger and the houses of increased dimensions over the ones we had been seeing. Shortly after dinner one day we came in sight of Salem, the capital of Oregon. The dome of the capitol is bronzed, and from the place where we stood when we had the first good bird's-eye view of the city, it showed up exceedingly well. This building, the state penitentiary and the state insane asylum were visited, and then our path led from the town and we were on the road toward another destination. A few miles out of Salem we came to a large basin which, we were told, had not long ago been a big lake, but which, by drainage under state and private enterprise, had been converted into a very productive and prosperous country. A continuation of the journey led to hilly, timbered country, where the hard work of clearing away great trees was just being begun by many ambitious farmers who hoped to find profit in a section almost entirely undeveloped. There is a plank road from a point several miles into Oregon City. This place is built upon terraces on both sides of the Willamette River. There is a fall in the river

here, and it is from that fall that Portland gets its power. Driving to Milwaukee, a small town, we camped for dinner and obtained the first view of Mount Hood, rising in grandeur above the other mountains and enough of it covered with snow to give it a sublime, majestic appearance. In the afternoon of September 23 we drove into East Portland and, crossing a bridge, were in Portland. We visited the Oregonian building, a fine structure of onyx, marble and bronze; the plant of the Portland Cracker Company, where every labor-saving and time-economizing device known to modern baking is employed; the city hall, Chinatown, the water front and the First Christian Church, following the hour after prayer-meeting by another walk to the water's edge, where we watched the enchanting lights along the shore for some time before going to bed.

We left Portland the next day, driving down the left shore of the Willamette River, and by night reached a small town called Scapoose. Off to the northeast there was Mount St. Helena, looming up above the cascades on the Washington side. The following morning we took the steamer "Northwest" for Washington, across the Columbia. Down the Willamette "slough" we traveled—it is nothing more than a slough, having a fall of only one and a half inches from Portland to its mouth. We jour-

neyed to its mouth, a distance of eighteen miles, coming out on the Columbia River. On both sides were fine, wooded hills, which lent a picturesque finish to a scene that easily awoke imaginary notions of the Lewis and Clark expedition which had passed that way. The boat made a landing at Kalma, the point in Washington where the railroad trains are ferried over to the Oregon side. Just as the boat was making the last landing, at Ranier, a well dressed young man, intoxicated, walked onto and off from the wharf, falling into the water and at the same time plunging into eternity. Not an effort was made to save him. The boat struck his hat and pipe and pushed them aside. A few bubbles marked the spot where the struggling body was, and yet the craft pushed away from the landing, her occupants paying as little attention to the mishap as though a dumb and worthless animal had gone to its death. The boat went across to Washington and up the Cow City River. About five miles up the river we landed at a little station called Freeport and drove five miles into the hill country for the night's camp. After enjoying the hospitality of a farmer and his family, we renewed the journey Monday over the corduroy road. This is called the Military road. It was built by Grant while he was commander of the troops in the Northwest and was used for transporting

soldiers and supplies from Portland to Puget Sound. In making this highway no grading was done, but the trees were merely cut out of the way, divided into the proper lengths, split and laid with the round side up in order that the horses might have good foothold. Such roads have become badly worn and are not conducive to rapid or comfortable travel.

This is a timber country and innumerable logging camps were passed. From four to six teams of big oxen are used to haul the logs from the canyons to the chutes, or "skid" roads, from which they are sent sliding down to the creeks or sloughs which lead to the Cow City River, upon which many saw mills are situated. In this section we were compelled to make our first "dry" camp, being nothing more or less than a camp without water. That blessing was so scarce that we had none of it at all, although we had been traveling through mud and rain all day, and had to sleep upon grass that was thoroughly wet. The novel way we had of washing faces, hands and dishes next morning was by shaking them through the wet grass and getting from the moist blades the drops of water that clung to the green blades.

Over a good plank-road and through various little towns we traveled from that stage, finally coming to a well in a thicket of fir trees.



Mount Ranier is an impressive sight, with its snow line extending below the peaks of the range where there was no snow at all. Across the prairie, through small settlements, we continued to Tacoma, a big shipping-point for lumber and a prosperous city. It is at the south end of the Sound, about forty miles from Seattle, which place we reached October 1. There we sold our faithful horse, which had brought us over 2,560 miles of some of the roughest mountain country in the world, and had never refused for one moment to do the duty that was imposed upon him. I had purchased "Buzz" for \$15, and he brought the same amount when disposed of to the kind farmer who promised to take good care of him.

Seattle at this time was in the midst of the Klondike excitement. The town was full of strangers, many of them looking for employment, or for a chance to go to the gold country about which such fabulous tales were being told. Every line of business was overcrowded, and there were not places for all who wanted an opportunity to labor. At the end of a week we left Seattle and went to Everett, a town of about 5,000, thirty miles away. There we both found employment, I in a barber-shop and Johnson in a saw mill. For about three weeks after we arrived there, the weather was all that could be desired. The sun rose behind the

Cascades, between Mount Ranier on the south and Mount Baker on the north, and its rays were reflected from the dazzling, snow-capped peaks of these giants of the range. The breezes from the Sound, the sunset, the bracing air, all combined to make a day that could not be more delightful in a dream, but it was all to change. There followed weeks when the face of the sun was not seen. Rain fell day after day, freshets washed railroad tracks away and property was destroyed. Such conditions are naturally beneficial to the growth of trees, and this is therefore a great lumber country. The saw mill industry is immense and the work is attended by constant danger. Accidents are so common that the simple loss of a finger is scarcely noticed by the victim's fellows. While Johnson was working in the mill, the man who was on the log "carriage" with him split the knuckle of a finger, and about all the sympathy he received was an order from the boss to go to the office and get his pay and to return to work if he came around all right.

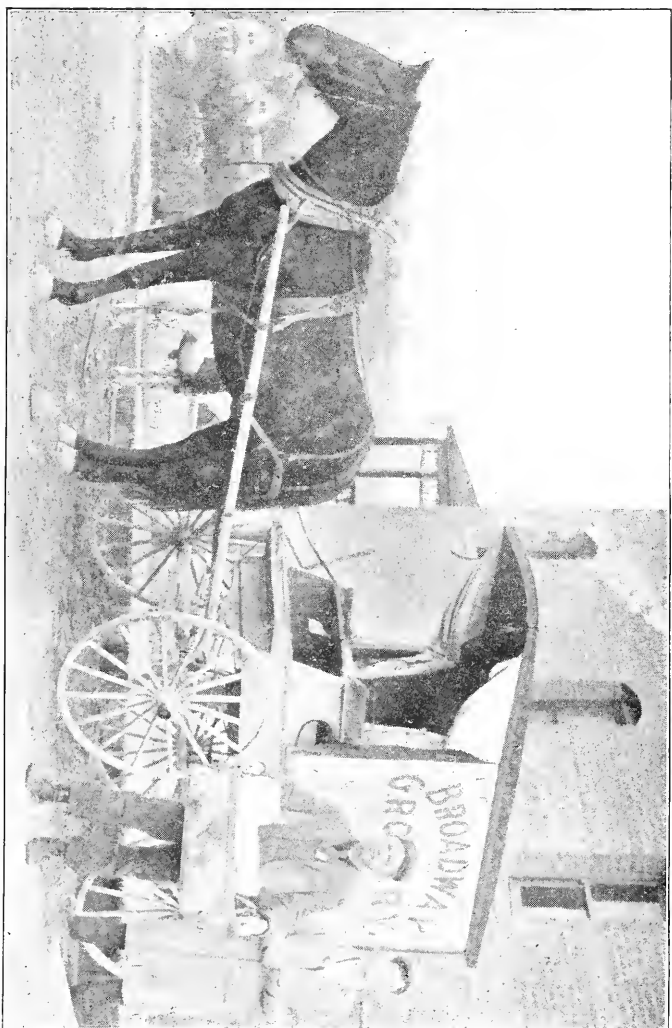
The Washington cedar shingles, famous almost world-wide, are made in this section of the country. At Fort Blakley the largest saw mill in the world is located. It turns out something more than 200,000 feet of lumber every day. There is another industry at Everett, a paper

mill, the material to be used in manufacture also coming from the forest. There is also a smelter, the largest in the world, the material upon which it works coming from the same mountains which give the boundless stretches of trees for paper and building material.

## CHAPTER V

## FROM SEATTLE ACROSS THE CONTINENT

MY first year's experience on these travels closed at Everett, and on January 24 we returned to Seattle, where we both secured employment in the Broadway grocery store. That winter we saved enough to purchase a team of wild horses, and on the 10th of May began the task of breaking them. Having mastered the animals, we prepared the camping outfit for a resumption of the long trip that was before us. The appreciation of our fellowship with the First Christian Church was expressed in a farewell reception given us by the church. The equipment this time included the camera and photographing outfit of B. B. Titsworth, who had made arrangements to be our traveling companion and "official" photographer. Before noon we traveled about ten miles, and made our first camp among the wild flowers. That night we camped at the home of John Gove, to whom we had sold old "Buzz" the year before. The horse was fat and showed no trace of the hardships to which he had been subjected while we were his owners. Visiting the Puyalup Indian reservation the next morning, and then passing through Tacoma again,



AS GROCER CLERKS, WHILE STUDYING THE KLONDIKE BOOM AT SEATTLE.



we crossed the hills and finally came to the encampment of State troops at Camp Rogers. Saturday night of that week we went to bed in a chicken coop which we found on the place where we made camp, a hard and unpleasant experience for the photographer, who was in all reality a "tenderfoot."

Arriving at Portland, we boarded the steamer "Regulator." When we had proceeded for two or three hours, we came to the first grand scenery of a series of Columbia river pictures that are beyond the powers of description. This was the Palisades—great, high cliffs of rocks, almost perpendicular, extending from the water's edge to a height of several hundred feet. The ride was then a succession of entrancing views, with the waterfalls, cascades, cataracts and canyons and green trees to crown it all. In the stream, too, were evidences of the salmon-fishing industry, for which the Columbia is famous.

The boat reached Dalles at about 8 o'clock, and there we remained two days, awaiting various repairs. Traveling on again, we encountered a severe wind and sand storm which made progress exceedingly difficult and disagreeable. On and on for several days, across a dreary expanse of desert we went, with nothing in sight but sage brush and long, rolling hills. The water, which was very scarce, was

full of alkali. The horses were troubled with the "scratches," and our hands and faces became so badly chapped that every time we laughed the dry skin would crack. But although our faces did hurt, we had many a hearty laugh, and even under such painful circumstances endeavored to look upon the bright side of our experiences. The desert bore upon its bleak breast many dry and bleached bones, the remains of living things that had starved to death on those lonely sweeps of lifeless alkali and sand. When we reached the John Day river the ferryman had the audacity to ask one dollar for carrying us across a stream one hundred feet wide. As he claimed to own both sides of the river, and the stream itself, we were not in a position to dispute the charge, glad only of the fact that he did not lay claim to the possession of the rest of the earth. At the Junction House we found no one at home, and so took peaceable possession. The proprietor returned after a while and took another dollar away from us for horse-feed. Then we pushed on twelve miles through heavy sand, coming to a cheap railroad. Camping that night in the yard of a farmer who had a blacksmith shop on his place, we held a song service in the shop for the entertainment of those people who, in that lonely region, rarely hear the tuneful Gospel songs with which we three were all familiar.





AN ALKALI DESERT IN OREGON.



Over the desert of sand and cacti we traveled on a couple of days longer, at length coming to the once celebrated Prospect ranch. Twelve years before that time the company that owns the ranch had twelve hundred acres planted in wheat and the yield was thirty-two bushels to the acre. Since that time there has not been enough wheat raised there to feed half a dozen teams of horses. The great barns, fine house and miles of fence all bear evidence of desolation and decay, the cause of this condition being the total lack of rain during the entire twelve years. The wind blows constantly and the soil, being of a loose nature, shifts to such an extent that the topography of the country is constantly changed.

The monotony of these stretches was soon relieved, and on May 25th, after passing fields of waving grain that were good for the eye, we entered the pretty little city of Walla Walla, Washington. Here we sought information concerning the best route to the Yellowstone National Park, which was the next place of importance on our itinerary. We were told that the only advisable way was through La Grande, Baker City, Ore., and Boise City, Idaho. Leaving Walla Walla on May 26th, we were compelled to retrace our steps a distance of fifty miles, we thought, but on the way were given information that enabled us to save about

thirty miles. On the productive farm of Louis Bergevin, in the old Umatilla Indian reservation, we remained about a week, the rains having made the roads almost impassable. The kindness of this genial Frenchman, who took us in and treated us as royally as though we had been at home, can not soon be forgotten by the three who enjoyed his hospitable treatment. In order to save about thirty miles we forded the Umatilla river, which had been swollen by the recent floods, at a point where several persons had been drowned. At the top of a steep hill that taxed the strength of the team for two hours and a half, we found ourselves in the Blue Mountains. Then followed an experience in driving, over hills that were almost straight up, that taxed the enduring qualities of horses and men, till finally we came in sight of a patch of snow that looked to be quite near. We were deceived in the distance, as one can easily be in the mountains; but reached the snow in due time and gathered a choice collection of cold, round balls.

We reached Baker City in time for Sunday, June 9th. Leaving there the next morning, passing many rural election booths where the citizens of Oregon were exercising their right of suffrage that, day and crossing the crooked Snake River into Idaho, the next day we came to a land beautiful and productive. Alfalfa is

a good crop in this country and the soil seems adapted to a generous yield of various other things that grow. A few miles farther on we came to a strip of sage brush and then we were in the Boise River Valley. Leaving the attractive town of Boise City we struck out across a sage brush plain, where human beings are scarce, and water is almost unknown. Although we came to a grass plot, the horses wanted none of it. Their pleading faces showed that water was what they most desired, but as we were helpless and thirsty ourselves we could only renew the journey in a seemingly hopeless search. Coming to a pile of stones that seemed to surround the oasis we were looking for, we found only a stagnant pool, where we partially quenched our burning thirst.

With renewed energy we pushed on and by four o'clock in the afternoon came to the edge of a canyon which, in reality, was quite an extensive little valley, with a delicious creek sparkling through it, a farmhouse near by, well filled barns and a sweep of productive acres. It is not an exaggeration to say that our hearts leaped for joy, and no one can understand the sensation who has not known the punishment of thirst.

During our travels next day we came to a little basin in the hills, where there were out-

croppings of a white rock, some of the projecting stones rising to a height of fifty and seventy-five feet and arranged by nature in fantastic shapes. One of them resembles a huge cannon, mounted and in position to guard the entrance to the canyon.

High Prairie has an area of about nine miles and is 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is truly a prairie, for there is not a bit of brush, a shrub or a tree on its even surface, and even the grass is very scarce. Having crossed it, we came to the big Camas Prairie, the greatest live stock range of the Northwest. There were hundreds of cattle, horses and sheep, grazing on the productive range. Having reached the Malade, a creek where we had heard fish abounded, we took the tackle from its place in the outfit and proceeded to cast for the elusive trout. The tales of fishermen's success did not apply to us, for the result of the sport was the capture of one fish thirteen inches long.

The luck was better on June 16th, for that day we caught a fine "mess" of speckled mountain trout, in the Little Wood River, and that night had a meal to delight the camper's appetite, made up of fish, hot biscuits that had been made in a patent oil-can reflector, black coffee and stewed fruit. In the famous Fish Creek, which we had heard was the best stream

in the country for the sport of angling, we caught only enough for one meal. We were beginning to know that everything was not in the reputation.

On the following day we came to the edge of one of the immense lava beds of Idaho. Crossing several small streams which have their origin in the Saw Tooth Mountains and run to the boundaries of the lava beds, we saw the little soda lakes which are thus formed. In the burned and melted rocks of these beds there are great crevices. In some places the surface of the lava has the appearance of water running over rapids, while in others it is piled high as in ocean waves. Then there are other formations that resemble great booms of logs, the burnt rocks filled with air holes and lying in flakes, giving a close likeness to the bark of pine trees. The air bubbles have raised edges, like the bubbles made in boiling mush. This is the largest lava bed in the world, being 200 miles long and from seventy to eighty miles in width. It is thought to be the work of two or three ages, as indicated by the difference in position and substance of the lava. The next stage of the journey was far from pleasant, for water, in the bed of the little Lost River, was twenty-five miles away. We made camp at the "sinks," where the Big and Little Lost Rivers unite their waters and then flow

L. of C.

under the lava beds to a destination that no man has discovered.

At Dubois, which we reached June 22d, we paid for various repairs and purchased supplies for four weeks, leaving the town while a thunder storm threatened and heading for the Yellowstone. As we proceeded the storm broke and around us raged in fury until we were thoroughly soaked. Camp was made in a desirable spot and after we had rolled in the blankets under a stretched canvas there was a renewal of nature's anger, and the rain fell in torrents around our very heads, causing little discomfort under our fortified conditions.

By this time we were getting gradually into the heart of the Rocky Mountains, but the incline was so gradual that we were barely aware of the ascent. On one side was a range of snow-capped peaks, the summit of the mountains, as well as the State line of Idaho and Montana and the Continental Divide. Shotgun Creek, which is in this section, received its name in a peculiar way. There was a man who borrowed a shot-gun from another in order that he might go and fight the Indians. After the battle the man who had borrowed wanted the owner to take the gun home with him. This the owner, an evident stickler for the proprieties of the wild West, refused to do. The stubborn borrower leaned the weapon against a



tree and there the equally stubborn owner permitted it to remain. When the borrower next passed that way he saw an old trapper using the gun for a "fire rod," with the barrel stretched between forked sticks and with his cooking pots suspended from it over the blaze. From this incident both the creek and the valley took the name of Shot-Gun.

## CHAPTER VI

## THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

SUNDAY, June 26, having reached the summit of the Rockies at a point but a few miles from the Montana line, we started for the national park, reaching Riverside, the location of the first military guard, the following morning. Here we registered, receiving a copy of the rules and regulations, and satisfied the guard that we could not do harm so far as fire-arms, traps, etc., were concerned. In the great park were marks of civilization and the work of man. The roads were graded, the streams well bridged, and at the end of every mile there was a post showing distances and elevation. Driving up the Madison River we came to the stage road that day, and at noon were well on our way toward the Norris Geyser Basin. Here there is the Black Growler, a large steam ejector which deposits a white, pulpy precipitate upon everything within three hundred yards, killing the trees and shrubs and giving to them a most ghostly appearance. Past the Minute Man and the Monarch, other geysers, we drove across Gibbon Meadow, down the canyon and to Fire Hole River. After we

had been in camp near the Fountain Hotel for about two hours, the Fountain Geyser began to play. It is rather true to its name, for it sends up a large number of streams from jets, together with dense quantities of steam. The hotel was of service to me, for there I did work in my line of trade amounting to \$5.00, at the rate of 25 cents for each shave.

The next day we walked to the Great Fountain Basin, where we saw the White Dome, which resembles a white rock, but which in reality is a cone formed by the deposits from a small geyser which plays irregularly. The crater of the Great Fountain Basin shows a basin within a basin, each being surrounded by terraces of deposits, the whole having a very pretty effect. The Mushroom Pool shows beneath its surface innumerable small, soft, brown deposits, looking like fungus growths and of such a formation that the name mushroom has been applied to the pool of which they are the feature.

The Five Sisters are only five pools in an attractive group, one of which is truly grand. The sides of the pool are of ribbed clusters, hanging from each other in regular rows until the depth of the water shuts them from view. They seem to be soft as velvet and of a color similar to turquoise blue. Farther up is Buffalo Pool, in which can be seen some of the

rib-bones and legs of a "critter." In 1869 the Folsom and Clark surveying party saw the entire skeleton of a buffalo in the pool, and from that fact the placid little body of water gets its name.

The Fire Hole Pool is a wonderful sight, for about every five seconds there is a noise like that of the "thud" of a hydraulic pump, followed by the appearance of a large blue ball, as of fire, which rises to the surface and bursts, throwing the water three feet above the pool. Fire Hole Lake is about one hundred by two hundred feet in extent. In the north end of it there is a crater hole from which there issues a constant flame.

Our first swim in the Natural Swimming Pool was a delight. The bottom and sides of the pool are of delicate blue and white tints, resembling the possible decorations of a porcelain bath tub. The air is so light, at that elevation of 7,300 feet, that swimming is exceedingly difficult. Just after the plunge we heard the noise of a rush of steam and knew that the Great Fountain was about to go into convulsions. A rumbling sound away down in the earth was followed by a great volume of water and steam, which were shot upward a distance of at least a hundred feet. This was followed by several other spurts at short intervals. Then the geyser settled down to real business, send-

ing forth a column of water every few seconds from a dozen different jets. After the geyser had calmed, we went to its edge and looked down the throat of the fierce phenomenon. We could see for a distance of thirty feet, beholding a seething, boiling, bubbling mass of water, followed every little while by a feeble spout.

But of the marvelous things to be seen in the National Reservation, the Excelsior Geyser was once the wonder of wonders. It has lost its powers, however, perhaps only temporarily, as it has been extinct for several years. It has a large crater, and is surrounded by high cliffs. The water in the crater is constantly steaming, and when the wind is just the right direction, a distinct view gives it a violet hue.

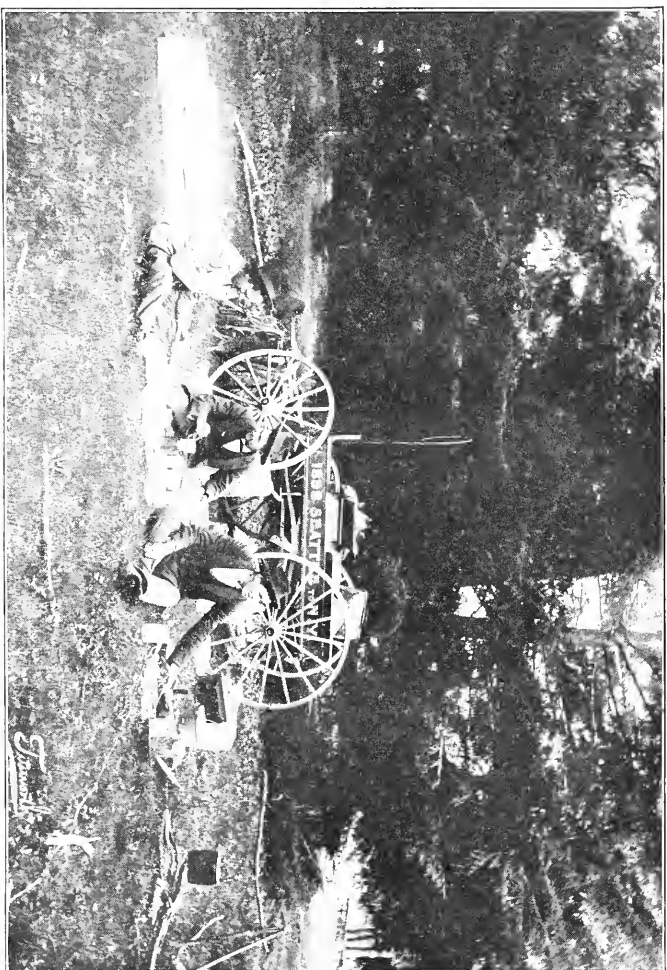
Prismatic Lake is one of the largest of the pools. Around its edge is a streak of reddish brown, which is shaded gradually until at its center the pool has a color of deep blue. Turquoise Spring has the matchless color of its name and lies, wonderfully beautiful and apparently undisturbed, at the foot of old Excelsior. Half an acre of ground, covered with the sand and geyser deposit from Excelsior, is called Hell's Half Acre.

On Friday, July 1st, when we awoke, snow was on the ground. The ground was quite warm, however, and the white coating did not stay long. A visit to the Sapphire Pool showed

it to be surrounded by coral formations called "biscuits." The water has the color of sapphire, and as it constantly rises, overflows its basin and then sinks again, it has an ever-changing color that is indeed beautiful. Here also are the Cauliflower, the Avoca, the Jewel and the Artemesia geysers, which play at intervals and to varying heights. Then there is the Silver Globe Spring, the sides and bottom of which are of a buff or cream color. From a small hole in the bottom of the pool there comes at frequent intervals a ball or globe of gas, which, against the background of the pool, looks like a ball of silver.

In the afternoon we broke camp and started for the Upper Basin, passing several small geysers which were all asleep. The next day we saw Old Faithful play. This is a geyser that furnishes entertainment about every seventy minutes, throwing the water in almost a straight column nearly 150 feet in the air. This is the most popular of the geysers, on account of its dignity and the fact that it is the only one many tourists get to see in action.

Sunday morning a great noise shook the earth. It was the Giantess, throwing a volume of steam and boiling water to such a height that it seemed to extend from earth to sky. The Economic plays about every seven minutes and is economical so far as noise is con-



THE GLORIES OF CAMP LIFE IN THE YELLOWSTONE.  
*J. F. Anderson, H. B. Thirteenth, L. D. Johnson.*





cerned, for it comes up almost silently and goes down again with as little warning of its intended action. The Bee Hive was one we had waited long and anxiously to see. When it began to boil small spurts of water came forth. Then in a few minutes without a sign or signal of what was to happen, the water shot a straight stream that did not fail for about twenty minutes. The Riverside was also seen that day. This is an industrious geyser, once it is started. The jets are sent up with a great force that seems to be suddenly removed, leaving the water high in air to fall into the stream near by.

July 4th was a quite "noisy" day in the park, but we observed it appropriately, remaining in camp and attending to domestic and various other duties. In the afternoon, however, we drove to the Castle, one of the largest geysers, noted more for the formation of its cone than for the display it makes. A small degree of imagination has to be brought into play to induce the spectator to believe that the cone has the appearance of an old castle. The news of Sampson's victory came to the park over the humming wires that day, and the Bee Hive celebrated the event by playing twice, once in the morning and again just after sunset. Every person who saw the unusual occurrence gave hearty cheers for the patriotic geyser.

We had been watching the Giant all day, for

it was spewing and making a great ado, as though ready to excel its own previous efforts. It had not played when 8 o'clock came, however, and so we decided to hitch the horses and move our bed near the geyser, in order that we might be conveniently near when the display began. Hardly had we prepared things for camp when some one shouted, "The Giant! The Giant!" Driving a fast mile and passing many pedestrians bound for the same place, we came within sight of the majestic geyser, the largest in the Basin. It throws a stream 250 feet high, and did itself full justice this time. A mass of steam and water was followed by a steady, straight column. Presently the moon arose, tipping the tower of water with mellow light, gradually illuminating the whole and making a picture that those who saw can never forget. Then one of the tourists, to add to the color effect, lit a quantity of magnesium powder, which threw a red light upon the pillar of water. Surely this was a spectacular finish for the glorious Fourth, far superior in pyrotechnic effect to all the fireworks the brain of man could devise.

## CHAPTER VII

## OVER THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE

ON the morning of July 5th, just as we were preparing to move camp, Old Faithful arose to bid us farewell and to give a parting salute. Two miles from the geyser beds we came to the Keppler Cascades, a beautiful sight and in charming contrast with the geysers, which really had become monotonous. The following day, driving through the forest and across small glades, we came to the great Continental Divide, the summit of the Rocky Mountains. For a short time we were again on the Pacific Slope, and it seemed rather good to be "out West" once more, but presently we were back to the Atlantic slope, with its majestic sweep toward that part of the country which knew the hand of civilization long before the white man had crossed the trails that Indians had worn down.

After an experience of exceedingly successful trout fishing, we went on to the Natural Bridge, a ledge of solid rock which lays across a small canyon. The water has worn a hole through the rock and it therefore has the shape of an arch or bridge. In the center of the bridge,

growing out of the solid rock, apparently, there is a small fir tree, seemingly as healthy as though rich earth were nursing its roots. On Friday we came to the Mud Volcano, similar to other geysers in principle, but vastly different in substance, for instead of giving forth pure water it sends up a nasty, oily mud, being forever unable to clear its throat and rid itself of the unpleasant mass.

The Upper Falls of the Yellowstone are indescribably grand. The water comes from a calm, placid river and gradually increases in speed until it reaches a narrow channel in the rocks. Here it is hurled along violently, rushes through a narrow gorge, is thrown to the rocks below, whipped into spray and dashed into foam, all the while giving forth a roar that seems to be a note of warning to the oncoming waters just behind it.

But the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone is the climax of all that had gone before. The Lower Falls are naturally the gateway of the canyon. A large ridge, or "hog back" comes down to the edge of the water at the top of the falls, from the top of the canyon on either side. Beyond this the glories of the scenery open to view. There are natural towers, peaks and fingers that point sharply to the skies and bear tints of wondrous hues. None of the colors are positive, but they appear to prevail in well

modified streaks, delicate and more beautiful than artist could portray. A line of buff shades off into a group of pinks, and these perhaps give place to lavender or delicate blue. Near the foot of the falls everything is covered with moss, and it all seems weather-worn.

This fall is vastly different from the one just described. There is more water, but not the mad rush for the awful plunge. The water simply flows along peacefully until it reaches the edge of the precipice, and then deliberately tumbles over as though it were following a program that had been prepared for it and which it well understood. From Lookout Point there is a sublime view, with the distant rocks standing up sharply, like knives, and the high peaks where the noble American eagles have their nests.

Red Rock, standing by itself at the edge of the river and rising high above it, is an interesting formation and equally inspiring. It is of granite formation, but is coated with a red substance which probably is iron, but which resembles red clay or brick dust. The rock is not red all through, for when bits of it are broken off they are found to have the color of granite, with only the thin coating of ruddy hue.

From Grand View another series of marvelous beauties and wonders may be seen, and the

same attractions are beheld under different conditions. Before Inspiration Point is reached, one can see a group of pinnacles and spires. These have been given the name of Castle Ruins.

On the road to Inspiration Point, from which another very fine view is obtained, there is a trail leading off to Mount Washburn. Near the road there is a large boulder, surrounded by small trees. The rock is about twenty by twenty-five feet and weighs many hundred tons. It is stated by geologists that this was carried to its present resting place by a glacier, the rock being left in position when the glacier receded. One authority says that the nearest point from which the boulder could have been taken is about forty miles distant, and there is no way of telling how much farther it may have been carried.

One night we heard a terrible rattling about the camp and, upon looking out, saw a large cinnamon bear with his nose in our bean pot, which sat on a bed of ashes within six feet of our heads. We were forbidden by law to shoot at such a thing as a bear, so the only thing left for us to do was to shout as loudly as we could. We did this and instead of attacking us or hugging three sturdy campers to death, the bear violated all tradition and quietly sneaked away. Having reached the woods, he sat on his

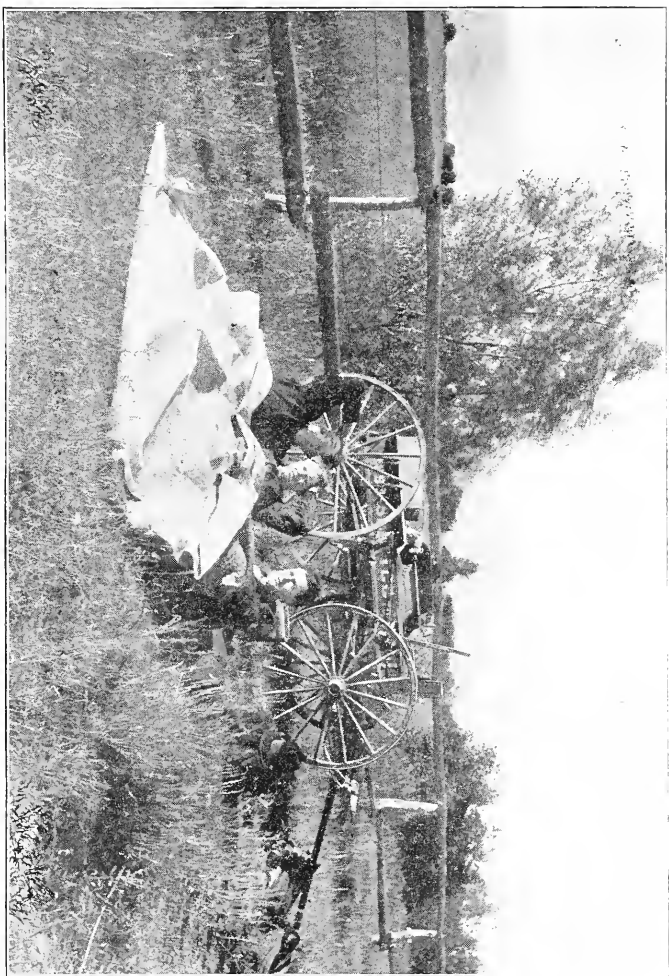
haunches and watched us. While we were talking about the occurrence we heard another scratching noise on the opposite side of the bed, where we had a supply of ham, bacon and other eatables. Looking around that side of the tent we saw Bruin there, just ready to strike the canvas a blow that would have made a great hole in our frail house. We shouted again and threw stones at the audacious creature. He scampered away and we were not bothered again for several nights. Finally he came around the third time. On this occasion we had some trout in a vessel near our heads and were awakened in the still watches by a sniffing noise. There was the bear, acquainting himself with the character of the lunch box. We were ready for him, and he met such a shower of stones that he went down the hill as fast as his clumsy legs would let him go.

On the morning of Thursday, July 14th, we left our camp in the Grand Canyon and pulled up the hill to Solfatara, where we found a good road to Norris. Passing the Wedded Trees, from one of which a branch grows through the forks of an adjoining one, thus effectually joining them, and the Virginia Cascades, which slide down the rocks for a distance of several hundred yards, we arrived at Norris. Beyond this station is the Devil's Frying Pan, a small basin having numerous small steam jets and

springs which sputter like a busy utensil of its name over a hot fire. Interesting sights met the gaze at every turn, and at length we entered the Golden Gate. A group of hot springs was passed, the Liberty Gap, a tall rock that seems to be breaking through the ground like a mushroom, the Mammoth Hot Springs hotel, Fort Yellowstone, where there was the final registration ordeal; then Eagle Rock and at last Gardiner City, the north boundary of the park. Here we found a one-sided town indeed. There are a large number of saloons built right up against the limits of the park, although not encroaching the least, while on the opposite side of the street not a house stands. Three miles further on we came to Cinnabar, the terminus of the railroad, which approaches the park but can not enter it. The experience in the park had truly been an educating one and inspiring. It is worth anyone's while to try our plan, provided there is a determination to take whatever comes. A camper in the Yellowstone Park can live without cost if he takes his own provisions. Feed for the horses, water and fine mountain trout are there for all who want to partake of and enjoy them.

In camp that night we had a dreadful time on account of the high wind. It was with great difficulty that we cooked supper, the breezes being determined to blow the fuel off





A CAMP IN THE YELLOWSTONE VALLEY.



the fire. When we retired, the canvas was stretched over the wagon wheels and we crawled under the vehicle to try to sleep. But the wind blew sand and gravel in our faces with fearful force, and at times gusts of the hurricane almost lifted the wagon, and there was a constant fear that it would blow over.

Having spent Sunday in the town of Livingston, we prepared the following day to take leave of Titsworth, the photographer, who was to return to Seattle. The wagon almost smiled at being relieved of the additional three hundred pounds of our passenger and baggage, but on our part the loss of Titsworth was deeply felt. The wind was still blowing a gale, but it was at our backs in the narrow Yellowstone valley, and we clipped along at a good rate of speed. Dead Man's Gulch, across the Yellowstone and Big Timber rivers, gets its name from a solitary grave in the hillside, marked by the word "Unknown." It took just fifty minutes to care for the horses, kindle a rousing fire, prepare the meal and sit down to eat. This, too, when we made biscuits and fried enough potatoes, ham and eggs to satisfy the appetites of two hungry travelers. This we considered a feat, and it is surely a pardonable parallel to observe in this connection that it took just fifty minutes to fight the battle of

Santiago, which we had heard about a short time before.

The following day we witnessed professional sheep shearing, in a section of the country where the shearers are paid eight cents for each animal sheared. They are able to make from \$8 to \$16 a day, yet the shearer is generally "broke," lives like a lower animal, has no ambitions and beats his way when he wants to go from one place to another.

Friday, July 22nd, we reached Billings, Mont. One night a short time later, just after we had made camp, we heard a rattling in the brush, and soon saw a big Indian driving toward us, riding in a modern hay rake drawn by little Indian ponies. He drove up to the fire and stopped, in a very pompous and elevated manner, letting loose a guttural "Hello." The uninitiated would have been frightened, but beneath the red, painted face we saw a beaming smile and every evidence of good humor and hungry expectation. He looked at the fire longingly, and said, brokenly, "Supper ready?"

We answered in the negative, whereupon the brave settled himself comfortably for an unlimited wait, folding his hands quietly across his shirt tail, which was flapping in front of him. He wore a hat, a shirt striped with blue, and a pair of moccasins, and some pieces of an

old blanket wrapped his shins as a substitute for leggins. When asked how far it was to Fort Custer, he sat perfectly still for some time and then, pointing to the ground, said, "One sleep." Then raising his arm and waving it gracefully across the hills he said, again, "One sleep." Pointing in the direction in which the fort lay he said, "Custer," and we knew from these signs and few words that it would be a "two-days'" journey, or we must sleep another night on the road. As supper was ready by this time we gave the Indian a hot, Dutch-oven biscuit and a piece of ham. Holding them in one hand he took up the reins, clicked to his team and drove slowly away.

We had hardly begun to enjoy the meal, when a younger buck came riding up on his horse from the same direction the old man had taken. Stopping in front of the fire he yelled "Hello!" in a loud voice and with a manner of considerable importance. We answered with the same word and then permitted him to sit there watching us eat. As the food disappeared very rapidly, and he saw he was to get none of it, he took the hint and rode toward his tepee or tent.

The next day we had a thirty-five mile drive ahead of us in order to find water before night. Reaching the Big Horn River at 4:30 in the afternoon, we crossed on a dollar ferry and

found ourselves in a small Indian settlement, with a Catholic mission, a little store and a few government warehouses. This was a profitable stopping place, as I applied my trade to a number of cowboys at 50 cents for each shave. We camped here an entire day, and although we were almost helpless in the midst of a force that might have been savage, we were treated very courteously. There are about 2,200 Indians in this reservation. A great many of the young bucks raise cattle. These are purchased by the government, butchered and given back to the Indians. The old men and women are given coffee, sugar, flour, beans and meat. The government is trying to teach the Indians to work, and all that are able are compelled to do a certain amount for themselves. To get them in this way was not an easy task, but the Indians of that section are becoming more industrious and nearly all of them cut a little prairie hay or perform some other sort of labor. That is, they do it by proxy, for the squaws, or women, are compelled to do most of the work. The store-keeper at this place, a German, had been with the tribe for thirty years.

## CHAPTER VIII

## FORT CUSTER

MONDAY noon we were in sight of Fort Custer, and after lunch turned our faces toward the Crow Agency, on the Little Big Horn River. Here almost every Indian showed a desire to "swap" horses. When told that we did not care to trade, they invariably accepted the decision quietly, and left us without further words. We drove a couple of miles up the river to the site of the Custer battlefield, and camped in the place where Sitting Bull's lodges were located at the time of the memorable fight. We approached the battlefield from the west, as the Indians had done when Custer made his famous stand just twenty-two years and one month before. There is a little house on the summit of the first hill, where the keeper asked us to register and recited to us the story of the battle. White slabs of stone mark the place where the first white men fell. We were told by persons who had received their information from Indians who were in the fight, that in the bloody engagement that marked the end of Custer's days a great many more Indians were killed than whites, but that this was

caused by a lack of discipline among the excited red men, who repeatedly shot into those of their number who were fighting in front.

Having visited the Cheyenne Reservation, we arrived on July 28th at Ashland, a Catholic Indian school and post-office. At the home of a white rancher we were told a great many things about the traits of the Indian. The cowboys often find them a terrible nuisance, for they frequently kill the animals for no other purpose than to take from them the tongues and tenderloin, of which they are exceedingly fond. There is, naturally, not the most friendly feeling in existence between the cattlemen and the Indians. The cowboy, rough and profane though he may be, proved an interesting study. In the presence of their "boss's" wife, when they came to their meals, these uncouth men of the plains were as careful in their actions and words, and as gentlemanly as many who have had the advantages of good training and polite society. The ranchman where we were being so pleasantly entertained insisted upon our remaining with him a week, free of expense, as evidence of that rare degree of hospitality which can be found only in the west. It was impossible, however, for us to accept the invitation, and we pushed on to Bug Ranch, so named because the brand used on the cattle is



a large bug, and were there treated as well as we had been at the place just left behind.

Tourists in this part of the country complain of the drinking water found in the railroad cars. But such travelers know almost nothing of a camp life where there is nothing to drink but a warm, alkali water, so strong that a bucket in which the water has been permitted to stand, when emptied, is soon covered with a white coat.

Taking an old "round up" trail over which a wagon had recently gone, we journeyed until a heavy rain-storm obliterated the marks the wheels had made. Then, indeed, we were at a loss to know which way to go, and progress was as bad as stumbling in the dark. Following a dim trail until a river was reached, we found a jump-off of about thirty feet. It was impossible to surmount such a difficulty as that, so we turned and went over the hills, without a road, without a guide, without a chance of meeting a soul for perhaps eighty miles. Traveling all afternoon through the brush and over rough places, one of the horses gave out and our troubles were multiplied. We camped near a small stream, feeling almost as one does when hopelessly lost. Late in the following day, Sunday, we found two cow paths, running parallel, and after following them a short distance concluded that we had

come upon the old trail. There is a delicious light-heartedness after such an experience, and it was certainly true in our case, for we soon met a lone stranger who told us enough to send us on our way reasonably sure of our bearings.

## CHAPTER IX

## BREAKING A TEAM OF WILD HORSES

AT Stoneville, a small post-office settlement on the Little Missouri River, we decided to trade horses for fresh ones, our team having brought us a distance of 1,800 miles. This task of "swapping," no one getting any "boot" in the trade, having been concluded, the greater task of breaking the animals began. We first put the fiery roan and black in a corral, in the center of which there was a pole called the "snubbing pole." After "snubbing" one of the wild brutes for a while, we put a rope around his neck instead of the cruel halter that had been used, and began to pat the animal with the rope and rub it over him in order to show him that neither we nor the rope would hurt him. After a couple of hours we got the horses accustomed to the rope, each of us having one in charge. Then we petted the horses, which they resented at first, striking at us with their feet most viciously. When they saw that our intentions were good, they submitted to the caresses. Then, fastening them together by their necks and tails, we drove them around the corral until they were thoroughly heated. By gradual stages we led

up to a rattling lumber wagon, which the horses did not like at all, but which they finally accepted as a part of what was in store for them. Patience did the rest, and at last the animals drew our lighter vehicle and we proceeded on the journey with a team that was completely mastered, but still full of life and "ginger." When the breaking task was finished there were four very tired creatures, and we were not less weary than the horses we had just subdued.

That night we camped in the northeast corner of Wyoming. We reached Bell Fourche, S. D., the nearest point to some of the largest ranges in three States, and, therefore, the greatest cattle shipping point, direct from the native plain, in the world. During the busy season as many as twenty train loads of cattle are shipped daily from this point. After visiting Fort Mead we traveled on to Smithville, where was the only store we were to find between Sturgis and Pierre, a distance of 196 miles. Here we bought provisions to last until we reached Pierre, then 120 miles away. Crossing the Cheyenne River we partook of the last drop of water we were to find in a journey of eighteen miles. Coming to the ranch of a man named Sam Williams, we were told that the next water was eight miles away. Williams had water, but he said we could not have



THE FIRST WATER IN FORTY MILES, IN IDAHO.



it unless we put our horses in his pasture, which would cost thirty cents. There was a fierce mental struggle in opposition to such an outrage, but we were obliged to submit to the inevitable. Later we found that Sam had told us a thirty-cent lie, for the next water hole was only five miles away.

On Tuesday, Aug. 16th, we came in sight of the Missouri River, and in about half a day reached Fort Pierre. Across the Big Muddy was Pierre, which, although the capital of the State, is a very small town. But it looked large to us, for it had been many days since we saw a place of even respectable size. At Huron we went to church, a privilege we had not enjoyed for many weeks. The heat in this part of the country was so intense that we limited our travel to the early and late hours of the day, resting while the sun was high. Near Howard, where we made camp one night, there was not a stick of fuel in sight and we were obliged to cook over a fire made of hay.

Crossing the Big Sioux River we were in Minnesota. At Adrian, on Saturday, I worked in a barber shop while Johnson did the "family" washing and cooking. Crossing the corner of the State we entered Iowa. In this State we had for the most part, good roads, making travel easy and pleasant. On September 6th we reached Mason City, the largest

city we had been in since we left Portland, Ore. Passing through Waterloo, we reached Independence, where we visited the famous Williams kite-shape track, at one time the fastest track in the country, and noted for the records established there by the kings and queens of the speed ring. We reached Dubuque, Ia., and the Mississippi River, Sept. 11th, just four months after starting upon the long journey across the continent. Crossing the Father of Waters, we were in Wisconsin, where we noticed, at frequent intervals along the roads, the "shingles" of justices of the peace. Inquiry brought the information that a marriage license is not a necessity in this State, and that loving couples from neighboring States who are unable to have the knot tied at home flock to Wisconsin, where the connubial pathway is not obstructed by serious legal obstacles.

The farmers in this part of Wisconsin were decidedly domestic in their habits, for they marveled when they knew that we had come from far-away California and confessed that they had known no other section of the country than the one they were living in. One man, thirty-seven years old, said he had never been farther away from his home than five miles east, ten miles south or fifteen west, while on the north he had never been out of



sight of the smoke that rolled from the chimney of his peaceful little dwelling.

From Wisconsin we crossed into Illinois. At Freeport I picked up a little coin by spending Saturday in a barber-shop. We then visited Rockford and Elgin, and one night a short time later camped in a field not far from the limits of Chicago. In that city points of interest were visited, but nothing attracted our attention more than we attracted the attention of those who saw us. Perhaps our outfit, our travel-worn appearance and our general condition, out of harmony with the life of a busy city, were peculiar. At any rate, we were gazed at as curiously as though we had been the forerunners of a circus of unknown wonders, all of which we enjoyed as much as those for whom we were furnishing innocent and free entertainment. We left the city through South Chicago, going through a packing suburb, Hammond, Ind., and then pushing on toward Valparaiso and South Bend. In Indiana, as in some other States, we found many persons who had been born and reared in the same locality and who were exceedingly narrow and prejudiced in their customs and views. One man refused to sell us food or let us have shelter, although it was late at night, and we were the victims of a blinding storm. Others, however, were blessed with the spirit of hospitality, and

gladly took us in or granted favors that cost them nothing and were more than gold to us.

## CHAPTER X

## THE SELFISHNESS OF THE EASTERN FARMERS

ON October 1st we reached the State of Ohio, continuing on toward Toledo. There are a great many selfish farmers in Ohio. In fact, the lack of kindness toward strangers increased as we proceeded eastward. The farmers with the bounteous crops and barns filled with the fruits of the harvest were the first to tell us that we could buy no hay or other horse feed from them. These agriculturists seem to have absorbed a belief that every man is dishonest until he has proved that he is honest. In the open-hearted West we had learned that every man is considered honest until he has proved himself the contrary. Almost anyone will agree that the Western principle is the more beautiful, the more manly of the two. Frequently, in this great, developed State of Ohio, we were turned away while storms cut around our faces and the surrounding country offered poor shelter indeed. In sharp contrast was the week we had spent at a far Western home, our host refusing to accept pay for what we had received and urging us to prolong the stay, and that host a mixture of half French and half Indian instead of having in his veins the

kindred blood of those who turned us away. One Ohio farmer, who had said that we could sleep in his barn, changed his mind when the elements were raging in their worst fury, and drove us away. We were compelled to sleep on the wet ground in a rain that soaked every thread we wore and upon which we reclined.

After leaving Toledo, we were permitted one night to camp in the corner of a pasture farthest from the house, and for that privilege had to pay our host 25 cents. Oberlin is a model community, having a large Congregational college, sixteen churches and no saloons. Journeying toward Cleveland, we came to a very fine house, with its park, hammocks, driveways, immense barns, private race course, grazing grounds and blooded stock. On the opposite side of the road a large red building with a sign, "White's Yucatan," told us that this was the home of "Chewing Gum White," a man who had started in life as poor as the proverbial turkeys of Job, and who was now worth millions. At the Cleveland post-office, we received quite a western welcome, and after getting the post-office stamp in a little book carried for that purpose, a book that was to be substantial and incontrovertible proof that we had visited the places we had claimed to see, were given directions and advice in as kindly a way as we could have expected in that section

from which we had started. Here I must place my opinion against a generally accepted one and say that Euclid avenue, in Cleveland, is by no means the finest in the world. We had already seen many handsomer ones and the trip around the globe had scarce begun.

On the evening of October 14th, we crossed the line into Pennsylvania. It was a relief to get out of Ohio, although in saying this nothing unkind is intended for the thousands of splendid, whole-souled persons who have claimed that state as their home, and who now live there. But there was such a large measure of distrust for strangers and such a surprising lack of kindness that there were no regrets in our hearts when we entered the confines of another commonwealth. Pennsylvania, however, was not much better, although the people were not quite so obstinate in their refusals to favor strangers. We found a big-hearted German at Fairview, Fred Smith, who invited us down to spend Sunday on the shore of Lake Erie. After leaving the city of Erie we camped at North East, and then crossing the line into New York State, entered the grape belt. We arrived in Buffalo, October 21st. Here we closed our camp experience for 1898, and sold Dewey and Sampson, the team we had purchased wild on the plains of Montana. The animals, at first so vicious, had become quite gentle and we dis-

posed of them for \$40, just what we had paid for the former team we left Seattle with. In the two years, 1897 and 1898, by the aid of five horses, and making three relays we had covered a distance of 6,060 miles, 2,560 in 1897 with one horse, and 3,500 in 1898 with four horses, or two teams. Thirty-five hundred miles is a long buggy ride, as long, perhaps, as any man has taken in one direction. We had crossed America over its greatest width. Our wagon, which had attracted attention everywhere we went, chiefly on account of the words which it bore—"1898, from Seattle to N. Y."—had stood the trip remarkably well. We carried no hint of advertising, and the absence of all such was a recommendation whenever the purposes of the journey were explained. Like Dewey and Sampson, the wagon was sold at Buffalo, and with it went the happy reminders of many days and nights of camp life. The one great requirement in making such a journey, under similar circumstances and with animals that had to be broken and taught that which we expected of them, was patience. That a large measure of that gift was necessary we certainly had learned conclusively, and yet at this time the determination to go on around the world and conquer the other and perhaps greater difficulties that were to arise, did not leave me for a moment.

## CHAPTER XI

## THROUGH THE EAST ON A BICYCLE.

HAVING reached Buffalo, the next point of interest was, of course, the Niagara Falls. But so many writers have devoted space to this wonder that it is quite out of the question for me to devote even a few lines to this marvel of nature's work. We learned, however, that all of the written accounts and eloquent descriptions of the falls had utterly failed to convey even a faint impression of their real splendor and grandeur.

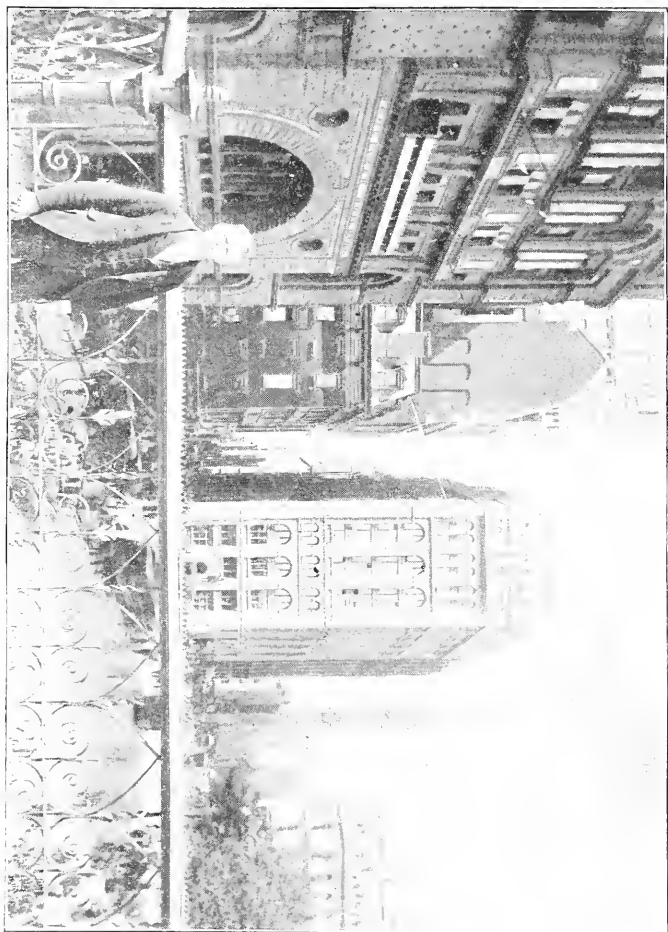
From Buffalo we went to Syracuse, N. Y., where we spent two days with Prof. Lewis and Prof. Mead, of the High School, whom we had met in the Yellowstone Park. From Syracuse to Albany there was a great opportunity to witness the three wonderful means of transportation employed in that portion of New York—the Mohawk River, the Erie Canal and the New York Central Railroad, in many places the three being side by side. After visiting the 25-million dollar state capitol at Albany we took boat for a trip down the Hudson River, but there was a deep disappointment in this in the fact that ours was a night ride. On Nov.

3, 1898, we landed at the West Twenty-second Street pier, New York City.

My stay in New York was a practical, working experience, the sights of the great city being seen on days when employment for wages did not demand my time. On the day after we arrived, Johnson secured work in a grocery store on Third Avenue, in New York, while I found a "chair" in a Brooklyn barber-shop. At the post-office we had the official stamp placed in our little book, thus completing the chain of stamps across the continent. Then came days for labor and days for sight-seeing, the dreary grind alternating with little journeys to the hundreds of places of interest that the metropolis affords.

One of these was a visit to the sub-treasury of the United States, through which we were escorted by Charles M. Wiley, the assistant treasurer, and another gentleman. Approaching a door with heavy steel bars, we saw why two men accompanied us on the tour of inspection. There were two locks on the door, and as one man is not allowed to have a key for more than one lock, it was necessary for us to have possessors of two keys. For a fleeting moment I had the privilege of holding in my hand one million dollars, in the shape of one thousand \$1,000-bills, and the sensation of such an experience is one that a person not





NEWSPAPER SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.



addicted to the use of dream-drugs ought not to attempt to describe. I might add in passing that I have not held a million dollars in my hand from that time to this. On that day we were in the presence of the neat little sum of 158 million dollars, but if we had been locked in there with all of it and told that it was ours forever, we would have starved to death in sight of enough money to buy a meal for a good portion of the whole world's population.

In New York my pleasant associations with Mr. Johnson came to an end, for he found it necessary, on account of business matters, to return to the Pacific slope. It was not an easy task to part from one with whom such close friendship had been established. Our hearts, hopes, purposes and purses had been one throughout the long journey. We had shared pleasures and hardships together, and when it all came to an end, I was depressed to a degree that was almost equal to mourning. Therefore, in March, 1899, I was left to complete the undertaking alone, and even the grief of parting from my friend did not shake the determination I had formed to circle the globe.

At one of the great packing houses of New York City, which is not great, however, in comparison with the establishments of western cities, I met M. F. Mullins, the champion butcher of the world. He is a Kansas City

man, and told me that New York was fifty years behind the West in the butchering business.

The daily street scenes of New York had become quite common. I had visited those sections of the city where the millionaires dwell, and had also penetrated the dark holes where vice and corruption have smothered out everything that is good, except those brave men and women who spend their lives in such filthy surroundings for the purpose of carrying the good tidings of a better life and of the sacrifice that was made by One greater than all for just such pitiable creatures as may be found in the slums of a great city. I was in the metropolis at the time of the great snow-storm, and it was interesting, at the same time painful, to note that when the streets were blocked with snow and all traffic was checked by the deep blanket of white, the first vehicles to break the crust and begin the work of beating a path were the big brewery wagons.

The winter spent in New York was indeed a busy one. My trade enabled me to get employment in various parts of the city, and I was therefore able to study the populated island thoroughly. At the first place where I was employed I was asked to go to the corner saloon for a bucket of beer. I refused, and the indignant employer informed me that in his

fifty-five years' experience in that city, he had never had a barber refuse to "rush the can" until I so informed him. I told him that I would rather look for another job than carry beer for the best barber with two hands, and that is how I was out looking for work just a short time after finding employment.

On May 24th my stay in New York City came to an end, and I resumed my travels, this time using a bicycle as a means of transportation. I had a case made that fit the frame of the wheel and was able to carry about twenty-five pounds of baggage in that way. The ride north, along the east bank of the Hudson River was as charming as poetry has pictured it, and there was a feeling of indescribable delight as each landmark and bit of scenery, well known to every one who has read of the glories of this charming stream, came into view. At Tarrytown I went to the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery and saw the grave where lies the body of Washington Irving. There were many headstones bearing the names of patriots who helped to make our early history, or of men and women famous in art, or letters, or war. Near the gate of the old Dutch graveyard they began burying the dead as far back as 1650.

From the sleeping-places of heroes my journey took me to the cells of living captives, Sing Sing prison being the point of interest.

Crossing the river to West Point, I struck out from the military academy toward the home of E. P. Roe, keeping the west side of the river to Newburg, where I looked down the river from the door of the old log house where Washington had his headquarters and where the treaty of peace was signed by the British. Crossing the river again at Troy, I left the banks of the stream and proceeded toward the New England States, after making another trip to Albany for the purpose of inspecting more carefully the great capitol building of the Empire State.

I will here diverge sufficiently to give an idea of some eastern hospitality, assuring the reader that such cases are not the invariable rule. After leaving Troy I stopped at a farmhouse for the purpose, if possible, of securing lodging for the night. On the porch stood an old man from whose luxuriant beard there floated a yellow stream of tobacco fluid. He relieved himself of the surplus, and responded to my question by informing me that he had not entertained a stranger in twenty years. The only satisfaction I received from him was the information that it was five miles to Hoosick. It was a dark, difficult ride, and would not have been necessary, under such unfavorable conditions, in the more cordial West. On May 30th, I reached Bennington, Vt., and was soon

on the slope of the Green Mountains. On the summit I found a place where the stranger received no such treatment as that experienced a few days before, for at a modest home nestled in the hard maple trees I was able to purchase, for a mere trifle, a satisfying meal that restored good humor and gave me strength for a hard ride over the level roads on top of the picturesque range. From Brattlesboro I crossed the Connecticut River to New Hampshire. Northfield was my first stopping-place in Massachusetts, and there I called upon Mr. D. L. Moody in his own home. At Westminster, where I attended church, Mrs. Jane E. Damon and her son invited me to spend a night in their home, one of the finest in New England, and here I was given a royal and open-hearted reception indeed. From Mount Wachusett, the highest point in the State, I was able to get a fine view of the country for fifty miles around.

Passing through Worcester, I arrived in Boston on Saturday and by noon was at work in a barber shop. On Sunday, June 4th, I attended the Park Street Church and heard a sermon by the Rev. Dr. John Lindsay Withrow. The next day was one of great historical interest, and there were few sights having woven into them the early history of our country that I did not visit during the next few days. I climbed the tower to the window from which Paul Revere

hung his lantern after the famous ride; visited the little grocery, which is in the old farmhouse of Paul Revere, on North Square; inspected Charleston and the Bunker Hill monument and the statue of William Prescott. These were inspiring hours for me, and yet I met business men in Boston who had never been near the Bunker Hill monument, and who, passing the old State house day after day, had never set foot within its walls.

I left Boston on June 6th, and went to the manufacturing city of Lynn. After crossing the line into New Hampshire from Newburyport on June 7th, I came upon two "down East" farmers, vainly struggling in the highway with a balky horse. Their efforts to start the stubborn animal were quite amusing to a boy whose great delight was the mastery of unwilling or fractious horses, and I was an amused spectator until the men gave up in despair. At my own suggestion I was permitted to try my hand at the task in which they had failed, and at the end of a few minutes, when I had the horse as docile and obedient as any family "plug," one of the New Englanders, to show his deep appreciation of what I had done, dived into the recesses of a monstrous purse and depleted his treasury by the liberal gift of twenty-five cents for what, according to his own words, was worth a great deal to him.



That was quite a little for the average New England farmer to do. He told me to get a drink with the quarter. It was well he so instructed me. I might have believed that he desired me to purchase a suit of clothes with it.

## CHAPTER XII

## EXPERIENCES IN NEW ENGLAND

I MANAGED to pass through various villages all the way to Kittery, Maine, without spending the coin for drink, and as far as that is concerned, I would have had it yet if it had been legal tender for no other purpose. I did not penetrate the State of Maine, but soon crossed the line again back into New Hampshire. On June 8th I reached Haverhill, Mass., where the New England Convention of the Christian Church was in session. Returning to Boston I left that city for Plymouth, passing through Quincy and viewing the burial place of John Quincy Adams. Between Boston and Plymouth I applied at nine houses for lodging, and was refused an equal number of times. The road was sandy and the night exceedingly dark. Travel a-wheel was almost impossible, and my plight was far from pleasant. In the far West I would have been sound asleep soon after making the first application. But the difference between the sections of the country is sharply emphasized in my experience that night. At each house I was told that the family on up the road would probably take me in. At the house referred to by the last unfeeling

ing resident the same reception was met. Not one of them had room for me, and yet in one house I counted twelve windows from the roadside where I stood wearily leaning against my bicycle, and the dwelling was one of the largest I had passed. My application for entertainment was reasonable, I was clad in presentable clothes and had money in my pockets with which to pay for what I received. And yet, in that supposedly enlightened state, in the very cradle of liberty and the home of the pioneer, I was more unkindly treated than I had been in the midst of cowboys who knew little of etiquette, and of Indians whose knowledge of civilization was almost nothing. Coming to a church near a post-office called West Duxbury, I found shelter in a shed, and there passed the remaining hours of a very unhappy night. I was so tired that the feeling of hunger was overcome, and I slept peacefully. At the next house, soon after sunrise, I secured breakfast and twenty cents in cash in exchange for the application of my shears to the male heads of the household and the use of the hone in sharpening their dull razors. Reaching Plymouth on June 19th, I was soon sitting on Plymouth Rock, which is sheltered by a stone arch and has a harbor on each side. There are no other rocks in sight to dispute the claim of this one, and there is little doubt that this is the his-

torical object around which so much of our national history centers.

At Rehoboth I honed a razor for a man who, I soon learned, was the pastor of one of the churches. He told me the little town we were then in was once the rival of Boston. In reply to a question as to why the people of that part of the country were so slow to give welcome to the stranger, he said that so many strange things happened that it was the rule to take no one in. When I carried the argument farther and reminded him that persons used their own judgment in refusing or accepting a silver dollar, taking it if it was good and rejecting it if spurious, he agreed with my assertion that the same degree of judgment should be applied to men, and that one should take the individual for what he seemed to be worth. My plain statements rather pleased this New England pastor, and I was invited to remain and attend an Endeavor prayer-meeting. But, having finished the razor, I bid the reverend gentleman good-bye and crossed the line into Rhode Island. At the post-office in Providence I met James Foster, a member of the writing staff of the *Providence Journal*. He asked me for a story and invited me to supper with him. This invitation was gladly accepted, and there followed a most delightful evening at the journalist's home.

As this was the only night I was to be in Rhode Island, I wanted to spend it in the country, in order that I might know what kind of reception the farmers of that state would give me. Being caught in a rain-storm, and having the best possible excuse to ask for shelter, I was surprised to find a refusal, even for shelter in a wood-shed, at the first house I stopped at. Then I went on to a little church where an ice-cream social was in progress. The boys and girls were divided into little "cliques," and the sexes seemed to be afraid of each other. The boys bought dishes of the cream and went off by themselves to eat it in the most selfish fashion. There were two of them who mustered enough bravery to buy for some girls, but they simply carried the dishes to the "fair" ones and immediately joined a crowd of boys. My clothes were wet, but my collar was clean, and I must have been as respectable as most of those in the little church. But notwithstanding that fact, it is true that I sat there for an hour and was not spoken to by a solitary person. When I left I gave ten cents to the president of the society, "Susie," by name, to pay for the light and heat I had absorbed. I actually had her thanks for the payment and went out into the cheerless night without further ceremony. I inquired at three large houses for lodging, but the inhabitants would hardly open

the doors wide enough to see who was standing outside. At a public road-house, a resort more for drinking and dancing than anything else, I secured a sleeping place in the barn, and it was there that I spent my only night in cordial (?) "Little Rhody." The next day when I reached the Connecticut state line, my cyclometer registered twenty-nine miles for the journey across Rhode Island.

Sunday, June 28th, was spent in Hartford. One of the peculiar things in that city was a placard posted in the office of the Arlington House, "No Cigarette Smoking in this Office." It was the first time I had ever seen such a warning in a place of that kind. It was one virtue the Arlington had. I had a splendid road from Hartford to New Haven, where the beauties of Yale were fully enjoyed. Riding along the seashore the following day I reached Bridgeport and went on to Stanford. On June 21st I was in New York City again, after a tour of New England covering 847 miles. I had indeed been a stranger among strangers, and the strongest lesson I had learned was that the good New England people have not yet had their lives broadened by the wide horizon of the West, and that our Eastern cousins learn a profitable lesson by leaving the farms, which have been their homes from generation to generation, and visiting a section of the country

where every man is another man's friend until he has proved that he is unworthy of such a trust.

Then I pushed on to Jersey City and to Newark, N. J. My route included Elizabeth and Princeton. At the latter place I visited Nassau Hall, which was used as a prison during the Revolutionary war. At Trenton I crossed the Delaware River, but my passage was not beset with as great difficulties as that of Washington and his faithful men. My first night in Pennsylvania was spent at Bristol. I reached Philadelphia on June 23rd, and there had another opportunity to see numerous places that are familiar, in name, to every child student of our nation's history, and which need not be enumerated in a recital of this kind. One of these was the Bettie Ross house at 239 Arch Street, the birthplace of the Stars and Stripes. The people of the Quaker City are exceedingly kind and obliging to strangers, and there was a delightful, informal hospitality which, although more reserved than that found in the Western States, was enough to cheer the traveler's heart and give greater faith in mankind.

In Philadelphia I secured a Saturday's employment at the rate of \$3 in cash and two meals thrown in, in what is called a "sanitary" shop. By the use of sanitary cups and sani-

tary shaving cream, each customer is shaved without the use of soap that has been used on another's face. All shaving-cups, brushes, hair-brushes and combs are given an antiseptic treatment before they are used again, and the system is as near a perfection of cleanliness as any system could well be. In Philadelphia it is as New York works it, the tradesmen living with their employer. This is a custom that has been borrowed from the old country. In some cases it is pleasant, in others decidedly disagreeable.

On the following day, Sunday, I attended a service in a Quaker church and in the afternoon went to John Wanamaker's Sunday-school. After hearing Master "Jack" Cook, the boy evangelist, that night I felt assured that the day had been well spent. I left Philadelphia the following day, over the Lancaster pike. A few miles out I was permitted to sleep in a barn whose owner possessed a house big enough for many of my physical dimensions. It was the best accommodation in sight, however, and my legs were exceedingly weary. The next day I ate dinner on a farm that had once been the home of William Penn. It has never been sold, but has been handed down through the generations until it has reached the present owners, the McIlvain's, most hospitable people indeed. It was on a farm in



this eastern State of Pennsylvania that I learned to swing a "cradle" and to bind grain by hand. I had done these kinds of farm work in Nebraska and the West, with the assistance of modern machinery, but it remained for me to work in an eastern section in order to become acquainted with the methods that I supposed had gone out of use long before that time. The daily program on this farm was so different from what I had been accustomed to, that I felt entirely at a loss as to what was about to happen next. We left the field at 4 o'clock and went to the house, where we sat down to a meal that made the table groan with the abundance of it. Then we returned to the field, labored until the sun went down, returned to the house again and then—not to supper—but to bed. Hours had passed since I had partaken of food, but the generous meal of the afternoon had made hunger impossible, and I was happy in peaceful sleep until 4 o'clock the next morning, when the voice of the farmer awoke the "boys" from their dreams. According to instructions I put the harness on the horses and mules, the only difference between that operation and the same one in my part of the country being that Mr. Marin called the harness "gear." At 5:30 o'clock we had breakfast, a liberal meal, too, and at 6 o'clock were off to the field again to resume the bind-

ing-by-hand process. The dinner bell rang at 10 o'clock, and I then learned that I had been mistaken in calling the 4 o'clock meal by that name. On Saturday my work as a farm-hand in the Quaker district came to an end, but my employer, after giving me a \$5 bill, insisted upon my remaining until Monday in order that I might attend a Quaker meeting with Mr. Reacer, the owner of the farm. I did this, and the experience was like going back into the past for a hundred years or more. Every old Quaker tradition that I had heard about when a boy was pictured there in reality. The quaint costumes of the men and women, the division of the sexes in the meeting-houses, the lack of an instrument and modern methods, the lack of confusion and in its place almost oppressive silence, were all there to add an indescribable charm to one of the most solemn and uplifting services I had ever attended. On Monday I bid my friends good-by with a feeling of sincere regret, and, leaving a neighborhood that seemed old-fashioned in many respects, continued my journey.

Paradise, a village through which I soon passed, has about a score of dilapidated houses and seems about as far from the place indicated by its name as any settlement I had visited in the state. The best proof, in fact, that there is little in names is a trip through the country,

for one is constantly meeting all sorts of inconsistencies in the form of names for towns that are decidedly out of keeping with the places themselves. The Fourth of July was spent on the highway, wheeling in company with a young man who was cycling through that part of the country, and in Gettysburg, where, on account of the war-memories interwoven with the history of the town, the celebration of the day seemed particularly inspiring and appropriate. One year ago this day I was in the Yellowstone National Park, and now on a battlefield where the blood of heroes, in blue and gray, had been spilled for a cause that each thought was right. The vicinity of Gettysburg teems with interesting landmarks and the records of the deadly fighting that took place there are written in the fences, the rolling hills and level fields which are familiar to those who have read the story of the carnage that dedicated this spot to the great lessons of the war.

Leaving Gettysburg, I crossed the line into Maryland. In this State I found a degree of southern hospitality that far surpassed that experienced in the North. Strangers are asked but one question as a rule, and that is, "And what might your name be?" The door swings wide for rich and poor. It is no hardship for a tourist to travel over the hills and rocky roads of this section of the country, for when weary

he finds a welcome wherever he may apply for shelter, and does not have to tax his strength and patience, as I had done many times in the North, looking in vain for a chance to escape the natural elements or gain relief from the exhaustion of travel. At the home of a John Moxley I was given a hearty welcome, and while the mother and daughters prepared the meal, I cut the hair of the father and his boys. By the time I had the male contingent of the family trimmed up we were all ready to draw our chairs around the laden table.

After the meal Mr. Moxley brought out a box of crooked-stemmed pipes and passed it to me. I informed him that I did not smoke, and thereby aroused the astonishment of all the family, for each one, from 15 years up, and including the mother, put a pipe between his teeth and filled the room with smoke as they chatted. The tobacco industry is one of the material mainstays of this state, and Baltimore's reputation as a shipping point for the weed is well known.

## CHAPTER XIII

## WASHINGTON AND THE SUNNY SOUTH

THE next day, after passing through several small towns in Maryland, I reached the national capital—Washington the beautiful, the most attractive city in the world. The first glimpse of the capitol building, of the stately monument and of the other structures familiar, in mind if not in the experience of every school boy, sent a thrill through me and awoke a greater respect for the government, of which they are magnificent reminders. On Saturday I began work in a barber-shop near the government printing office, and was thereby able to keep up expenses while visiting points of interest at odd hours. The value of this experience in Washington cannot be stated. A visit to the capital increases one's patriotism, enlarges his knowledge, is entertaining and altogether uplifting. Every young man and young woman owes it to himself or herself to see, if possible, the great city of Washington—not great in size or industry, but great as a city of homes, of boulevards, of magnificent buildings and, more than all, as the seat of the first government of all the world. My little journeys to the various places of interest cannot be de-

scribed in detail. I saw as nearly all of them as possible. My call at the White House was of course one of the most important incidents of the time spent in Washington. President McKinley, reading my card as I stood near his desk, said in a kindly tone, "You have a grand outline of travel. I wish you Godspeed." He then shook my hand. I said, "I am glad to meet you." The President terminated the interview by leaving the office, after greeting those who had entered his private room with me, and my visit to the chief executive of the United States was over.

In passing permit me to pay a word of tribute to that magnificent structure, the finest of its kind on earth, the product of American genius and skill, a building of which the nation has good reason to be proud, the Library of Congress. I have not the power to describe it properly, and it would seem that words of the most charmed kind would be inadequate in handling such a sublimely splendid subject. The building is a credit to the men who constructed it, and one of which every citizen should be proud. The same can be said of that great pile of masonry dedicated to the government of the United States, the massive capitol. These days spent in Washington were filled with delights and surprises and matters of educational interest. Sunday evening, July

16th, I had the pleasure of hearing a summary of the International Endeavor Convention, which had just closed at Detroit, by the Rev. F. D. Power, who has been pastor of the Vermont Avenue Christian Church for twenty-five years.

After climbing to the top of the monument and visiting the various department buildings, I left Washington after spending ten profitable days at the seat of our government. I crossed the Potomac River and went to historic old Alexandria, Va., and Mt. Vernon, the home of George Washington. From there my way took me to Manassas and the battlefield of Bull Run. Traveling for many miles without special incident, I reached the Luray Caverns, to enter which I paid one dollar. They contain many wonderful works of nature, and have a combination of beauties that unite to make them exceedingly attractive. After leaving this place, which is not on a good highway, I reached a level pike and was soon in the famous Valley of Virginia. One night, just as the sun was falling behind the western hills, I met a gentleman in front of his big farm-house. He spoke to me, and our conversation was followed by an invitation to spend the night in his home. I accepted and entered upon an experience that is a fair sample of the open-hearted hospitality of Virginia. The meals were boun-

tiful, the conveniences made to suit the wishes of the visitor, and I was treated as well as though I had been an old friend of the family. My host's name was S. Y. Beam, and next morning, after a delicious breakfast, he accompanied me to Harrisonburg. His hospitality extended the entire twenty-nine miles to that town, for when we got there he would not let me pay for my own dinner. I relate this incident to show the similarity of the West and South in the matter of entertaining strangers, as well as the marked contrast between those sections of the country and some parts of New England which I had visited. I think the degree of the "milk of human kindness" possessed by the Virginians impressed me more strongly than that of any other people with whom I came in contact while traveling in my own country. It is that Southern cheer that is born into the very fibres of their make-up, and which, if others would emulate, would throw a great measure of sunshine into the selfish world.

Passing through Lexington, Va., I reached the famous Natural Bridge on July 22nd, and found my way through the park without instructions or a guide. Upon the great sides of the archway hundreds of names have been cut in the rock. One of these, at a distance of about twenty-five feet above the river, is that of George Washington. I walked up the incline



across the bridge, and then, in order that I might say that I had pedaled a bicycle across the great span not made with hands, rode over it and proceeded on my way. At the home of the Rowland brothers, five bachelors who reside at Roanoke, I slept in the bedroom which President Andrew Jackson had occupied when he was on his way to Washington from Tennessee.

My first important stopping-place in Tennessee was Bristol, which I reached on July 28th. Half of this town, by the way, is in Virginia and half is in Tennessee, the principal street being the state line. In this state the degree of hospitality was large and there was seldom a house too fine or too small to afford a place for the tired stranger. From Limestone I rode out to the home of "Davy" Crockett. The surroundings of this historic spot are out of the ordinary, for the rough marble slab that marks the birthplace of the pioneer was at that time in the midst of a luxuriant growth of watermelons and muskmelons. At Greenville I was in the old tailor-shop of President Johnson, and at Morristown I left the railroad to cross the Cumberland Mountains. At a little cabin home of humble pretensions, I found shelter that night, and to show that it is not the ambition of those people to "rob" the traveler whom they have entertained, it is not out of place for me to note here that for supper, lodging and

breakfast, I was charged ten cents, my host remarking, too, that such a sum would be "a plenty."

It was in the Cumberland Mountains that I saw great, strapping men lying on their front porches, resting through the lazy afternoons, while the women were out in the back yards chopping wood with dull axes. It was likewise in the Cumberland Mountains that a boy told me he had never seen a bicycle before, and offered to "sot me across" a stream which I did not want to try to ford in exchange for a short ride on the machine that was so strange in his eyes. I accepted the offer and thereby afforded the boy one of the great events of his life.

I entered the State of Kentucky near Jellico, and was soon in a rough coal-mining district, where "moonshine" whisky seemed to be plentiful and the people were of an unpolished class. At Corbin I found employment in a barber-shop and replenished my purse sufficiently to make some repairs that my bicycle and outfit were sorely in need of. In the mountains I had walked more than two hundred miles, and when I came to this stopping-place was exceedingly tired. The people in the mountains were extremely kind, and although I had made my bed on the floor and ate meals made up of cornbread and bacon, they were given as cheerfully as though the little cabins

had been instead, mansions with splendidly furnished rooms for those who asked for shelter. It was not what I received that was appreciated, but the spirit in which it was given. At some of these modest little homes in the mountains the heads of the families refused to accept remuneration for the frugal comforts that I had asked for and received.

## CHAPTER XIV

## THE MAMMOTH CAVE—TO THE OLD HOME

ON August 18th I reached the Mammoth Cave and joined a party of thirteen for an inspection of this marvelous work of nature, so well described and so many times that a repetition of its wonders would be out of place in this connection. Two and one-half miles from the town of Buffalo, Ky., I visited the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln and drank from the spring that had given him refreshing draughts when he was a barefoot boy. Reaching Louisville, August 22d, I crossed the Ohio River into Indiana, and at Washington, in that state, found employment in a barber-shop. At the home of the pastor of the Christian Church in this town the young minister asked me what he could do for me.

"Lend me a clean shirt until I can get some laundry," was my prompt reply.

The preacher readily complied with my request, but when I got to my room and prepared to dress before beginning work in the barber-shop, I found that he had misunderstood my need and had given me a night-shirt. Not to be outdone by such a trivial error, however, the shirt having a collar and white bosom that

answered practical purposes, I overcame the disadvantage caused by the extreme length of the garment and bravely went to work wearing a borrowed slumber-robe. I remained in Washington until September 4th, and then pushed on to Vincennes, where I crossed the Wabash River into Illinois. Crossing the "Prairie State," I arrived at East St. Louis and there crossed the Mississippi River into Missouri, the state of my birth. Since leaving New York I had traveled 2,471 miles. With all possible haste I went to Burlington Junction, the Missouri home of my father, where I rested from my journey long enough to assist in the building of a new house. The dwelling was completed in time for me to strike out again on the 6th of December, my course then lying toward the south. I passed through St. Joseph and Kansas City, crossed the Missouri River to Leavenworth, Kan., visited the state penitentiary at Lansing, near Leavenworth, and headed with perseverance for the "Sunny South." These words far from applied to the weather conditions that prevailed after I left Kansas City, for I was soon in a blinding snowstorm and my progress could not have been more uncomfortable. The weather was so cold that I was obliged to protect my feet by wrapping them in great pieces of coffee sack, and the ground, covered with snow, offered no means of

advancement save in the use of my feet and legs as a pedestrian, my bicycle being at this time a positive hindrance as I pushed it through the heavy snow. I reached the mining district around Joplin, Mo., and in a little one-room cabin near that town found shelter on Christmas, the women of the family going to bed while we men sat around the fire with our backs toward them. Then, the lights having been extinguished, we took our turn at "turning in," and were soon asleep as peacefully as though each one were in a bed-chamber of some pretensions. My journey through the Indian Territory was delayed on account of a lack of bridges and had the advantage of a great deal of athletic exercise by jumping from rocks and logs to other rocks and logs, quite in the fashion of a lizard. Accommodations in the territory were exceedingly poor, the huts of the natives being far apart, and the white men who have married Cherokee squaws caring much less to entertain strangers of their own blood than Indians. With a sprained ankle, wretched camping facilities and few words of welcome to greet me at the places where I stopped, this part of the trip was almost devoid of pleasant features, and there came with it a severe test of the patience that had kept me going up to this time. New Year's day was spent at Fort Smith, Ark., and from there I entered the

Choctaw country in the territory. These tribes which I encountered were nothing like the Northern tribes, for they have no typical form of dress and their inheritances make them rich and independent. They take well to education, are frequently inclined to be religious, and in many cases make the best kind of citizens to be found in that still new and undeveloped country.

The cotton-fields began to break into view as I went on south and reached the Ozark Mountains. The people in this locality have their marked peculiarities, one of which seems to be an inability to speak with a degree of certainty about anything.

"How far is it to the next town?" I asked one native.

"A right smart pace," was his unsatisfactory reply.

"How much cotton can be raised on this piece of ground?" I asked another.

"A heap," was his vague rejoinder.

While working in the town of Mena, Ark., I came to know the possibilities of the Arkansas rat. He eats the shaving soap in the barber shops and devours the hair brushes. The "razor-back" hogs came into town and mingled with domestic animals on terms of surprising familiarity. Truly, there is but one Arkansas.

## CHAPTER XV

## THE SUNNY SOUTH AGAIN

FROM Mena I went to Beaumont, Texas, and then to the gulf shipping town of Port Arthur, which is named for a strenuous railroad promoter, Arthur Stilwell, who is now having various settlements named for him in Mexico. Entering Louisiana I spent February 24th at Lafayette, a French settlement, and saw there the amusing sight of typical "darkies," so far as looks were concerned, jabbering away in the French language as excitedly as though they had been bleached denizens of the Paris boulevards. Crossing the Mississippi River, I reached New Orleans on February 25th and found my purse in such an enfeebled condition that I willingly took the first employment that offered itself and was soon working in a restaurant. My work was to take care of the glass and silverware. I received 75 cents for that first day's work, but did not accept the invitation to return the next morning and work in the dining-room, for I found employment in a barber-shop, and that was not only more to my liking, but was more remunerative. The harvest of business had just begun in all lines, for the famous Mardi Gras was almost at hand.



Barbers on such occasions, and in such a city, where money comes easily from the opulent strangers who flock there from every part of the world, use what they call the "sand bag." That is, they paint over the signs giving the prices of tonsorial work and proceed to charge just as much as they can get.

After seeing the fine parade of the carnival season, I left New Orleans on March 20th and pushed on through the Gulf States. Tramping for miles through the sands and swamps of the Suwanee River, in the central part of Florida, I reached St. Augustine, America's oldest city, on April 3d. Then I went to Jacksonville and from there into Georgia, seeing many alligators on the way and other evidences of the true tropical nature of this part of the country. All through South Carolina I heard the hoarse bellowing of the alligators and saw the natives working in the cotton and the corn, with a negro and a mule constituting a full team. When I reached North Carolina I had touched every state in the Union, with the exception of the state of matrimony. Passing through Richmond and over the ground where was fought the battle of Seven Pines, I arrived once more at Washington, D. C., where I procured a passport for the journey around the world.

Going from the capital to New York, I had

made arrangements to sail from my native country on the 22d day of May, and that program was faithfully carried out. My last evening in America was spent at the home of W. M. Hollinger, a New York gentleman, to whose kindness much of the inspiration for undertaking such a task as the one before me might well be attributed. Tuesday morning, May 22nd, I procured my last post-office cancel and then went to one of those employment agencies where the poor fellows who are obliged to "work" their way out of the country are shamefully imposed upon. The pictures these agents paint are not only not repulsive, but they are decidedly attractive, and many a chap has been led to believe that the trip over will be pleasant, even though he may have to earn his passage by working on the ship.

## BOOK II



## CHAPTER I

### BOUND FOR THE OLD WORLD

I WAS informed that it would cost me \$5 to reach Liverpool and work my way helping to take care of the stock. This proposition I accepted because there was not a better one in sight, and early the following morning was at the dock where I found a cosmopolitan gathering of fellows who were there for the same purpose I was. After we had signed the necessary papers I went aboard and made the acquaintance of the ship's boss of stock and found my quarters in the "aft" of the upper deck. There I found twenty iron bunks in a space sixteen by twenty-eight feet, and under a ceiling that was only seven feet from the floor. The beds were made of burlap.

After the twenty of us had been ushered into quarters, there was a wild scramble in the effort to pick out the best bunk in the best part of that miserable place. As we stacked our baggage, scant and ill-kept in many instances, the picture was not unlike that following a fire in a second-hand store.

An hour after going on board, the farewell whistle blew. The stately lines of New York were written against the sky, for dawn was

breaking. Presently the "Georgic" moved from the pier, passed the Liberty statue, and I was out on a stretch of water that separated me from my own country and was the beginning of a hazardous future that contained little of certainty and promise for me.

Having dropped anchor in order that the cattle might be taken on board, the animals were loaded from cattle tug-boats, and then my first active duties on board a ship began. All that had passed the inspection and wore the steel labels of approval in their ears were taken on. By nine o'clock 900 head had climbed the steep shoot from the tugs and were comfortably arranged for their voyage to foreign shores.

My first work was to give timothy hay to these traveling evidences of Uncle Sam's material prosperity, most of which had come from the states west of the Mississippi River. When the dinner bell rang my fellow "steer hostlers" and myself lined up in front of the steward's room and received articles which were to constitute our eating and sleeping outfit on the journey across. Upon presenting my card I received a tin plate, an iron knife, a fork, a pewter spoon, a large tin cup and a blanket. Then we went to our gloomy quarters into which the light crept only through the foremast port holes, and proceeded to get the first meal. The table was let down from

the ceiling and had been put in position before we arrived. In the middle of it sat a huge tin dish pan containing a conglomerate "stew" that had been made from every sort of scraps from the galley. Each man made a rush for his portion of the contents of the pan. Then came a basin filled with cold biscuits, and sad ones, too, and a big can of what some kind friend told me was coffee. It was an identification that I could not conscientiously indorse.

They called this meal breakfast. Any other name would have done as well, and any other kind would have been as bad. It is the general supposition on these steamers that those who work their passage are individuals who are obliged to go that way or not at all, and there is therefore no effort made to give the poor chaps more than enough to barely exist upon. On that first morning every man in our rather unhappy crowd held back when the work of cleaning up the dishes and the board that served as a table was suggested. The others showing no disposition to perform this necessary task, and there being no orders to compel any certain ones to do it, I proposed to an Englishman whose looks I rather liked, that we make the start. He agreed, for he was bright and cheerful, while I was there for the purpose of getting all of the experience out of the journey that I possibly could. So we pro-

cured a bucket of hot water and I urged the crowd, in as cheery words as I could command, to fall in and help. The few of us washed the tin dishes, which bore an English flag and a white star, this being an English ship, and having finished our domestic duties I returned to the cattle.

While at work that day the boss asked me whether or not I had ever worked with horses. When I informed him that I had, he took me, with two other men, and put us in charge of fifty-one horses, there being 317 head on board. After a while came the sound of the dinner bell, and with my steward companion I took a large tin pan and went to the galley, returning with a quantity of potatoes cooked with the "jackets" on, a pan of soup and another of roast meat. As we passed the open doors of the officers' quarters I peeped in and there saw, inviting and tantalizing to the eye and taste, a table covered with snow-white linen, costly dishes and an abundance of toothsome viands. The comparison made with our stinted lot, lacking even bread to eat, was unavoidable and was one of the few times that I had entertained almost bitter thoughts on account of the inequality of conditions and the misfortunes of those who, in many instances, deserve plenty more than those who possess it.

Everything went tolerably smooth at the



second meal, if the mad rush for the roast meat be not taken into consideration. It was quite palatable, and the men who were to eat it showed more or less the hoggish disposition that is so prevalent in the human race.

The work of attending to the horses was to my liking, for I have always loved this animal above all others. We could not let them lie down, as the cattle did, for a horse would die from fever if he reclined during the trip, and he must therefore stand in a stall too small for him to lie down in throughout the entire voyage. It is fortunate for the horse that nature has made it possible for him to sleep standing, and doubly fortunate for horses that are obliged to cross the seas.

The supper bell rang at 5:30 o'clock, and again we visited the galley. This time we returned with beef stew, bread which was difficult to swallow, and tea. Our table manners had improved that day, and at the evening meal we were quite decently behaved. When bedtime came I found that my blanket had been stolen, and some of the others had had the same loss. We appealed the cases to Burgin, who said that I, being a horseman, should go to the horse department and live there. Thus the loss of the blanket proved to be good fortune, for I would be much better situated with the men who were regular employees on the

ship, and who were called, therefore, "paid men." And so, in those surroundings, I retired for my first night's sleep on the wide ocean. It was restful and refreshing, and at six o'clock I felt the touch of my "straw boss," Mike somebody, and we walked down to the narrow alley which is a veritable picture frame of horseheads. The unhappy animals were not able to eat the feed that we prepared for them. They were seasick and getting farther and farther away from home.

I did not have the opportunity to "sun" myself during leisure hours, as the other men did, for I had taken up a special course of veterinary work, taking care of horses that needed extraordinary attention, and at every time possible availed myself of the opportunity to learn about the countries toward which I was traveling. Most of my companions were foreigners, and I therefore had a good chance to become acquainted with the value of coins, words commonly used, customs with which I would come in contact, and other matters of which I knew almost nothing. This knowledge, acquired in such a practical way, proved of inestimable value later on, and I was not sorry that some of the pleasures of the ocean voyage had been taken away by duties that proved to be worth much more.

At a distance of three hundred miles from the

shore, I was still not seasick, and hopes were high that this experience would be avoided. I had fared very well since leaving the company of the "stiffs," as the men who work their passage across are called, and joining the ranks of the "paid men," without pay. There was no difference in the food, but it was a pleasure to have a system even for eating such humble fare and to have a program for the dish-washing and limited cleaning processes, menial tasks though they were.

Some of these "stiffs" are not what their names indicate. A little young Englishman who occupied a bunk near me was a graduate of Cambridge College, while the one who helped me to wash the dishes had been for years a prosperous traveling salesman in the United States, but had "spent his substance in riotous living." Their lack of practical knowledge about simple hard work was always amusing, although their invariable tendency to do a thing just the wrong way was frequently pitiful.

Our chief steward was a Catholic and compelled the rest of us, regardless of religious views, to live up to his eating habits on Fridays. So it was that we were given a pan of half-cooked oatmeal, tepid coffee and cold bread for breakfast, with the same lack of nourishing food to characterize the rest of the meals for that day. The next "mess" was

composed of codfish with some kind of liquid, which perhaps the cook did not understand, poured over it, a pan of potatoes with the covers on and without coffee or bread. And all this deprivation for the sake of a practice that is supposedly a part of religion. The steward may have been a devout man, but our hungry stomachs were hardly ready to indorse devoutness of his particular variety. For supper we had that mysterious conglomerate, with a name that hides a multitude of doubtful ingredients—hash; in addition there was a sorry sort of bread and an invalid species of tea. The evening meal was enlivened by a fight between two Irishmen, one of whom was knocked over the table almost into the hash bowl. If he had fallen in, his presence could not have made the hash worse. The trouble blew over quickly, however, and in an incredibly short time the affair was forgotten and each man was singing a tune of his own.

On Saturday we reached the New Foundland banks, and at the same time I reached a stage that I had never before known. The smelling of the breakfast made me ill, and its presence upon my stomach made me miserable. The crisis came soon, and I added liberally to the food supply of the fish that ventured our way. I was seasick, and my case was a sincere one. One might as well try to explain thought or

sound waves as to attempt to make clear the true meaning of seasickness. It is easily apart from everything else. It stands in a class of which it is the sole member. There was no desire to live, no desire to travel around the world, or to see the wonders I had started out to know. I could not eat, and a bucket of water weighed like the same quantity of lead. Still the bosses expected the same amount of labor, of which there was more to perform, the water having washed over the sides of the vessel and into the stalls where the horses were.

It was as bad as ever on Sunday. Although the skies were clear, we had not yet crossed the "banks," and the sea was rough. The usual work was done on Sunday and there was no observance of the day. The officers of this "Georgic," of the White Star Line, seemed to care little for other men, and nothing for God. The sub-bosses cursed everybody and everything. The ship's atmosphere reeked with profanity. The surroundings were never uplifting. Even a communion with nature under such circumstances was not satisfying. I was provoked when a seafaring man, in rough language, tried to tell me, who had been raised in the West and knew more about such things than he knew were in existence, how to feed hay to horses. It was all the more exasperat-

ing when I was seasick, and tired of the whole world and all there was therein.

Having recovered from the attack, I ate a little plum pudding—made of prunes. Monday being wash-day, **my** garments were cleansed, by myself; and hung upon a piece of rope, with baling wire for clothes-pins. When I was not feeding horses, playing laundryman or washing dishes, I was barbering, receiving pay in English money.

I had heard, before undertaking this journey, that there was no law on the sea, and my experiences on the "Georgic" almost convinced me that the statement was true. The men who were working their passage across were treated shamefully, and not at all as human beings deserve to be treated. The paid men on the ship never address the "stiffs" in a manner even approaching civility; and the latter are deprived of every convenience that it is possible to keep away from them. There was even an attempt to keep the wash-rooms locked, and in a dozen ways the daily life of the unfortunate was made wretched. Several times the poor fellows appealed to the captain of the ship, but that officer was always so burdened with unfinished business, much of which came no nearer the finish as the days went by, that he merely dismissed them by telling them to "come around again."

## CHAPTER II

## IN THE BRITISH ISLES

THE last day of May was a beautiful one indeed, and all eyes were turned toward the north, for we had been told that land would be sighted on the following morning at sunrise. Friday, at daybreak, in fulfillment of the happy prophecy made the day before, we beheld the coast of Ireland. For the last time I put in two hours of hard work at the bottom of the fourth hatch, getting the feed for the horses on the upper deck. As land drew nearer the uproar in our quarters increased. Each man was anxious to leave the vessel and set foot on solid earth again. At sunrise we were near the west coast of England, and in a short time the "Georgic" was anchored in the river Mersey, which flows through Liverpool. In that city, through the hazy distance, could be seen castles and turrets and innumerable sights strange to the eyes of a boy who had known the old world only in books and dreams. The horses were unloaded at the Canada dock, and it was there that I first stepped upon British soil. The trip had consumed eleven days, and had certainly been a new and valuable experience,

After stepping upon the dock and bidding farewell to the men who had been my companions during the journey, I took an elevated railroad train toward the heart of Liverpool, which is unquestionably an old-fashioned city. The horse-car is a common sight, the cars being of the omnibus style, two stories high. The buildings are dark, old and forbidding in appearance, as a rule, and seldom more than four or five stories high. At St. John's market, the largest retail market in the world, the stranger obtains a good idea of how England is fed, although the output of the farms and the packing-houses would suffer by comparison with the same industries in this country. A stockman with whom I conversed expressed the opinion that it would not be long before the United States killed all of its cattle before shipping them. More and more my own country is being looked upon as the great feeder for the world.

Truly I felt like a stranger in a strange land, and even while visiting places of great interest there came over me a frequent and indescribable feeling of loneliness. When I asked how far it was to a certain place, I was invariably told that it was so many minutes' walk. Little incidents of this kind were constant reminders of the fact that I was not at home, and that my ways were different from the ways



of those who were about me in such great numbers, without giving relief from the sensation that I was alone.

Sunday morning I boarded a ferry on the Mersey River and went across to Beaconhead, where I attended services at the Brunswick Wesleyan Church, and in the afternoon rode in one of the odd English railway coaches to Chester. These coaches are divided into three apartments, first, second and third class, there being room for eight persons in each apartment. The entrance is at the side of the coach. I occupied a plush seat in the third class, my fare to Chester and return being, in our money, forty cents.

The old Roman wall, built in the year '61, the great cathedral, and King Charles's Tower, each having associated with it memories of the distant past, awoke noble sentiments and inspired a feeling of reverence for the city which had been established long before Liverpool was counted more than a little fishing village of mud huts.

Bank holiday in Liverpool was celebrated by a liberal display of the British colors and a general cessation of business. By noon the country people had arrived for the gayeties and the city was crowded. A peculiarity of a holiday crowd in this country was that the young people seemed to be exceedingly "soft"

and "spoony." It was not an uncommon thing to see a young man walking down the street with his good strong arm around the waist of his best girl, and frequently, while resting from the laborious task of parading up and down the crowded thoroughfares by sitting in whatever seat might offer, they would kiss each other, in defiance of the supposed rules of Cupid's etiquette and without regard to the number of persons who might be watching them. Holidays are the only times when many of the young people of England are able to have the pleasure of each other's company, and as holidays are not so numerous as they are in our own country, they evidently believe in making hay while the sun shines.

In the evening of that holiday I purchased a steerage ticket for myself and my bicycle for Dublin, the cost being one dollar. I had been in Liverpool three days. Cork was the destination of the steamer upon which I was a passenger when Liverpool was left behind. The holiday merriment had not yet died away and the crowd on the steamer was a happy one indeed. We all went down into the ship and the women were given one room and the men another. In the apartment where I was, there were about twenty-five men, and every one of them, save myself, had a clay pipe in his mouth. It was a thoroughly good imitation of

an Irish wake, with some smoking, others drinking and others quite lifeless upon the floor. The bad liquor soon had a deadening effect upon all the crowd and it was then possible to lie down and sleep in peace.

From the capital city of Ireland, which is brightened by many attractive spots, I traveled north through Castlenook and several other typical Irish villages. The houses are made of stone and mud and are whitewashed. The roofs are of straw and the barns adjoin the houses. Chickens, ducks and goats are given liberty to roam where they please, and they generally please to mingle with the children in the little yards, or in the tiny kitchens in close proximity to the barus.

## CHAPTER III

## A TYPICAL IRISH HOME

ONE DAY I was welcomed into one of these diminutive Irish homes. There had been a hard rain, and I was drenched and muddy when I approached the house. There were two bright-eyed girls—Irish girls being proverbially bright-eyed—and an old gentleman. One of the girls informed me that they did not have much for dinner, while the old gentleman said that I was welcome to the best they could offer. There were boiled eggs, bread and butter and water. When I asked one of the girls how much the charge for the meal was, she replied that I might give whatever I chose. I handed a sixpence to her and she was satisfied.

At Kells there are the ancient church and yard, the old tower and a number of crosses that are supposed to have been placed there in the fifth century. In this section I was passing over fine gravel roads through a rich grass country. Many cattle are raised there, but on a small scale when compared with the immense ranches of the middle west of the United States.

In Caven County, at the home of a Mr. A. F. Byers, I went out for the purpose of seeing

how mud turf was made. This fuel is found in the bogs and is dug to a depth of ten or twelve feet. The mud is thrown on the bank and mixed with water and is then spread out in a layer about eight inches thick. It is then marked by hand into loaves seven inches wide and ten inches long. I got to understand the method quite well, for I was soon in the mud up to my knees, making the loaves with my own hands. After the marking the turf lies in the sun for two months, at the end of which time it is ready for use.

For dinner, at the home of Mr. Byers, we were given potatoes, greens and rabbit, all of which had been cooked over the turf fire, and later in the day we ate mush and milk from a large kettle, each person helping himself. In order to get closer to the lives and habits of the people, I "went visiting" with Mr. Byers, and during a series of calls in the homes that nestle between those beautiful Irish hills I was surprised to know what a poor conception they have of America. They judge the United States by what they have heard others say concerning New York City, and one Irishman asked me if there were many men like Jesse James on the Bowery in New York.

Belfast is the most modern city in Ireland, and I reached it after an interesting journey through a section where I had been given

cheerful hospitality every day. Let no one say to me that the countrymen of Ireland are slow to entertain the stranger or that they are possessed of the least symptom of selfishness.

At Belfast I went aboard the steamer Alligator to sail for Glasgow, Scotland, and it was raining when I went ashore with my bicycle. I found a hostelry called Beck's Temperance Hotel, the other hotels being called public houses and having generous bar attachments. On this Saturday I found work in a Glasgow barber-shop, and for the first time knew what it was to do tonsorial work in the old, primitive way. The chairs in which the customers sit while being shaved are ordinary straight-backed chairs, with a hard head-rest attached to the back. The customer sits as erect as though he were in church or posing for a photograph. There is not such a thing possible, under these conditions, as a "luxurious" shave. A small boy, whose touch is not always gentle, puts a towel around the customer's neck and lathers him. As fast as the "victims" are lathered the "shavers" begin on a new face, scraping off the hair and then permitting the customer to get up and wash his face. There were two boys to lather and three of us to use the razors. My American methods found no sympathy there, for I did not work rapidly enough to suit the proprietor of the shop. Faster and

faster my razor flew, rougher and rougher it hewed its way through the stiff growths of beard, more and more the owner of the place urged me on to quicker efforts, and still the victims in the chairs did not complain. They were accustomed to rough treatment. A comfortable shave probably would have been a new experience for all of them. By the time I had attained the rate of scraping a Scotchman every three minutes I thought I was doing well enough. The impatient proprietor, however, still was not satisfied, and I told him to find another man. He did, and that ended my first experience in one of the barber-shops of the United Kingdom. I received two shillings for my two hours' work.

The Scotch people also treated me hospitably and are always delighted to have the privilege of entertaining a "Yankee." On Monday I made a seven-mile tour of Glasgow underground, the trip costing two pence. Then came an experience of several days in the country districts of Scotland, all of which was very enjoyable. The country houses are built of sandstone and have tile roofs, the villages being very close together. I received a hearty welcome in a small stone cottage about three miles north of the Forth Bridge, which is at South Queensbury, a village on the bank of the Forth River, ten miles from Edinburgh. The dwell-

ing was a most charming place. The meals were cooked over a grate fire, the rooms were clean and cozy, and there was a tall, old-fashioned clock to tell of generations that had departed. I felt much at home, too, when I learned that my hostess's name was Anderson, and she gave assurance of a warm heart by saying that it was a real pleasure to entertain a stranger.



## CHAPTER IV

## THINNING TURNIPS IN SCOTLAND

REACHING the Firth of Forth Bridge, I learned that there was work to be had helping the farmers to thin their turnips. As I was open to an engagement of any honest kind, I decided to secure employment of this sort if possible. I not only wanted the wages, but I desired to get an insight into the life of the hired man of Scotland and to learn every thing possible about the so-called "common people" of that country. Knocking at the door of the first mansion, or "castle," I came to, I was met by Mr. Sterhouse, the owner of the place, who said in reply to my application for employment that his crops were all in, and that he saw no chance to give me work. My appeal was earnest, however, for I told him that I was exceedingly anxious to get to London, and his faith in me seemed to be strong. This was borne out by the fact that he said: "To show my faith in you I would sooner lend you a half sovereign (about \$2.50) and you can take my card and send the money to me at your convenience." Such a display of confidence, despite the fact that I was a total stranger, almost overcame me, but I accepted his

generous proposition and thereby pleased the kind-hearted old gentleman. Mr. Sterhouse showed me through his house and barns and treated me as well as though I had been his guest by invitation.

At the home of James Hill I applied later for employment, and the master of the place was surprised to learn that I would be willing to accept any employment that might be offered. He informed me that he had no place where he could "put me up," but told me to ask the coachman whether or not he could take care of me during my stay there. The coachman agreed to the proposition, and I found a very pleasant living place. My work was thinning turnips. In addition to myself, the farm "help" consisted of five men and seven women and girls. We each took a row of turnips, and the moment I took the hoe in my hands and showed an inclination to work, I was robbed of the title of "gentleman." That fact did not worry me, however, and among the workers in the turnip-field I was known by the plain name of "John." Many of the employees on this farm had been working there a long time, and the contrast between that country and this is shown by the fact that many of them had worked for years in order to rise to a position that pays twenty-five shillings, or \$5 a week. I had frequently heard that living was cheap in

Europe. That is true, but the average American would not accept the food supply that represents a given expense in order to bear out the statement. In that part of the world I found that one egg, a little bread and butter and a cup of tea constituted a breakfast; potatoes, a stew of some kind, no bread and with water for a beverage for dinner; a bowl of mush, bread and butter and tea for supper. That is cheap living, it is true, but it is rather too faithful to its name in regard to the supply it represents. The laboring classes of Scotland know nothing about a good beefsteak and its customary trimmings for breakfast. To them one of our fifteen-cent meals in a restaurant of no pretensions would indeed be a feast.

After our working hours we "common helpers" enjoyed the evening sitting in front of the stone-house near the wide, smooth road and listening to the singing and the whine of the bagpipe. These people are almost care-free, and trouble rests lightly upon their shoulders. Saturday ended my experience as a helper in a turnip-patch. I laid down my hoe, which, by the way, bore the mark "U. S. A.," and prepared to leave my pleasant companions. I had had a beneficial experience in the richest part of Scotland; had become convinced that, much as they dislike to admit it, the Scotch farmers could not get along without wares of American

make, and had lived close to the common people of that country, an experience which was to form the most helpful and valuable feature of all my travels. I received two shillings a day for my work, and out of that paid board at the rate of one shilling a day. Having relinquished the hoe and abandoned my work as an ordinary laborer, I became a gentleman again and, turning my face toward Edinburg, spent the Sunday in that city.

At the close of the day I returned to my "country home," where the bagpipe and the turnips and the free-hearted friends were, for living in Edinburg was expensive, and I had received an invitation to make the Hill home my headquarters as long as I remained in that part of Scotland. On Monday I bade my friends good-by, and although there was an earnest desire on the part of my employer that I remain another week and continue my work with the turnips, I resisted what was really a strong temptation and resumed my journey along the pretty shore of the River Forth.

On the roads of Scotland it was not a difficult task at all to ride on my bicycle at the steady rate of fifteen miles an hour. Good roads advocates in my country might find many valuable pointers in this charming country, where the highways are not only picturesque, but are kept in good repair and always ready

for any kind of vehicle in any sort of weather!

At Galashiels it was easy to see what was being done with the busy waters of the little creek called Gala Water; for in this city of 16,000 there are many factories, and their spindles, used in the manufacture of cloth, are turned by the waters of that stream. I was then five miles from Melrose and had two long hills to walk, but the rest of the trip was down grade and I was soon in the city of the famous Dryburgh Abbey. At 9 o'clock I had engaged quarters in a temperance hotel, over the door of which appeared the familiar name of Anderson. A pretty Scotch lassie answered my ring at the bell, and I was ushered into a neatly-carpeted hall. The young woman informed me that the price for lodgings would be two shillings. I told her that I did not desire to engage an entire suite, and the force of the remark was not altogether lost, for in a moment we had agreed upon "one and six," which being interpreted means 36 cents in our money.

There was no lack of hospitality in this hotel, and I was soon acquainted with the young women and enjoying an evening in the snug parlor as thoroughly as though I had been a guest there for many days.

## CHAPTER V

## AT THE HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE gate of the famous castle of Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford, did not open until 10 o'clock in the morning, and it was therefore not necessary for me to rise early on Tuesday morning. The distance was three miles, which I made a-wheel, meeting a number of tourists who had come by coach to inspect the castle. In order to gain admission I had to part company from another shilling, a whole day's profit in the turnip patch. I sat in Scott's chair, wrote at the table which he had used, and in other ways acted quite like a regulation tourist, despite my constant efforts to do things as a tourist would not do them.

Melrose Abbey, which was founded in 1136 by David I., is now in ruins. At the gate of Melrose Monastery I met a typical Englishman who, knowing at once that I was from America, opened a conversation that was not intended to be pleasant.

"Hello! Yank," he said, in a most impolite way.

I responded as courteously as I could, and was rewarded by a string of abuse aimed at the United States in general.

"You have nothing but prairie grass in the United States," he said. "You have no roads, you have no nothing."

I overlooked the bad quality of his grammar, and replied with the energy which the truth always inspires:

"Those prairies you speak of," I said, "produce the bread and the meat that keep you Englishmen from starving. You are ahead of us, in some respects, in the matter of roads, but your roads were built before Columbus could raise the money he needed to carry him across to the New World, which has so far outstripped your old one. 'Yank' has got so far ahead of you that you never will catch up. You have to use Yankee implements on your farms—"

I was not half through, but my English friend had evidently heard enough, for he interrupted by asking where I intended to go after I left Melrose. I told him I was on my way to London. His natural tendency toward boastfulness overcame him again, and he said, with a display of something that was dislike for my country rather than pride in his own: "You want to look out when you get there. They are looking for 'Yanks' like you, and remember there is only one London in the world."

This gave me another chance. I told him I knew very well that there was only one Lon-

don in the world, and that when the 'Yanks' could not find more "suckers" in their own country they picked them up in London. "The Yankee detectives come to London and steal the badges from the coats of your detectives."

A crowd had begun to gather around us by this time, and I saw that such a conversation was out of place. So I paid a sixpence as an entrance fee to the Abbey and went within for the purpose of inspecting that historic pile. When I emerged I met my English antagonist again. He wanted another round, and I was not unwilling to accommodate him.

"Have you anything like that Abbey in America?" he asked, with a curl of his lip.

He did not give me time to reply, but said: "You have a presidential election every four years, and everything is changed about too often."

"You Englishmen," I replied, "have not been suited with our government since 1776, but the Yankees have been doing very well during the last 124 years."

It may have been a cruel shot, but it silenced him and after we had shaken hands the Englishman wished me well and we parted.

After leaving Melrose I had a hilly country to travel over. The south border of Scotland is a great sheep country. The herds graze upon the great stretches of fine, rich grass. I stopped



at the home of a shepherd named Hadley, and found a cordial welcome, a cozy home and a toothsome meal. When I offered to pay for what I had received, Mrs. Hadley refused to accept money, saying: "I may take lunch with you some time; you can't tell." I laid a few coppers on the table and started up the long hill.

## CHAPTER VI

## A SMILE FROM PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES

SEVERAL miles further on, at the Rede Water Inn, I took up a Newcastle paper and saw that the Prince of Wales, now the King of England, would be in Newcastle, the metropolis of the north of England, and that the royal procession would leave the central station at about noon on the following day. This was the opportunity I had hoped for, and after learning that I would have to travel forty miles in order to reach Newcastle, I started out the following morning. When I reached the little village of Belsay, thirteen miles from the city, I was driven to shelter by a hard storm. The shower was of brief duration, but the roads were muddy. It was then 10:15 o'clock, and if I was to see the Prince of Wales it would be necessary to make a rapid journey through the mud. With the mud flying on my back every foot of the next thirteen miles, I was a sorry spectacle to look upon a royal procession by the time I reached Newcastle, and began to fear that in such condition I might attract more attention than the prince himself. I had just half an hour in which to make myself presentable, and this was done with all possible speed.

In order that I might have a good vantage point from which to view the parade, I sought admission to a building where no fee was charged, but admission to which was gained only by the presentation of complimentary tickets. The doorkeeper heard the story of my travels, received one of my cards, and extended a most cordial welcome to enter. I therefore obtained a most satisfactory look upon these two royal faces, and am confident that the prince's eyes met mine, and that his head was bowed toward me, and that the princess bestowed upon me one of her sweetest smiles as she and her husband rode under the royal arch with the cheer of thousands of subjects ringing in their ears. The object of the prince's visit to Newcastle was to lay the corner stone of a new hospital.

Leaving Newcastle I arrived at Durham, and was then in the very heart of "Old England." The buildings were of stately dimensions, and covered with the evidences of many centuries. On Thursday it was necessary for me to find employment, for my purse had been depleted by much sightseeing. Stopping at a fine old home where I was treated as courteously as could have been asked, I was offered employment for three months, but was told that there was no work at hand for me for only a few days. I was entertained all night, however,

and the next day journeyed on, finally reaching Buntingford, where I spent my last shilling for a bed, with only sixpence in my pocket for breakfast. Such a condition of the purse was enough to prove a source of anxiety, but I was approaching London, and felt confident that there I would fare at least well enough to insure cheap lodgings and modest meals.

## CHAPTER VII

## AT WORK AS A BARBER IN LONDON

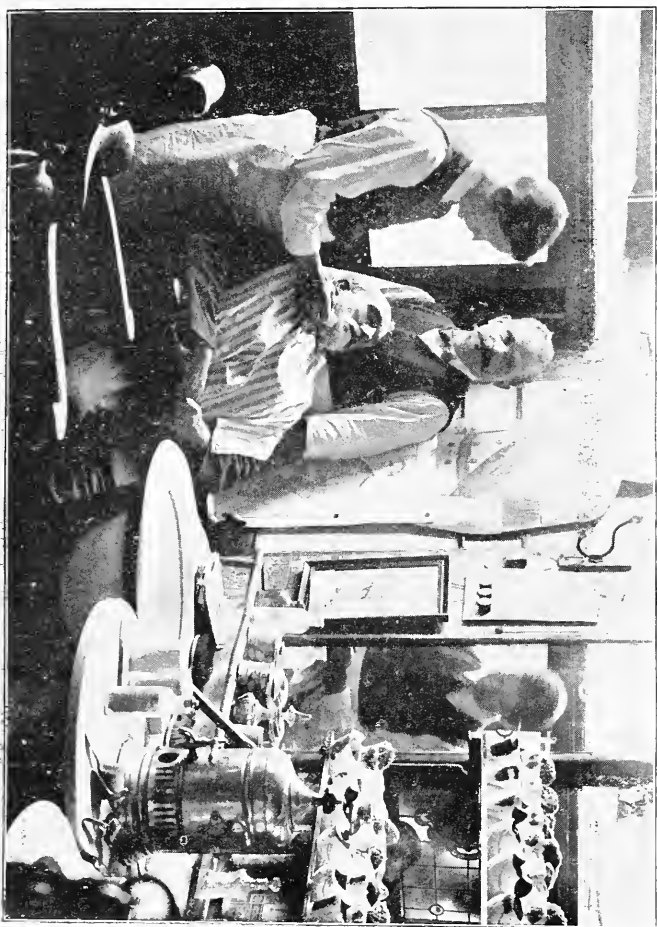
ON June 26, 1900, I arrived in London at noon. After going to the general post-office for the purpose of having the cancellation stamp placed in my book, I realized that the first thing necessary for me to do was to find employment of some kind, at whatever wages might be offered. The very day I reached the greatest city in the world my faith in the future was borne out by something accomplished, for I secured employment in a barber-shop at "Munster Rd., Fulham, S. W." I carried my bicycle to the little room in the third story at the extreme end of the flat where I was to work.

Tonsorially, London is far behind the new world. The barber-chairs are ordinary office-chairs, with unrestful headrests attached to the backs of them. A customer enters and throws his head back for the shaving process. Frequently he does not take off his little English cap. The barber is obliged to stand almost in front of the "victim." As soon as a man is shaved the barber is through with him. There is no perfume, hair oil, combing, mustache curling or fragrant sprays. The customer even

has to wash his own face, and it will therefore be readily seen that in London there is no such thing as a luxurious shave. The price of a shave is only two cents and a hair-cut is six cents. The barber's failure to give all of the careful treatment that one expects to find in an American shop can therefore be excused. There would be no profit in the business in England if more time were spent upon the men who pay little and receive little.

Work in this shop was one of the most difficult tasks of my life, and when Saturday night came I was a tired man indeed. I received on my first pay-day, the sum of eight shillings for four days' work. Of course my board was given to me as a part of the remuneration, or, rather, something to eat. It hardly deserved the name of board. It was more like a very thin shingle. I made arrangements to have two afternoons of each week for myself, and my final arrangement with the owner of the barber-shop was therefore board, room and ten shillings per week, all of which is equivalent to a little less than three dollars.

Every hour that was mine to use as I pleased was well employed in studying the great city. To the people of this center of population London is like an unexplored country. The ones who live in it know, perhaps, the least about it. Next-door neighbors are absolute strangers.



A PENNY SHAVE IN LONDON





Although the people are a part of the busiest life, they know little about it.

The questions and answers were entirely new to me. For instance, when one asks the location of a certain place, he is told to "go straightway to the top of the street, take the second street on the left, past the first public house, or saloon, and there you are right there." The streets of London are confusing and irregular, as they are in Boston. There are few straight streets. Little thoroughfares shoot off here and there, in the most unexpected and surprising fashion. The metropolitan policeman is one individual upon whom you can depend absolutely. He is faithful and generally competent, and yet his salary is only about \$7.50 a week, while the "finest" in New York receive \$116 a month.

On Tuesday, June 28th, my first afternoon off from the tiresome work at the barber-chair, I enjoyed a long ramble that was somewhat offset by the information at the central post-office that there was no mail for me. Correspondence when one is abroad is the most disappointing thing about traveling. It is like shouting "hello" into a telephone after the fellow at the other end of the line has rung off.

I found it much more easy and satisfactory to use my bicycle while sight-seeing in London than to depend upon the slow means of trans-

portation there. The old-fashioned two-story omnibus cannot move very rapidly in the crooked, winding streets, but it is fast enough for the Englishman, for he has a fear of the wild, clanging, dashing things known as electric street-cars. The crowded streets of London, despite what has been written about them to the contrary, are not to be compared with the streets of several cities of the United States. In this regard our country is far ahead of the metropolis of the world. Four or five big vehicles and several hundred pedestrians do crowd one of the narrow thoroughfares of London, but transplant the same moving throng into one of the streets of New York, and one might be led to say that it was a dull day in that particular part of Gotham.

I found little difficulty in wheeling in the busy streets of London, although the "keep to the left" rule was confusing. One day I made a turn to the right side of a lamp post on the Strand. I was immediately approached by a policeman, with a strap holding his chin in place, and was ordered to dismount. He glared at me and said:

"Do you know that you want to keep to the left?"

When I reached London I had ridden on a bicycle 646 miles, and this was the first time I had ever been reproved.

The Thames River is called a "silver stream," but its waters are as clouded and uninviting as those of the Missouri. One of my most profitable days in London was that spent in the vicinity of the river inspecting the great bridges, riding under the river through a noted tunnel and taking in every point of interest as carefully as time permitted.

Fourth of July in London was not like the ones at home. I took from my grip a small American flag which I always carried with me and it was the only one I had seen that day. I walked through the streets and looked in vain for a sign of the "Stars and Stripes," but the banner was not there. On July 5th, however, the streets of Fullham were gay with the Union Jack and bunting of white and blue. It was Carnival day, but the special purpose of the celebration was to raise funds for the widows and orphans of the British soldiers who had fallen in South Africa.

It was a gay day in Fullham. The people who rode in the wagons in the parade had long bamboo poles, to the ends of which stockings were attached. These could then be raised to the second story windows and the money dropped into the stockings by the observers of the parade, most of whom were generous in their gifts toward an object that was then appealing strongly to the British heart. The

merry-makers shook their mite boxes under my nose and tickled my ears with feathers. Their efforts on that carnival day to raise money for the needy were rewarded by the collection of about \$1,350. From a spectacular standpoint this carnival could not compare with some of the great feast days in our American cities, but the people had none the less a good time.

One day while I was shaving a policeman, I learned something of little importance, but nevertheless interesting. He told me that one man had had another man arrested for calling him Kruger, and that the person offering the "insult" had been fined by a magistrate. Another customer asked me whether or not it was true that Chicago had within its borders a park fifty miles square. Of course he did not understand that the Yellowstone and Chicago were hundreds of miles apart.

## CHAPTER VIII

## THE GREAT ENDEAVOR CONVENTION

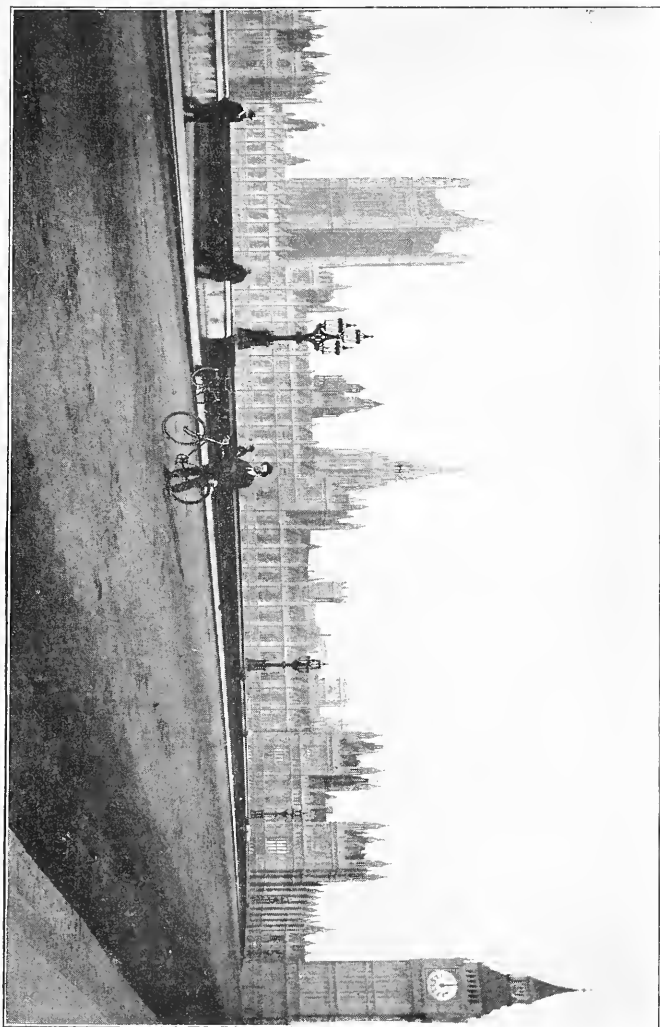
THE next few days were busy ones, with little journeys to Newgate prison, the Houses of Parliament, the Crystal Palace, the British Museum and various other places familiar to travelers and read about by every student. During these ten weeks in London I had visited many churches, even the whispering gallery in St. Paul's cathedral. I enjoyed the long-looked-for International Christian Endeavor Convention, which was held in the Alexandra Palace. In the throng of delegates I met people from many lands, and hundreds from my own. My C. E. pin and the small American flag on the lapel of my coat received many welcomes from my fellow-Endeavorers. The familiar songs which filled the magnificent building, and listening to addresses from Francis E. Clark and Chas. M. Sheldon, I could hardly realize that I was out of my own land. Alexandra Palace never had such a crowd of "Teetotalers," as we were called. I heard the echoes of the great convention as I visited C. E. Societies during my stay in the metropolis. I had seen the great city from rim to rim, having ridden more than three hundred miles

on my bicycle in addition to the other methods of transportation employed.

On August 12th, 1900, I resumed my travels and left London behind me. At Windsor I visited the state apartments of Windsor castle. In the queen's stable I was told that one man took care of only two horses, and that there were about one hundred and fifty horses during the queen's visits to this one of her several palaces. When she went elsewhere about half of the live stock of the royal stables was taken along.

Then I went to Oxford, reaching the university city in the rain at dark. I managed to reach Stratford-on-Avon between showers, and there spent a most interesting day in the places made famous by their association with the life of Shakespeare.

At Northampton I spent my last Sunday in England. At Harwich I boarded the steamer "Chelmsford," on the Great Eastern line, for the trip across the channel to Antwerp. The night passed quickly and in peaceful slumber, and the rays of the morning sun kissed the hills of Belgium. It was necessary for me to clear my bicycle through the custom house. One of the officials asked for my club card, but this did not have half the effect upon him that my passport did, for when he saw the seal of the United States he immediately extended to



WESTMINSTER BRIDGE AND THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON.





me and my bicycle a cordial welcome to the country, and there was no more red tape in connection with the incident of landing.

## CHAPTER IX

## ON THE CONTINENT

AT Antwerp I first secured a letter from the American consul, written in French, to assist me in getting the post-office cancel. At the cathedral I found a woman who spoke English, and it was a welcome discovery, for I had not had breakfast on the boat, and it was difficult to make any one understand my needs. I bought a splendid French dinner for twenty cents, and then felt equal to the great task of making myself understood and of understanding those who might try to talk to me.

From Antwerp I went to Brussels, riding on an excellent bicycle-path along the canal. The first word in French that I learned was "Water," for which I was obliged to ask before I had proceeded far. The next word mastered was that which means post-office.

From Brussels I started toward Waterloo, and the name came near being applicable to me, for I got on the wrong road and darkness overtook me in the woods. But I pushed on over the rough highways of stone, and finally reached the historic village of Waterloo. I asked a man on the street if I could get a place to stay over night. I made him under-

stand by placing my head upon my hand and closing my eyes. He took me to an inn, but no man there could understand my wishes. I repeated the pantomime performance there and was finally shown to a room.

I was up early the following morning and proceeded to learn as much as I could about how the people of that country lived. The woman of the house invited me into the kitchen, where she was making coffee for breakfast. She wore wooden shoes and it was easy to keep informed as to her movements, for the shoes made a great clatter as she busied herself in the little room, attending to the duties of her humble household. My breakfast consisted of coffee, bread and butter and a thin slice of cheese.

As soon as I had finished eating, I started toward the battlefield where Napoleon changed his mind while on his expedition to Russia at the head of 50,000 men, the great fire of Moscow having forced him back.

At the little dwelling where I had left my bicycle I found a young girl of Belgium who could speak my own language, and it was at first a glad discovery. The joy was tempered, however, by the fact that she immediately began to try to sell souvenirs to me, desiring particularly that I should purchase a tiny pair of wooden shoes.

"Buy these for your wife," she pleaded.

"I have no wife."

"Then buy them for your sweetheart," she persisted.

"I have no sweetheart."

"Oh, what a funny American!" she laughingly exclaimed, "with no wife and no sweetheart!"

I seized the opportunity that was thrust upon me and asked the damsel whether she would be my wife or my sweetheart. We compromised on being good friends, and she taught me a number of words that were of value during the next stage of my journey across Belgium.

I crossed the field where the soldiers of Napoleon struggled for nearly ten hours against the allied forces and where he met the defeat that put an end to his brilliant military career.

In this country a great many dogs are used in the public highways for freighting. Three dogs, walking on a smooth road, can draw a surprisingly heavy load. It was harvest time and the women were the laborers. The women and the cows work together, pulling to the farmhouses the great golden sheaves that the women have cut. The old-fashioned flail is used for thrashing. All kinds of grain in Europe go by the name of corn. The Indian corn of America is almost unknown there, and none of it is raised.

Arriving at Turlemont at dark, my first task was to find a place to sleep. A native took me to a hotel where the people of the village type lodged. I secured a bed in a room where there were three men and their wives. As each one undressed, he or she threw the garments upon a line that hung in the room, the duty of the last one "in" being to blow out the light which a solitary lamp gave. That task fell to me, as all the others had retired by the time I had mustered up the courage to disrobe. The next day I learned that one of the men and his wife were traveling with performing pigeons. One of the others was a mender of tinware. I was surely getting in close contact with the common people of Belgium.

The system of getting breakfast was decidedly new to me. Each person went to the market and bought whatever raw material he wished for his morning meal, returning to the hotel to cook it. My preference was eggs, and the cost of my bed and the meal, after I had held out a handful of change in order that the landlady might take therefrom whatever she desired to charge, was about sixteen cents.

My first meal in Germany was eaten in the village of Julich. There I wasted no time in telling what I wanted, but sat down to the table and waited to be served. There was soup

first, and then there were beef, pork, potatoes and bread. It was really a good meal, and its cost was fourteen cents.

## CHAPTER X

## ON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE

SUNDAY, September 2nd, I spent in Cologne, on the bank of the Rhine. Monday I was on my way out of the city and started on a journey up the Rhine. I was happy to meet Mr. E. C. Cauthorn, of Boston, and Mr. Lewis Strucke, of New York, with whom I made the trip. They expressed their baggage and we started over the smooth road. The New York lawyer was appointed "manager" of our little expedition, for he could speak German. The blue hills that skirt the Rhine remind one of the Hudson River scenery. During the trip we found apples, plums and blackberries, delicious and in abundance.

When the time came to say farewell, I felt that I was parting from old comrades. We had shared the joys and sorrows of a hundred mile ride along the banks of the most noted stream in the world, and there is nothing that makes better friendships than such experiences. It was at Bingen that I changed my course and turned my wheel toward Paris. It was the time for hay harvest, and most of the laborers in the fields were women. The young men were scarce because they had been forced to escape

the summer heat and the drudgery of the farms by becoming soldiers. Thousands of them were wasting their time in trying to look handsome and polishing the brass buttons on their splendid uniforms, while their mothers and sisters were laboring under the hot rays of the sun and performing tasks that ought to be reserved only for masculine brawn.

The soldiers were still more numerous at Metz, which is but twelve miles from the French line. Saturday, September 8th, I reached the imaginary line that separates the two countries. It did not prove to be strictly imaginary, however, for I was stopped by the French guards and again produced my card and passport. Here I was given a ninety-day permit that was to enable me to remain in France, with a bicycle, for that length of time.

The farmers of Europe do not live upon the land that they cultivate as the farmers of our country do. Instead, they huddle together in little villages, draw water from a common pump and gather under the roof at the public well for the purpose of doing their washing. Many women may be seen at one time at a large stone reservoir that is made level with the floor of the public shed, doing the week's "wash," and with plenty of happy company.

The village of Fillery boasts of only one street. There are stone houses, with tile roofs,



on each side of the public road for half a mile. The places of business are a baker's shop, and two wine saloons. The people buy what other things they need from wagons which are sent out from the cities. The one place of worship is a Roman Catholic Church. There I was, at the close of the day and week, hungry and tired and able to say only a few words in French. I asked a man if he could find a home for me for the night. He began searching through the village, telling everyone he met that there was an American who wanted a place to stop. The inhabitants began to gather around me. I was apparently a great curiosity. While they were glad to see an American, the English being rather unpopular there, none of the villagers seemed to want to take me in. Finally, after I began to fear that my efforts were going to fail, an old woman wearing a white cap, who had been watching me in my efforts to make myself understood, beckoned to me to enter her house, in front of which we were standing.

I pushed my bicycle through the wide door in the stone wall and entered a large room, with a ceiling of wooden beams. The floor was of rough stone, and to the right of the door was a large, old-fashioned fireplace. The kind old woman broke some fagots and, with the use of a blow-pipe, soon had a fire kindled on the

hearth. Then she took down a piece of bacon and from another room brought two eggs. With the bacon and eggs there was a piece of French bread about four feet long, the French bread being made so that there may be as much crust as possible. As I started to eat the meal, my hostess went to a cave and brought a pitcher of home-made wine. When I indicated, by a sign, that I did not drink wine, she was at a loss to know what sort of chap I was. Her son entered soon, and when she had told him that the strange guest refused wine, he appeared equally perplexed. By the vigorous use of his hands he told me that the water which had been set before me was not to drink, but for cleansing purposes only. In the best way possible, I told them about my journeyings and let them read the letter which was written in French. They were deeply interested in all that I told them and showed them. The room into which I was ushered was clean and inviting, and in that French home I enjoyed a night of delicious slumber.

Coffee and bread constitute the first meal of the day on the continent. As we sat down together, Mrs. Nicholas, my kind old hostess, asked me, by the use of a calendar that hung near the window, whether or not I traveled on Sunday. When I made reply in the negative, she brought her Catholic prayer-book and

pointed toward the church. I assented readily, and the family seemed delighted to know that I would go to church with them. The service was enjoyable, but it was not difficult to see that I was the chief point of interest in that village on that Lord's day.

The noonday meal was made up of three courses, cooked in the old black kettle over the big fireplace. The first course consisted of soup, the next was vegetables and the third was meat. Dry bread and wine completed the Sunday feast.

In the afternoon the men of the village gathered at the bowling-alley. There were several young people at the house that evening, each young man shaking the hands of each young woman and kissing her on both cheeks, the invariable custom in that part of the country. I don't know what I would have done if the salutations had been extended so as to include the young American guest. At 6 o'clock the bell rang for church, and after church we had the evening meal. The Sunday was wound up by the young people of the village with a dance at the public hall.

Monday morning I paid my bill. For all of that hospitable entertainment, when others were slow to open their doors to me, I was asked to pay the equivalent of sixty cents. That I counted it a bargain and paid it cheerfully, need not be said.

## CHAPTER XI

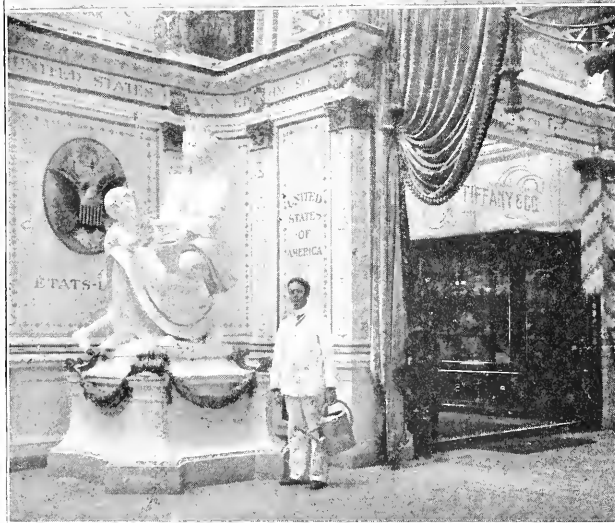
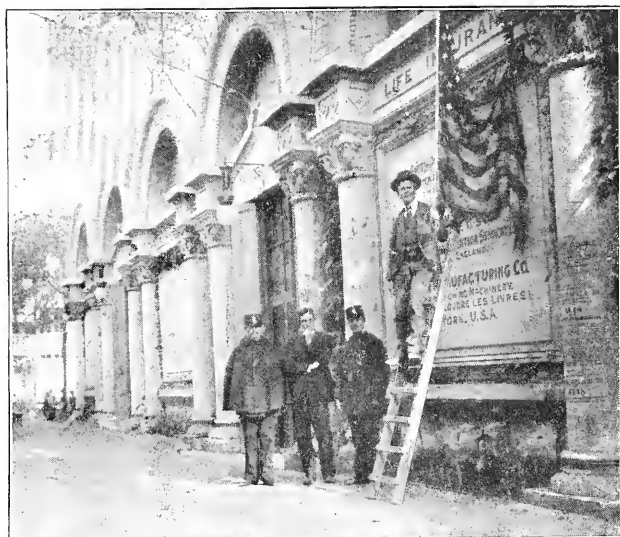
## PARIS, THE GAY AND THE WICKED

ON the following day I was within twenty-five miles of Paris. To travel a hundred miles a day in that country is not a difficult task at all.

At 11 o'clock in the morning, September 12th, I reached the Y. M. C. A. building, 14 Rue de Trevis, in the city of fashion and folly.

My face was sunburned to such a deep hue that all I needed was a few feathers to make me a proper addition to the pictures of American Indians at the exposition. My cyclometer had registered 2,012 miles for the distance I had traveled since leaving the Atlantic steamer.

I secured a position from the United States Commission, and had my name placed upon the exposition pay roll as a janitor. This was good fortune indeed, for with a pass in my pocket and a stipulated amount of money sure to come regularly—fifty dollars per month—I would be able to see the great exposition, as I had been hoping I would be able to see it. By this time I had learned enough French to keep from going hungry. I had learned to look out for bad money and bad men.



SWEEPING HIS WAY THROUGH THE PARIS EXPOSITION.



The first Sunday spent in Paris I attended the American church near the Arch de Triomphe. It was more than a pleasure to be able to worship with people who were speaking my tongue, and who manifested a degree of sympathy for those who, like themselves, were far away from home.

Others have said that Paris is wicked, and it is scarcely necessary for me to repeat it here. It is the fashion in Paris to drink wines and smoke cigarettes. Two-thirds of the sidewalks along the best boulevards are rented to wine dealers and used by them at the close of regular business hours. The gap between virtue and vice is greater in Paris than it is in either New York or London. One of the worst evils in connection with it all is the almost untrammelled system of licenses carried on by the French government.

Even with all its splendors and greatness, the exposition grew more or less monotonous to those who saw it day after day and who had employment that became more or less a routine. Monday, November 5th, was my last day for work at the exposition. The "boys" were beginning to pack up. In the publishers' building, where I was employed, they were singing "Good-by, gay Par-ee." On Tuesday my face appeared before the pay-teller's window for the last time. My companions wished me well in

the continuation of my undertaking, and it was with a degree of sincere regret that farewell was said.

Crossing the River Seine, I rode along on the east bank to Vincennes. Fontainebleau, one of the most historic places in France, was next visited, one of the important reminders of other days being the table in the baptistery of Louis XIII, bearing the scar made by Napoleon's knife when he signed his last peace treaty. In the forests around Fontainebleau the kings and queens of long ago made love. Everything has history associated with it. The French soldiers were encamped all around Fontainebleau, and from the recesses of the woods came the echoes of many bugle calls. In this section of the country many old men, old women and daughters could be seen working in the beet-fields, while the stalwart young men were spending their years, five each, in the army.

The postmistresses in the small towns of France were exceedingly trying upon the patience, for the black eyes of each of them must scan the name of every town in my post-office cancel book. I presume I spent hours in waiting for them to satisfy their curiosity after they had performed the little favor I asked of them in regard to the cancellations of their own offices.



I had a great deal of trouble with my bicycle lamp on account of having to use so many kinds of oil in it. There is a law in France which requires a bicycle to have a light at night, and the only way I could prevent the embarrassment of being stopped by policemen was to stop them first. So, when I saw an officer I would ride up to him, ask him for a match, walk on a short distance and presently mount the saddle again and ride away. The fickleness of the lamp and the abominable oil I had to buy were alone responsible for this innocent little plan of avoiding the censure of the sharp-eyed officers.

## CHAPTER XII

## IN THE ALPINE COUNTRY

I BEGAN to get into the foothills of the Alps and the road was a sort of half-and-half, it being necessary for me to walk up hill and possible to walk down. It is said that when you have seen Paris you have seen France. With this assertion I cannot agree, for I was now in the most interesting part of the country. The glare and glitter and wickedness of the country had no fascinations for me. Far more attractive than the powdered women of the boulevards were the country maidens of the Alpine country, sitting by the roadside knitting, while they watched the cows that were grazing near. The crops had all been gathered into the stone barns, which are under the same roofs as the houses. As for the culinary abilities of the peasants, I have seen four wholesome courses served from one black kettle, using only one plate to eat them from, while in Paris I have almost starved between courses and the changes of dishes.

On the night of November 10th I went to bed in a hotel on the summit of the Alps. The dinner was served in Paris style, and therefore unsatisfactory. The guests made fun of me

because I drank water instead of wine, and the fire in the stove was a poor excuse, and I was unable to drive away the chill that a drizzling rain and the high altitude had sent through my bones. With these conditions of physical discomfort I began the night, but the next morning the unpleasant experiences were forgotten, for the weather was bright and cold. That day I walked through eight inches of snow for a distance of about three miles.

It was a pleasure to begin the descent of the Alps, for I had walked about forty miles in making the ascent. It was pleasant, moreover, not to be bothered by insulting Frenchmen and their automobiles, as I had been in the valleys and on the plains far below.

When I was ready to begin the descent, I procured a piece of cord and manufactured a "Yankee brake" for my bicycle. I tied the cord to the saddle-post and to the other end of the cord fastened a large stick of wood with bushy branches. This enabled me to run around the steep curves in perfect safety. After using this for about four miles, I took it off and was soon rolling up to the custom-house on the Switzerland border line. I was asked to lend the Swiss government eight francs while I entered the country with my bicycle. At the end of three miles I reached the city of Geneva, at the south end of the lake. At a hotel here

I met an Englishman, the first man I had run across who could speak in my own tongue since I left Paris, a distance of 370 miles. Of course I could have found Frenchmen able to speak English, but I had learned to dodge the places where that language was spoken, it being the invariable rule that everything was higher in price at such places. The sign "English Spoken Here" nearly always means that they want to be paid for what they know, or profess to know, rather than for what they give in exchange for money.

On Monday, November 12th, I started south from Geneva, passing through another custom-house and receiving the eight francs which I had left as a forfeit upon entering the country. When I got into France again I found better roads, more modern improvements and a happier people.

## CHAPTER XIII

## NICE AND MONTE CARLO

ON November 16th I reached Nice, on the Mediterranean Sea. It had taken just ten days to travel from Paris to Nice, by way of Switzerland. I had made the distance of 682 miles, crossing the Alps without a breakdown or a bicycle puncture. Several days were pleasantly spent at Nice, which is a great winter resort. Passing through Monte Carlo and visiting the celebrated gambling resort, where I was required to go through an extremely rigid inspection, I saw vice in its most gilded form. The gambling palace is one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, and the surroundings are little in keeping with the woe that is frequently the lot of those who go there in search of fortune and leave penniless, with only a desire for death rather than the disgrace that is sure to follow their rash plunges for wealth dishonestly acquired.

I was detained at Nice while waiting for my card in the "Touring Club de France," and while waiting there I made a little money selling the *Paris Herald*, the foreign edition of the *New York Herald*, and printed in English. My customers were just over in the bay where

the United States training ship Topeka was anchored, and the "blue jackets" were ready and eager to buy the newspaper wares I offered them.

Buying my last coffee and rolls in France, I started on November 24th for Italy. Shortly after entering the country I stopped at a farmhouse to get shelter from the storm, and was invited into a large stone dwelling with a dirt floor. A beautiful, black-eyed Italian girl asked me to take a chair. The young woman conversed fluently in German, Italian and French, and we had chatted brokenly for only a few moments when her mother began to take up some vegetables that were stewing in a pot. The fire over which the cooking was done was in a fireplace without a chimney, most of the smoke escaping through the door that had just swung wide for me.

Sunday was spent in Genoa, and for Sunday dinner I had the popular feast of the lower classes of that country, macaroni and bread. After leaving Genoa, with a long, down-hill road before me, I had a very unhappy experience with my bicycle tire, and was finally compelled to stuff it with wet rags. I had the assistance of a native in front of whose house I had stopped and who provided me with the necessary rags. Darkness came on before the task was finished, and we entered the house.

That tire held an amazingly large quantity of rags, and so great was the task that before it was finished the Italian housewife had cooked a large bowl of macaroni, and we stopped long enough to partake of this national food. We ate two dishes each, without bread and without seasoning. My host was a poor man who worked on the roads for two francs, or forty cents, a day. Whenever America was mentioned his eyes shone with pleasure and his manner indicated that he would indeed be glad to come to this country, just as thousands of his countrymen were doing then and are doing still.

The tire was fixed at last and I traveled on to another farmhouse, where I was given a night's lodging on a straw tick. The stone floor would have been acceptable, considering my weary condition. The next morning I continued the journey down the mountain side, and the stuffed tire was a decided success. My cyclometer was certainly playing "rag time" at a merry rate.

## CHAPTER XIV

## IN RURAL ITALY

IN a little country store the proprietor told his customers that I was a barber and there was an immediate demand for my services. I was kept busy for some time running my clippers and shears over Italian heads, but there was little demand for anything save the clippers, as the general rule was that they wanted their hair cut short. Nothing was said about the price I was to receive, but when I had finished they each gave me twenty-five centimes, or five cents in our money. The old shopkeeper then agreed to keep me over night. For supper we had beef hash mixed with olives, the first beef I had tasted in Italy, and to me a novel way of preparing it for the table. The next course was cheese, bread and wine, although I created almost consternation again by substituting water for wine. After the little boys had read their grammar lessons to their father, they were sent to bed and the shopkeeper and three of his neighbors sat down for a game of cards. It was very cold, and as I had no way for warming my wet feet I asked that I be permitted to retire. The request was granted, and with the aid of the little tallow



candle over which I toasted my aching extremities, I was soon more comfortable and slept soundly on a bed of corn shucks. Toward morning, however, the cold was so extreme that sleep was impossible. I had even covered myself with strips of carpet from the floor, but this helped but little.

A continuation of my journey led to the walled city of Pisa, where macaroni, beans and rye bread formed the bill of fare. At a farmhouse three miles from Callesalveti I stopped and asked for lodging. The door was opened by an aged man whose five children crowded near in order that they might have a good look at a foreigner. I was invited to enter and soon found that each member of the family was talking to me in the evident belief that he could make me understand better than the others. The fact that an American was working in Italy was a puzzle that they could not solve. A large brass kettle, filled with yellow corn mush, was placed upon the fire, and the evening meal was under course of preparation. The mush cooked until it was so stiff that one of the strongest of the boys was barely able to stir it with a stick. When the mush was "done," or perhaps overdone, it was dumped out upon a wide board. It was then cut into strips by means of a thread, and the strips were scattered over the table in reckless fashion. I occupied

a place at the end of the table and every possible attention was paid to me. There was a dish of vegetables that I could not define, and we all fell upon the mush, holding it in our fingers. The stuff was almost as heavy as lead, and it was difficult to act as though it was being enjoyed. Dry bread was the last course. After I had clipped the hair of each male member of the family and two of the neighboring young men who had heard about me, they each gave me sixty centimes, or six cents. After that I was shown to the barn, the adjoining room, and there retired with the cows and oxen for room-mates. We all were under the same roof, however, the family being upstairs. I was on the lower floor, and the only complaint I had to make against my accommodations was that the rats were numerous and entirely too familiar. They used my bed for a race-track, and sleep was almost impossible anyhow, the soggy mush having proved more than even my strong digestion could stand.

## CHAPTER XV

## IN ROME WITH A SLIM PURSE

ON December 4th I was just forty miles from Rome, and began to reel off the distance as rapidly as possible, eating rye bread while pedaling along. The dome of St. Peter's was visible while I was crossing the prairie twenty miles from the city. The villages were very far apart in this section of the country, and I had gone for miles without passing through a single one. At 3 o'clock I reached the south gate of the city and my cyclometer registered the 3,274 miles that I had traveled on the wheel in Europe. The last 316 miles had been covered with a tire stuffed with rags.

My money had run short, and it was necessary to have employment. I had fared well under almost distressing circumstances, however, for the Italians were the most hospitable people I had found since leaving Ireland. Like the people of Ireland, the Italians have not much to offer, but such as it is it is given freely and in a way to make the recipient feel that he is welcome to all he receives. My first day's efforts to find work were not successful, and I was obliged to find lodging in a little place where the cost was the equivalent of ten cents,

and not far from the Hotel Grand Roma, where my countrymen, who were not earning their way, were living in luxury.

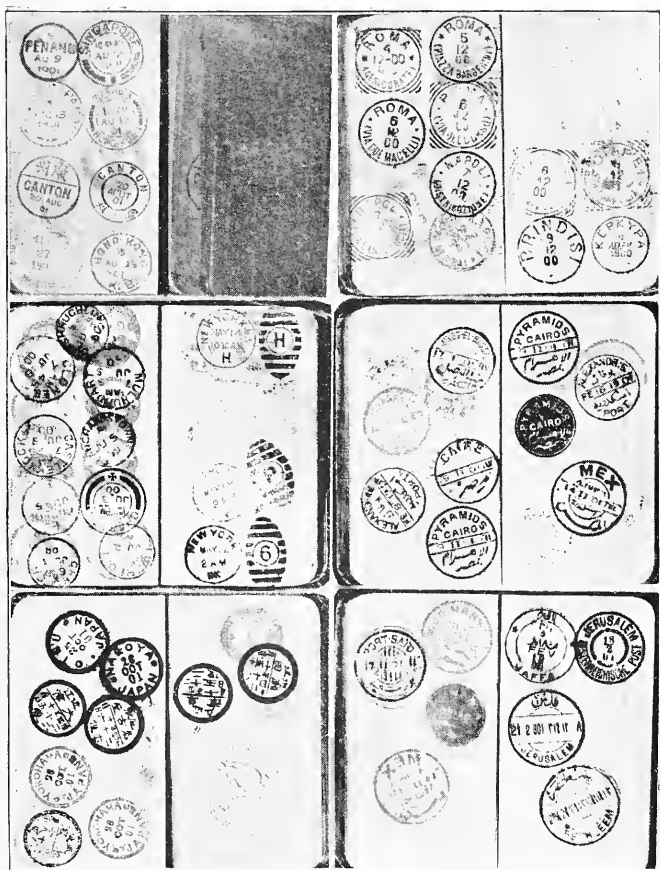
On the following day, while I was asking various English-speaking persons for advice as to how to secure employment, I was repeatedly advised to go to the American consul. I remembered that the passport signed by Secretary Hay instructed the consuls of my country to "pass and in case of need give all lawful aid and protection," and decided to take the advice that had been so often given.

As I entered the office of that dignitary, he said, in a very gruff manner, "Good morning, sir, what can I do for you?"

I told him that I was out of money, and would like to find work.

"You have no business coming to a place like this to look for work," was his reply.

I told him that, having reached such a place, there was no other way to search for a chance to earn a livelihood, but his answer was that the only thing he could do for me would be to send me to Naples, the nearest seaport. He asked one of his clerks to write a letter to the city of Rome asking for a pass for me. I signed the letter, not knowing what it was. It was written in Italian. When I went to look up the address given in the letter I found that it was the general police station. When I saw



A FEW PAGES FROM THE BOOK OF POSTMARKS.



the waiting crowd the truth dawned upon me. I had been thrown upon the charity list, without my knowledge, by the man who was in Rome, representing our country, and whose prescribed duty was to "give lawful aid and protection."

It was humiliating to be in such a crowd, and my indignation went to such a pitch that I decided to sell my belongings rather than suffer such an insult. I left the station and sold my clippers for fifteen francs, or \$3. Then I proceeded to look over Rome for two days, having learned how to exist at the minimum price.

Leaving Rome, I bought a third-class railroad ticket for Naples, arriving there December 7th. The remains of my bicycle were sold for fifty francs, or \$10. To see goats milked in the streets was one of the interesting sights of Naples. Instead of taking the milk around in cans the goats are driven to the doors of the customers, who select the animal whose milk they want. Then comes the milking, with the purchaser watching the dairyman at his work. Sometimes the agile goats are required to climb two flights of crumbling stairs before they are milked. On Saturday, December 8, I boarded a train and went to the ruined city of Pompeii, and climbed Mount Vesuvius.

I went to Brindisi, on the Adriatic Sea, arriving there on Sunday, and was just in time

to witness the Virgin Mary celebration, with its fireworks and other kinds of noisy demonstration, much as we have them in America on the Fourth of July.

The condition of purse made it necessary for me to study the subject of navigation very carefully, but then I found that I did not have enough money to buy a third-class ticket to Athens. I purchased a third-class ticket to the next stopping place, paying ten francs for it. The point was located on a small island under the Grecian government. For lunch I had bread, cheese and figs, food not being included in the third-class rate on short voyages in that part of the world. I was shown down into a hole of almost total darkness, where there were several bunks with ticks stuffed with straw. Having no blanket or traveling shawl, as passengers of that class are supposed to have, it was exceedingly rough, and the little steamer Scalla tossed almost helplessly. After a few hours in the stuffy place I climbed the stairs and went on deck for a breath of fresh air. I found a place on deck, out of the fierce wind, and sat down to a meager breakfast. The conditions were all very miserable. The mountains of Turkey were on one side of the body of water through which the vessel was plowing, and the shores of Greece were on the other. At one o'clock in the afternoon the Scalla dropped



anchor at the pretty little city of Corfu and, stepping into one of the small boats, I paid one franc for safe landing on the Island. The men of the village wore pleated woolen skirts that came to their knees, their shins and knees being bare and unprotected. Some of them were driving two or three goats that were laden so heavily that the only portion of the anatomy visible was the tail. Small donkies and ponies were also burdened in the same manner, and helped faithfully in caring for the traffic of the busy town.

## CHAPTER XVI

## AS A HOTEL RUNNER IN CORFU

ENTERING a barber-shop whose sign was a tin pan with a half moon cut in it, I found the fittings about as they were in the shops of London, and many European cities. The Greek barber was willing to give me employment, but the wages were so small that he did not like to ask an American to accept what he was able to offer for my services. The old vegetable dealer who had acted as my interpreter, being an accomplished linguist, told me that he could suggest a place where my knowledge of the English tongue would be of value to me, and said that a hotel in the city wanted a "runner" whose business it would be to solicit trade for the hotel from the men on board a British man-of-war that lay in the harbor. The old man took me to the Hotel Abundance, and the proprietor offered to give me twenty per cent on every meal I sold as a result of my "rustling" for his house. I began work and distributed cards among the British soldiers and sailors whom I met in the streets. A crowd of twenty of the jolly fellows said they would like to have some refreshments, so I led them to the hotel and almost shocked the proprietor by the

size of the crowd I was ushering into his dining-room. As soon as I had feasted, with the merry Englishmen, I went forth again to see how many more of the red jackets I could gather into the hotel. At the rate at which I had started the business was proving profitable for me, and besides that I was eating real food instead of the almost unbearable stuff I had frequently been forced to eat since reaching Italy.

After a while I returned with another crowd of eight or nine, and the English lads, seeming to take a fancy to a "Yankee," invited me to visit them on board their ship, the Royal Oak. The proprietor of the hotel, pleased over my success as a solicitor for business, offered me, through an interpreter, the use of a small boat and boatman that would be at my command at any time. On Wednesday I took this private boat and made a trip to the man-of-war, receiving a very cordial welcome, and being shown every possible courtesy.

That night, having strengthened my purse by work as a hotel runner, I boarded the little Greek steamer Samos for the ancient city of Athens. I had earned eighteen drachmas in Corfu, the monetary value of the drachma being less than fifteen cents in American money. For seven drachmas I secured a deck passage to Athens, this class of transportation

giving me the right to sleep in the most comfortable spot I could find on the deck. Having made friends with the cook, I helped him to peel the potatoes, and in return he gave me two of his blankets, by the use of which I was able to make a much softer bed than I supposed I would have when I paid the required fare. I found a cozy spot on the warm side of the big boiler in the engine room and used my bicycle case for a pillow.

At daybreak the cook served me with a cup of Greek coffee that was so thick that it would scarcely run, and at 8 o'clock, after inviting me into the gallery where he was serving breakfast for the captain and other officers, he gave to me a plate which he had filled from the dishes partaken of by the men in authority. I have always found that it is a wise plan to keep "on the good side" of the cook, and this experience was one proof of the statement I make. I earned a few pieces of coin by honing razors for some of the officers and members of the crew.

## CHAPTER XVII

## FROM ATHENS TO EGYPT

NEAR Athens I paid the equivalent of five cents to be landed from the steamer, and proceeded to walk to the city, which is a considerable distance from the seaport. A walk of six miles brought me to the historic place. Alexandria, Egypt, was the place I desired to visit next, and I learned that it would be a week before a steamer left for that point. This was a serious proposition, for I had no visible way of making wages during a stay of such length in Athens. I decided to ask the advice of the American consul general, the Hon. D. E. McGinley, who, I supposed, was ready, as all consuls are presumed to be, to give whatever assistance he could to one of his own country who was really deserving of help. In reply to my statements, this countryman of mine, in a way that was harsh and unpleasant to my ears, said: "How do I know that you are an American?"

I showed my passport and other papers to him, all of which were handed back with the remark, "I cannot do anything for you."

I told him that I was not asking favors, and wanted only a chance to labor during my

stay in Athens. I asked this public official, holding his commission under the authority of the President of the United States, for a letter that would assist me in getting work in Athens or securing transportation to Alexandria.

"I am not allowed to do that," he said. "You must get along as best you can." He offered me, then, the equivalent of thirty cents, and advised me to get back to "God's country" as quickly as I could, and not to go to Egypt. I left the office over which the flag of my country was floating, not disheartened, but decidedly perplexed as to what might be the best thing to do under the very unfavorable circumstances.

After seeing the old piles of masonry that have been standing here for centuries, I went to the water front and tried to get employment of any sort. I was willing to work for the two drachmas a day, as my purse was almost empty, but the first reply I received to an application was that foreigners were not allowed to work on the docks. Finally I decided to see the British consul, and it was from him that I received that which the American citizen in a similar position had refused to give me, a letter by means of which I might work my passage to Alexandria. The letter was all I could ask, and it proved effective. The British official had done the greatest favor I could hope for

under such conditions as confronted me at that time.

On one of the streets of Athens I saw a sign which read, "American Rug Company." It was a welcome sight and the manager, D. D. Dare, proved to be a royal fellow. He invited me to eat with him, and said that I should share what he had as long as I was in Athens. He was a friend, indeed, and his name will live in my mind as one of those who extended a helping hand at a time when the outlook was exceedingly dark.

My experience in Athens will give an idea of some of the hardships a young man traveling as I did has to endure. I was there five days, and in that time subsisted, three times a day, on boiled beans, mixed with oil, and with a piece of bread to accompany it. Such a meal costs four cents. It was, therefore, with a glad heart that I left the old city where others, hundreds of years before, had experienced hardships different from mine, but not much more unpleasant.

The steward of the vessel was informed that I was to work for my transportation across, and he treated me very kindly. At 3 o'clock I walked up the gangway of the steamer Prince Abbas, which was to carry me to Alexandria. My work was helping in the kitchen, labor which I had become highly competent to per-

form. Having peeled vegetables and plucked the feathers from half a dozen chickens, I brought my trade into use and made a small sum cutting the hair of several of the men on board and shaving others. With the profits from this work I was able to replace the shoes which I wore, and which were sadly the worse for the rough times they had had, with a pair of cheap Greek shoes, second-hand, but valuable in the sight of a footsore tourist.

Upon entering the harbor, as we neared the dock at Alexandria, a swarm of human beings, helping to make up the varied population of the ancient East, came into view. There had been a cosmopolitan crowd on shipboard, and the same condition prevailed at Alexandria. Sight-seeing was not my first desire when I reached that seemingly unfriendly place. There I was, without a coin of any nation, among a crowd of people wearing strange garb and talking in tongues that to me were unknown. It was Sunday when I stepped ashore with my little traveling-bag in my hand, and depending entirely upon my wits to pull me through the experience that was just opening up. Mr. J. Gammage, whom I met at a church service on that day, proved to be the superintendent of the sailors' home, and, when I had told him the exact condition I found myself in, he invited me to come with him and make my



home at the institution until I was able to find employment. This invitation was extended, too, before I had told Mr. Gammage of my plans and the trip around the world. His kindness to me was therefore all the more deeply appreciated. He was a true Christian man, and knew how to treat a fellow Christian when he met one.

The following day I speedily learned that employment in the barber-shops of Alexandria was difficult to find at that season of the year. I was told frequently that business in my trade was good in Cairo, and I knew such to be the fact, but I was 130 miles from that city, and without funds. I therefore decided to visit another American consul and ask him to lend me enough money to take me to Cairo. He paid little attention to my letters, treated me as though he had no faith in what I said, or my purpose of returning the money in the event I secured it, and refused to grant the favor I asked. I began to think that my passport and its words concerning lawful protection and aid, was worth less than the paper and ink that had been used in making it, so far as American consuls were concerned. This seemed to be the one class of officials that was unwilling to extend a helping hand.

Having failed in my mission to the consul's office, I found a dreary Christmas eve ahead of

me. In many parts of the earth, in my own country, in the home of that consul, there was the joy of Yuletide and the good cheer of the holiday season, but none of the happiness seemed to be for me. The loan of \$1.25 from the official would have made it possible for me to get to Cairo, and would have been the most delightful Christmas gift he could have bestowed upon me. He had even refused to look at my letter of introduction and treated my authorized papers as lightly as though I had forged them all.

On Christmas day I helped Mr. Gammage to get the chapel of the Sailors' Home in readiness for a social that was to be given there an evening or two later, and a fine turkey dinner was the result of my labor.

## CHAPTER XVIII

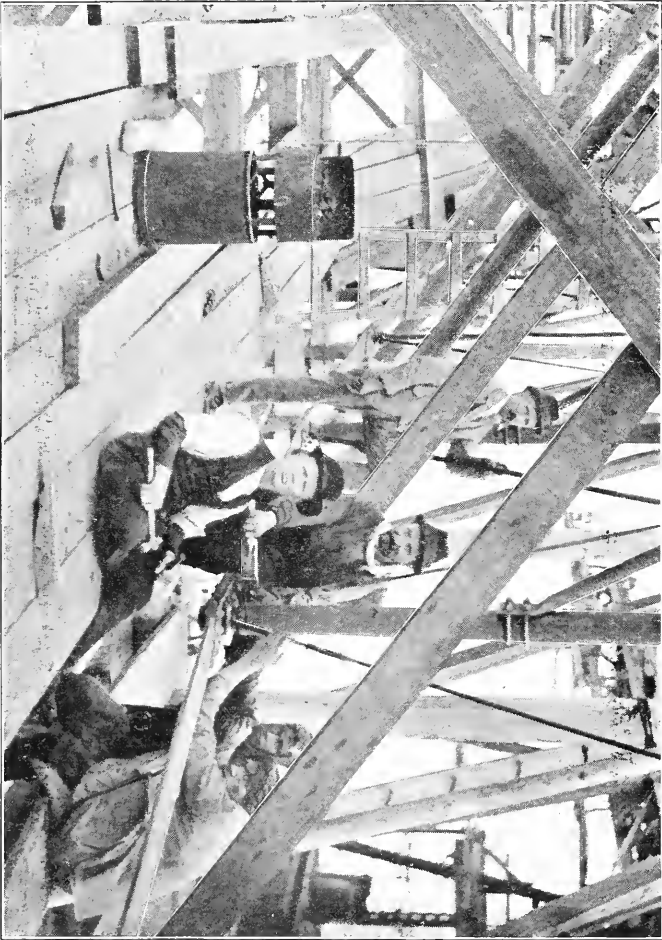
## AS A MACHINIST IN ALEXANDRIA

TUESDAY, December 27th, while searching near the water-front for a chance to labor at even coolie wages, I ran across a big iron coal-conveying machine in course of construction. It was an American machine, and was being built by the Brown Hoisting and Conveying Machine Company. Here was a chance to work at small wages, but I accepted it gladly and was started in at the equivalent of one dollar a day, 25 cents more than the foreign laborers were receiving. I saw that in order to save enough money to enable me to resume my journey I must keep "bachelor's hall," and accordingly I made preparations along this line. The engineer in charge, Mr. Thompson, said I could use his office for a sleeping-room, and the Italian engineer gave me lumber with which to make a shed for use as a kitchen. Mr. Gammage offered to lend me some bedding, and with it all I was getting to be a very happy man again.

Employed in the construction of the great machine were Italians, Greeks, Maltese and one Englishman. Mr. Thompson and myself were the only Americans. My first work was the

use of a cold-chisel, a hammer and a monkey-wrench, at a point forty feet above the water. I was told to let the Arabs do the heavy lifting, my task being to cut off some of the flat-head rivets that were in an iron beam. The work was new and my strokes were not always true, so the result was that in a few hours I had a pair of hands that were bruised and bleeding and sore. At 8 o'clock in the morning, after work was under way, there was half an hour for breakfast, according to the custom of that country. After a few hours I caught the knack of using the chisel and was able to strike as hard a blow, with as sure an aim, as any man on the job. As soon as I had finished lunch, I began to look around for camping utensils for use in the shed which was to be my kitchen. I secured two coal-oil cans from an English tramp steamer that was unloading coal, and, telescoping the two, cut two round holes and soon had a cook stove.

My work on the hoisting machine soon changed from cutting rivets to fitting iron rods and beams into their places. The Arabs were a lazy and shirking lot, and the first word I learned in their language was "arue," which means "get out of my way." That word had to be used frequently, but it never gave offense to the worthless fellows. They were accustomed to waiting upon their superiors, and when I



AT WORK AS A MACHINIST ON THE EGYPTIAN DOCKS IN ALEXANDRIA.



climbed down the ladders at the end of the working hours, they carried my tools for me.

At the close of the day I purchased a "housekeeping" outfit, paying eight piastres, forty cents, for a frying-pan, and six piastres, thirty cents, for a dozen eggs. I bought a pint of olive oil, to use for grease in the frying-pan, and also potatoes and bread. The entire first day's wages, which had been advanced to me ahead of the regular paying time, was spent in the Arabian bazaar. I learned in this country that the merchants always ask about three times as much for an article as they expect to receive. A person who is sharp and careful in his buying is looked up to by them. They despise one who is willing to pay what they first ask for their wares. Having begun my domestic duties in the little shed, I found an interested crowd of Arabs around me, watching every move from the time I kindled a fire for the first meal until the dishes were washed and put away. At the close of the first day I went to bed in the office of the construction company, according to invitation from the superintendent, using the plans of the hoisting machine for a pillow and the draughtsman's table for a bed. From the little shed where I cooked I could look across the harbor entrance into the grounds of the Khedive's palace, and knew that when Abbas II came to his summer

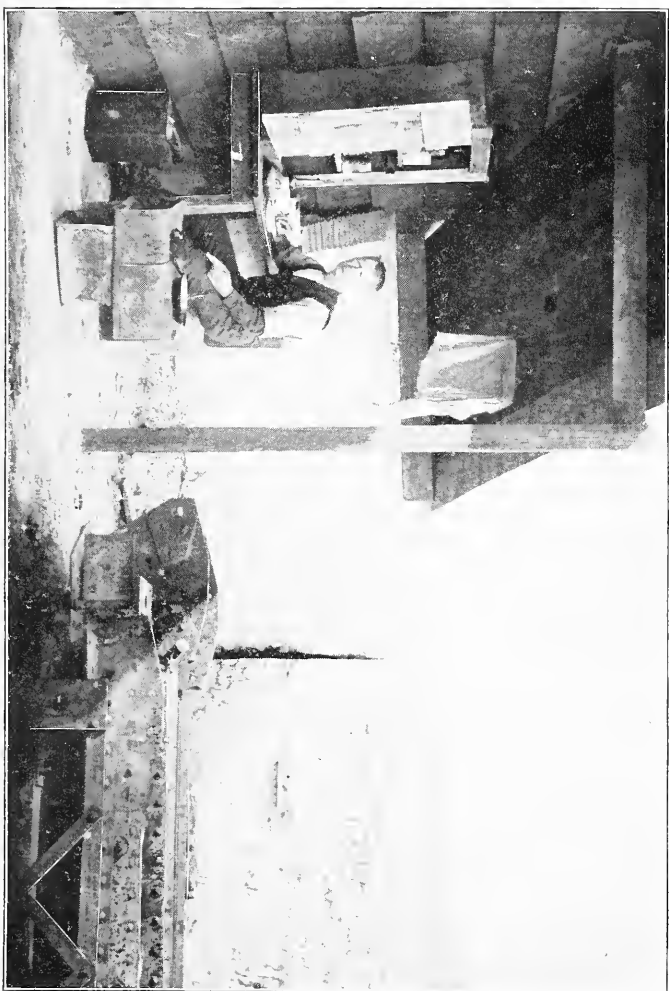
home he would be my nearest neighbor, for the construction work and my temporary home were but a short distance from the royal grounds.

I was the only employee who rested on Sunday, it being the custom in that country to labor seven days in the week on government work. So, in such surroundings, I became accustomed to my new life, and to the peculiarities of the people. An Arab is as much afraid of a piece of pork as he is of a snake. I accidentally dropped a piece of bacon rind upon the bare foot of an Arab and he jumped as though I had cut him with a knife. The lazy Arabs are great for prayers, and so frequent were their devotions that I became convinced that much of the faithfulness to religious duty was for the purpose of shirking their labor. There is but one way to get along with these laborers, and that is to let them take their own time and do their work as their inclination prompts them.

An Arabian's meal is principally of bread and garlic. He is exceedingly fond of green stuff, and whenever I threw away the top of a vegetable, it was quickly seized by an Arab and greedily devoured. The climate of Alexandria is much more disagreeable than that of the interior of Egypt. The rain and wind frequently make a very unpleasant combination.

On pay-day I received two English gold sovereigns and two silver coins of twenty piastres





"BACHELOR'S HALL," THE AUTHOR'S ABODE FOR SIX WEEKS, ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.



each for twelve days' work. This was the most money I had received at one time since I worked for the United States Commission at the Paris Exposition.

On Sunday afternoon I had the privilege of seeing an Arabian funeral. The body of the dead person was carried upon the shoulders of four men, who were surrounded by a howling mob. Each one in the mob seemed to be singing a song of his own, and all were jumping up and down and screaming at the top of their voices. The women pulled their garments and tore their hair in the wildest frenzy. This was their demonstration of grief, and their way of invoking peace and a safe voyage for the departed.

While we were working on the big crane one day we noticed that the flags in Alexandria had been dropped to half-mast. It was the result of the news just received there of the death of Queen Victoria. On Saturday, February 2d, we did not have to work, a memorial service for the dead queen being held in the English Church in Alexandria.

## CHAPTER XIX

## CAIRO AND PALESTINE

FINALLY the time came for me to give up my camp life in that city of the Old World. I received my last pay from the Egyptian government, received a letter of recommendation from the Italian engineer, bade good-bye to Arabs and Greeks and the others I had worked with and, after refusing further employment there at increased wages, left Alexandria and started for Cairo, accompanied by J. W. Collings, an engineer on the British steamer *Murillo*, of Wilson & Co. We bought third-class tickets for twenty-two piastres each, or \$1.10. This trip on a railroad train was without special incident, and we reached Cairo, the mother city of the world, in time for breakfast. Then I saw the Pyramids, the Sphinx, and searched for the bulrushes where Moses was hidden. If the waters of the Nile were as muddy when the daughter of Pharaoh went down in them to bathe as they are now, she must have had a dirty swim, but, nevertheless, she found Moses and made possible one of the most beautiful stories of the Bible.

After leaving the Pyramids and the Sphinx there were trips through the famous streets of



AT THE PYRAMIDS.



Cairo on the backs of rocking camels and visits to scores of interesting and historic places. A feature of the place that travelers may have failed to mention up to this time is the industrious mosquito. I had so many "bites" on my forehead that it was almost impossible for me to wear my straw hat.

At 4 o'clock on Saturday, February 16th, I was a deck passenger on the steamer *Rahmanieh*, bound for Palestine. I paid \$3 for the privilege of selecting a place on the deck where I might spread my blanket when night came, between Alexandria and Jaffa. The space that my blanket occupied, after I had once "staked" it out, belonged to me, and I had such a good and recognized title to it that no one disturbed me. I had returned to Alexandria from Cairo in order that I might take passage on the steamer, and as we steamed out of the harbor the vessel passed the big piece of machinery where I had toiled so hard for six weeks. As the ship bore away from the shore the thought struck me that Moses was not the only man who endured hardships in order that he might get out of Egypt.

Early Sunday morning the Mohammedans on board were prostrate as they did their religious devotions, which were followed by coffee made by themselves, dry bread soaked in hot water and eggs to accompany it. They all used their

fingers freely while partaking of their meals and all ate from one dish.

Our vessel lay at anchor at Port Said, which was reached Sunday noon, until the evening train arrived from Cairo. Port Said is a wicked place, a commercial center, and the home of a cosmopolitan population. At 8 o'clock in the evening anchor was weighed and the vessel steamed away. A number of American tourists got on board at Port Said. There were a few points of distinction between these travelers and myself, chief among which were \$8 a day and several feet of space. They have narrow berths in the cabin below, for which they pay \$8 a day in "conducted" parties, while I have as much of the deck as I want to use, as much sunshine as I can absorb and as much of the glorious scenery of the night as I am able to gaze upon. They hire a conductor, while I do my own conducting and am free to go and come as I please. They complain at times because they do not get their money's worth, while I have so little invested in the trip that I have no excuse for complaining.

On the morning of Monday, February 18th, I was up at sunrise and caught a glimpse of the Holy Land, for we were skirting the coast of Palestine. The first sight of the land made sacred and dear to the heart of every student of the Bible fills one with an awe and a degree of



uplifting delight that cannot be described. At 9 o'clock we were dropping anchor at Jaffa. I fell into conversation with some of the Americans who were in the party and had the pleasure of receiving the card of Mr. Robert J. Burdette, a resident of my sunny state of California, a writer too well known to be referred to in that way, and, above all, a thorough gentleman. He told me that he was acquainted with my pastor in California and introduced me to his wife and two sons. Henry Burk, a member of the Pennsylvania Senate, also exchanged cards with me, and I almost forgot that I was a deck passenger and that my new-found friends were paying fancy prices for all they were receiving. With Senator Burk I stepped upon the shore of Palestine.

Arrived in Jaffa, I entered an Arabian eating house, and was served with a piece of stewed mutton or goat, potatoes with gravy, bread and a cup of water. There are a number of orange and lemon groves near Jaffa, and I visited these before boarding a train for Jerusalem. Early in the afternoon I purchased a second-class ticket and started for the Holy City. During the journey I noticed Arabs plowing in one field with several different kinds of animals. One had a crotched stick with a camel on one end of it, another had a donkey and cow yoked together. Two small cattle were plow-in the same way.

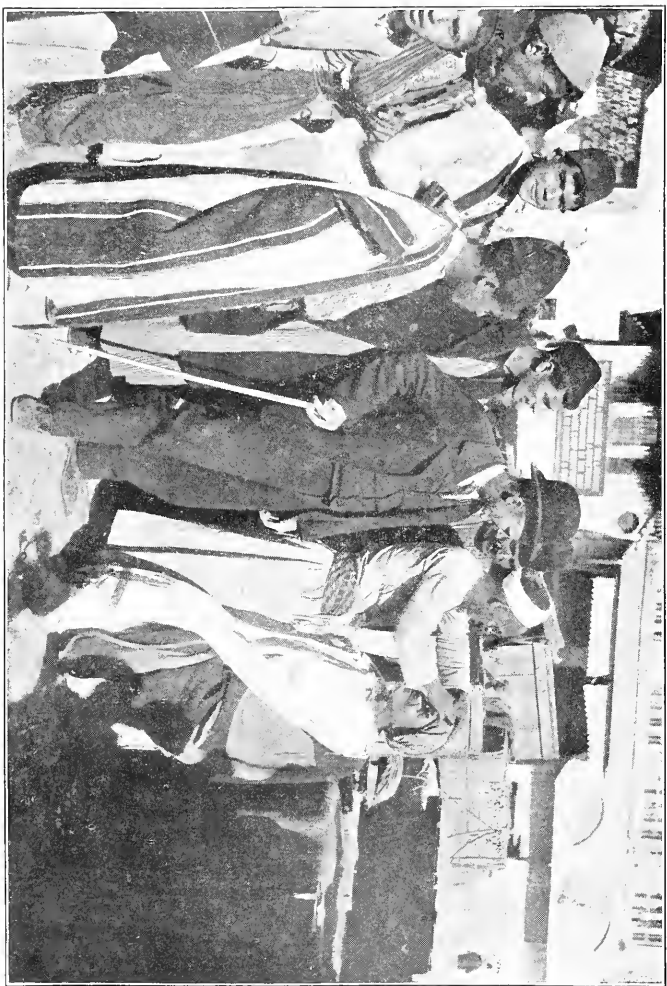
## CHAPTER XX

## JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND

AT 5 o'clock we arrived at the station in Jerusalem. Dodging the hotel runners, I found a family boarding-house outside the city wall. Everything was very comfortable and pleasant and not in the least like the conditions that are popularly associated with life in that portion of the world, which is a part of the Christianity in which we have an abiding faith.

Having informed Mr. Williams, the proprietor of the house, that I wanted to do some kind of work by means of which I could pay expenses during my stay in Jerusalem, he suggested that I meet the trains in the interest of his establishment. I accepted immediately the proffered position of hotel "rustler," having had profitable experience along that line in another country. A hotel runner in Jerusalem! Would you not expect as soon to find golf links in Canaan?

The following day I went to the office of the American consul, and, contrary to some of the experiences I had had in similar offices, was treated most courteously by Dr. S. Merrill, who represented the United States in that capacity.



A NATIVE BARBER AT WORK IN THE STREETS OF JERUSALEM.



He promised to help me in every way possible during my stay in that part of Palestine.

Then came little journeys to the points of interest whose names are familiar to every person who knows the least of sacred history. Those trips were sources of untold joy and inspiration. Every foot of ground seemed to have a story written in it, a story that forms a part of the wonderful work that has been the salvation of mankind.

During my wanderings I came to a well a few feet from the French chapel and turned the corner of the stone wall I had followed up the side of the Mount of Olives just in time to see a real fight between several Arabian women. Nine of them were involved in the trouble, which was very emphatic. The argument started while they were getting water from the well, and it ended in hair pulling and a shower of stones. The clay pots in which they intended to get the water were forgotten. One woman was knocked down and so badly injured that she was unable to arise. While she was there prostrate another came near and struck her a vicious blow with a rock, while the other women took their water-pots and went their way, permitting the injured one to lie there helpless.

The slopes of Mount Olive are cultivated, but

the vegetation is not luxuriant, the principal growths being olive and fig trees.

As to my success as a hotel solicitor in Jerusalem, I succeeded on that day in getting two young men from America to try my house, and they were thoroughly pleased. My opportunities for learning the way tourists are treated there were excellent, for, having become well acquainted with the guides, they took me into their confidences and frequently winked at me when telling tourists the difficulties that beset a stranger in Jerusalem or the value of an escort to the various places of interest. I was able to hire a donkey for two francs. A regular tourist, the victim of all who have something to sell, has to pay ten francs.

One day while out for a tramp, just before reaching the tomb of Rachel, I stepped aside in the road in order that a carriage might pass. I was greeted by Mr. Burdette, who asked me to get into his carriage. I did so, and had an enjoyable little visit with the genial American and his sons. After I left Mr. Burdette, who was on his way to Hebron, I pushed on to Bethlehem and soon reached that place, with its streets so narrow that I was frequently obliged to step into doorways, in order to let camels with their heavy loads pass.

At the Church of St. Mary I entered a door so low that I was compelled to bow my head

before I could enter. The Greek Temple was crowded with pilgrims who had come many miles from northern countries in order that they might worship at this shrine. They wore the heavy wool clothes of their own country and looked decidedly uncomfortable in that warm climate. Each pilgrim brought a small candle and a Greek priest showed them down into the grotto, dark and forbidding, where the silver star marks the supposed birthplace of our Lord. The priest carried a brass pan, and after each pilgrim had kissed the silver star, the pan was rattled noisily and the pilgrims were thus given to understand that they were expected to drop coins into the pan. This they were generally able to do, after fumbling for a long time in their heavy clothing. Finally several priests, one of whom asked me to go up higher, went into the grotto with lighted candles and erected an altar in the center of the grotto in front of the silver star, and there followed a series of devotions which I could not understand, but which are an indispensable part of the religion of these inhabitants of the Holy Land.

With my pack on my back—the pack consisting of a blanket, bread, cheese, boiled eggs and oranges—I started for Hebron, reaching Rachel's tomb just as the sun peeped over the hills. I had little to fear on account of the

robbing Bedouins, for with my Scotch cap and trousers tied close with strings I resembled quite strongly a typical pilgrim who had come many miles in order to pay homage to their religious beliefs. When I reached Hebron I had walked twenty-two miles and my course had been through a section of country where greedy natives insist upon a division of the traveler's resources. I paid no attention to their demands, and, on account of their ignorance of the fact that I was able to speak English, escaped without having to comply with requests that were decidedly in the form of demands.



## CHAPTER XXI

## IN THE COUNTRY OF THE BEDOUINS

WHEN I reached Hebron I secured a room at the home of a Jew and proceeded to become acquainted with this modern town. I saw the court and mosque that stand directly over the spot where Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, with their wives, Sarah, Rebecca and Leah, are said to have been buried. By the pool of Hebron, and in other spots made sacred by the Holy Word, I stood and received inspiration from the very surroundings. Later on I visited the pool of Solomon, and seeing no other tourists in the vicinity, went into the water and enjoyed a refreshing bath. The next trip was to the river Jordan and the Dead Sea, passing through Bethany and keeping on the trail down the side of the Mount of Olives until we (a German young man had accompanied me) reached the Apostles' fountain. We were now in the country of the Bedouins, the place where I had been advised not to go alone, and where the natives try to do the "bluff" act in order to extract money from the tourists. The common method of collecting toll is for the Bedouins to "hold up" a carriage until the required fee has been paid. The natives carry long, fierce look-

ing guns and are quite formidable enough in appearance to persuade even persons who are not timid to give "backsheesh" rather than undergo the risks which the threatening weapons seem to imply.

As we were winding our way down a steep canyon toward the Dead Sea we met two desperate looking Bedouins. I addressed them in the Arabian tongue, bidding them good-morning, and we were not molested until after we had gone past them about thirty feet. Then, pointing their revolvers at us, they called upon us to retrace our steps and give them money. We paid no attention to them, and, being soon out of shooting distance, were not afraid. Had they laid their plans earlier they probably would have robbed us, and there is no way of knowing to what unpleasant extremes they would have gone in order to extort the coin for which they are all desperately eager.

I told my companion that we would bathe in the Dead Sea, but he hesitated, saying he could not swim. I insisted, however, that there was no danger, and when I had finally persuaded him to try it, he became convinced that I was right, for it was impossible to sink in water so heavily laden with salt. When he found that he could not go to the bottom, I had a great deal more difficulty in getting him to leave the water than I had to induce him to enter it.



THE RETURN TO JERUSALEM AFTER A 500 MILE TRAMP THROUGH THE HOLY LAND.



On the banks of the Jordan one day I stood near an American woman who was making a tour of the Holy Land, and heard her ask her dragoman where the "Promised Land" was. The dragoman did not know. He was born and reared in the "Promised Land." The tourist who asked the question had been traveling over it for many days and did not know it. This is a good sample of how some persons, having eyes and seeing not, try to see the world. Travelers of this kind, ignorant of what they are beholding, and appreciating not in the least the history interwoven with the sights that meet their gaze, lose what Christianity they have when they go to the Holy Land.

## CHAPTER XXII

## JERUSALEM TO DAMASCUS ON FOOT

WHEN we reached Jericho we had walked thirty-five miles and had accomplished the same task, in point of distance, that those who had ridden in carriages had. We walked back to Jerusalem next day, and I made preparations for a trip to Damascus. At the Howard Hotel I met Mr. Herbert C. Clark and his party of tourists, composed of four ladies and two gentlemen, each of whom was provided with a small Arabian pony. I had made arrangements to accompany them; walking along dog-fashion and taking my meals with the tourists, who were able to pay for luxuries that I was unable to indulge myself in. The riders set a good pace for me, but I was fully prepared for the trip. I kept up all right for twelve miles, and when we stopped for a lunch and a rest, I do not believe that, walking though I was, I was the most weary person in the crowd.

Mr. Clark showed me every possible courtesy. He provided me with a silver drinking-cup and a napkin and cared for my wants as carefully as though I had been one of the tourists paying him at the rate of \$8 a day for what they received. My rate was \$1 a day, and I

found that it was a wise expenditure. In the afternoon I had no difficulty at all in keeping pace with the tourists on horseback, for we were following a rocky trail and progress was exceedingly slow.

The tents were pitched for the night at Sinjil, twenty-three miles from Jerusalem. There were six tents, a kitchen tent, dining tent and four sleeping tents. The party required twenty-five animals to carry its members and all the baggage. Eleven Arabs did the rough work and there was a good-natured cook who was obliging to me, thus making it possible for me to sustain my reputation of making a friend of the man who provided for the wants of the inner man. The Arabian waiter gave me a large bag of hay for my bed, which I placed on one side of the dining-room table, he sleeping on the other side. The tourists had retired for the night, and we were soon all sleeping and comfortable.

## CHAPTER XXIII

## LOST IN THE HOLY LAND

AFTER we had resumed the journey, the Arab who was carrying the lunch asked me to ride on his pony, but I refused, for I was determined to make a tour of the Holy Land on foot. After passing through Samaria, I decided to walk on ahead of the party. I lost my way, however, and walked about twelve miles out of the way. I was practically lost in the oldest country of the world's history, without friends, with my coat in the camping outfit and at a loss to know which way to go. I knew, however, that the party would camp at Nazareth, and so I turned my steps in that direction after getting very unsatisfactory instructions from the Arabs in a small village through which I passed while retracing my steps. On the way back I met a caravan and was surprised to see four Arabs dismount and come rushing toward me, brandishing sticks as though they intended immediate attack. One of them snatched from my hand a water-pot that I had purchased in the little village, and all of them demanded money. I drew my club, intending to strike one of the four, and said in my harshest tone, "Arru," meaning "Get out of the way." My



actions were sufficient to frighten the Arabs, for they all ran. This was not surprising, for it is true that when the least resistance is made, the Arab is a great coward.

Darkness came on, and it was intense darkness. Again I lost my way and was feeling utterly miserable when I came to a small stream, which I was obliged to wade through. I had walked thirty-five miles that day, and was feeling very tired. The sensation of being lost is bad in any part of the world, but there it seemed to be particularly unhappy. I met other Arabs and was accosted in terms that were never friendly, but gave no evidence of fear, and was not injured by them.

So weary that I could scarce drag one foot after the other, chilled because of the lack of a coat, and without hope of finding the tourists for many hours, I pushed ahead slowly until I came to an olive grove. The barking of a dog told me that I was near a village. This proved to be true, and when I had reached the village I asked the Arabs where I could find a place to sleep. They pointed to a Greek priest, of whom I made a request for lodging. He did not say a word, but took my hand and led me to his home. It was a stone house with one large room. After a few moments a woman came and opened the door, which she was not able to do until she had driven a lot of goats away

from the entrance to the house. Two goats occupied a space inside the house, and the beds for the members of the family were spread upon the floor. In the family were a woman and four children, one of them a girl of eighteen years, who brought a pan of water in which I might wash my feet, according to a custom that has prevailed there since the time of Abraham. A quilt spread upon the floor was my bed, and after I had washed my feet I was asked to sit upon the bed. I gave an affirmative answer to a question concerning whether or not I was hungry, and after a meal had been prepared it was brought to me on a round mat and I placed it before me on the floor. The meal consisted of a plate of beans, two pieces of Arabian bread, dried figs and a little brown jar of water. I have never eaten a meal that I appreciated more. As I ate, the members of the family sat around me in a circle on the floor. The priest, after I had had considerable difficulty in making him understand, informed me that he knew where the members of my party were camping, and promised to accompany me to the camp on the following morning. Troubles were beginning to be lifted from my burdened shoulders. Although I was very weary, deep sleep was impossible, for the fleas were numerous and the goats were nibbling at my hair.

Next morning we reached the campers after an hour's walk. To the old man who had been so kind to me I gave a five-franc piece, which probably was more money than he had ever had at one time in his life. The camp was not awake when we arrived. After every one had arisen, tourists and Arabs alike seemed to be greatly pleased to know that I was safe and had returned to camp.

## CHAPTER XXIV

## A BARBER'S WORK IN NAZARETH

IN Nazareth we were shown the interesting sights by Mr. Clark, and later I unrolled my barbering outfit, improvised a chair and worked at my trade there in the city once despised.

A part of a day was spent on the Sea of Galilee, and while the tourists were taking kodak pictures, I was entertaining the native fishermen by showing them how to throw a lasso. They were amazed when they saw me throw the rope around an Arab who was running at full speed, and the natives looked upon me as a wonder. A preacher in the party, who had not seen me throw the Arab, doubted my ability to use the rope with the skill they said I possessed. I told him to run as rapidly as he could, and I threw the rope around him. It would have been an easy matter to throw him, but I had too much respect for his years and the long-tailed coat he wore.

After visiting many places of biblical interest, we proceeded up the slope of Mount Hermon, finding snow in several places, and having a most excellent view of the surrounding country. Sunday was spent resting in camp.

On the following day, about six miles from Damascus, we stopped for lunch, probably in about the place where Paul was overcome by the great light. On this journey, counting Damascus as the terminus, I had walked two hundred miles, at an average of twenty miles a day, and when it was over I felt as well as I had ever felt before. My contract with Mr. Clark was now at an end, but I was invited to remain with the party of tourists during the sightseeing in Damascus, a city that is regarded by the Arabs as an earthly reflection of Paradise.

When the time came for me to leave Damascus, I was ill, and did not undertake a walking journey, but went on a train to within eighteen miles of Baalbeck, where I visited the Acropolis, the Temple of the Sun. From here I started out on foot to walk to the Lebanon Mountains. The surroundings here were charming, for I was in a Christian settlement, and everything had a clean appearance, quite in contrast to some of the places I had been seeing for many days. It was quite positively proved to me that Mohammedanism is not conducive to cleanliness. I was disappointed in the mountains. The cedars of Lebanon have disappeared and the elevations are bleak and barren. On the western slope I stopped at the home of a Turk and asked for lodging. It was granted.

The Turk started a charcoal fire in a little fire-box, and fried some eggs in olive oil. I had bread, dates and cheese in my pack-bag, and with a cup of coffee managed to complete a very respectable meal. My bed was a quilt spread upon the counter of the little store kept by the Turk, my host lying on the floor. After breakfast the next morning I made an early start and was soon on my way, stopping at the Mount Zion Hotel for dinner.

In Beirut, calling at the office of the American consul, I had my Turkish passport renewed, and then proceeded on down the coast. At the village of Rased Damur, I met a Turk who had spent a few months in New York City, and he invited me to go to his home. Taking my shoes off at the door, as the others had done, I was soon given the best comforts of home that such a place could afford. For the evening meal there was a large dish of split beans and a dish of stewed vegetables. We used thin, tough bread for spoons, tearing off pieces of the bread and moulding them into shapes as near like spoons as possible. After the meal we all retired in the one large room, each having a quilt for a mattress and a good pillow and a blanket for a cover. For my entertainment, including the breakfast next morning, my good host refused to accept pay.

My journeyings then took me to Sidon,

where I met Dr. G. A. Ford, in charge of the American mission. A short time later I was entertained in an Arabian home, where the host took a particular fancy to my shoes and to the buckles on my suspenders. The meal here was a garlic stew, with thin pieces of bread thrown down beside the bowl. Not even the first bite of the stew tasted good, and that was a meal that was little enjoyed. The next day I gave my host a Turkish coin worth about two cents, and started on.

At Tyre I went to the British Syrian mission and procured from the superintendent, Miss Lord, some medicine that might cure me of the illness the water and food I had been getting for several days had caused. Here in Tyre I met another Turk who had been in America, and in his home I found good entertainment. There was company in his house, and when we all surrounded the table, which was spread upon the floor, there were ten of us.

After a short time spent in Akka I went to Haifa, and when I arrived there at Mount Carmel, I had walked five hundred miles in Palestine and Syria. At Haifa I boarded the steamer Dakahleih and after a rough, short voyage, reached Jaffa, from which place I returned to Jerusalem, getting there in time to see the great influx of travelers at Easter tide, the great time of the year for tourists and pilgrims

in that section of the world. I attended Easter services at the English Church, probably within a stone's throw from the place where the Lord and his disciples had their last supper.



## CHAPTER XXV

## THE "HOLY FIRE" MIRACLE

SATURDAY, April 13th, was the Greek Easter, and on this occasion I was admitted, with thirteen other Americans, to the galleries of the Church of the Sepulcher, in order that we might witness the so-called miracle of Holy Fire. Several priests walked in procession around the little chapel sepulcher, three times, after which they entered the supposed tomb of Christ. Each person in the great crowd which blocked the passageways held his hands above his head, and in the hands candles were firmly clasped. Each one was trying to get near the window or the holes in the side of the chapel of the sepulcher. There are two of these holes, one on the north side and the other on the south. There were several fights in the crowd, but these combats only added to the religious zeal of the participants. At 1:30 o'clock P. M. the "holy fire" appeared through the holes. Just then the bells began to ring and the crowd pushed toward the little chapel. The soldiers were pushed from their positions by the frenzied people eager to get the holy fire. The first one to secure a light to a bunch of candles was immediately surrounded by a crowd of

jostling, excited individuals, each holding candles which he was trying to light. The first one to secure a light had it extinguished three times, but on the fourth attempt other candles were lighted from it. All over the place the little lights began to spread and in a few minutes every candle was burning and the church was illuminated brightly. The distribution of the light was disgraceful, but after it had been accomplished the sight was very attractive. It is a fact that if it had not been for the Mohammedan soldiers, unbelievers, the so-called Christians would have killed each other in their frantic efforts to get light from the first candle that came in contact with the holy fire.

On the following Monday there were two special trains to carry the pilgrims to Jaffa, all the celebration being over, and I secured standing room in the second train which left Jerusalem. Many of the pilgrims carried their lighted candles in tin boxes, in order that they might carry the holy flames to their homes, some of them making this effort on journeys as long as from Jerusalem to Siberia.

I endured this mode of travel for three hours, at the end of which time the train reached Jaffa. This railroad, at the time I rode over it, had a remarkable record. Up to that day its trains had never killed a single head of live stock. At 4 o'clock P. M. I went on board the



THE GARDEN OF GETSEMANE; THE MOHAMMEDAN'S GREAT PARADE, RETURNING FROM  
THE ANNUAL EASTER PILGRIMAGE TO THE TOMB OF MOSES.



steamship Dakahlieh, on the Khedival mail line, bound for Port Said. We reached that place the next morning, and a few delightful hours were spent in watching the traffic that pours steadily through the Suez Canal.

## CHAPTER XXVI

## A WORKING PASSAGE TO BOMBAY

MY desire was to work my passage to Bombay, but not a ship headed for that port entered the harbor until April 18th. Finally I noticed a mail freight steamer entering the port with the name "Endeavor" on the bow, an English flag at the stern and a red cross on the smoke stack. The emblems on the vessel were charming, and, better still, she was going to Bombay. The captain told me I might assist the steward at his work, but that the time was short for preparations, as the "Endeavor" would sail in two hours. It did not take me long to hurry ashore and prepare my limited baggage for the journey.

The captain was delightfully agreeable. Describing his ship, he said that the red cross was the emblem which stood for the name of the line. This company has four steamers named after four ships which belonged to Captain Cook, the famous navigator of England, the Resolution, Discovery, Enterprise and Endeavor. The Endeavor of later days left Batoum April 11th, to make the trip from the port on the Black Sea with 1,761 tons of case oil for Bombay. By going through the Suez

Canal the journey was made 6,000 miles shorter, but the canal fees were \$3,900 with an added \$40 for the use of the electric light. All passengers were charged \$2 for passing through the canal. I saved this fee by being a member of the steamer's crew.

Beginning April 30th, for forty-one hours, the ship was the victim of a terrific cyclone and heavy sea, and was driven twenty-eight hours off its course. This was my first experience in such a storm at sea, and I was ill for the third time since leaving New York.

When we reached Bombay on May 4th, Saturday night, the water was calm. I soon discovered that India was not merely a warm country. It was scorching hot, and I soon adopted a white linen suit and a cork hat, or helmet. There is little pleasure in a trip to India. No one can look upon idolatry with a smile. The general picture is a sad one, and the half truly has not been told.

I secured employment very soon after arriving in Bombay, the place being the Pall Mall Hair Dressing and Shaving Saloon, the finest barber-shop in Asia. In the shop I was the only representative of the New World. All the others spoke strange tongues, but had acquired much of modern methods in their trade, more, in fact, than most of the barbers of Europe. All of them were able, when necessary, to

speaking English fairly well. The shop was what was called a first-class place, only "gentlemen" who do not labor, having their work done there. An English officer who finds an ordinary "Tommy Atkins" having his tonsorial work done where he goes is highly insulted. The theory of caste is carried to a deplorable extreme in India.

I received a visitor's pass from the United States consul, Mr. Fee, to the Tower of Silence, on Malabar hill. As the pass would admit as many as I cared to take, I extended a general invitation to the young men at the Y. M. C. A. home, and six of them accepted it. We took a "gerry," or hack, as Englishmen, Americans and Europeans seldom walk in India. In the Tower of Silence the Parsis dispose of their dead. They do not bury them or burn them, but leave the bodies to be eaten by vultures. There are five of these towers. The oldest one, visited first, is round and built of gray stone, is about twenty-five feet high, and has been in existence for 250 years. Many vultures, their greedy eyes fastened upon the place where the bodies were customarily left, were sitting upon the edge of the gray wall, and it was evident that they had not suffered for want of food. We were not permitted to go nearer than thirty feet from the tower. I give in





WHERE THE AUTHOR WORKED IN BOMBAY. EMPLOYEES OF  
SIX NATIONALITIES.



brief the ceremonial attending death and burial.

When the case is hopeless the body of the dying person is washed and dressed in clean clothes. The priests then repeat strange texts and offer prayers. When life becomes extinct, the body is wrapped in clean garments and laid upon a stone slab in the front room. The female members and relations of the family sit together in the room, the men sitting outside on benches on the veranda. When the time for the removal of the body approaches, it is placed upon an iron bier. This being done, two priests stand facing the body and recite, in an ancient language, a sort of funeral sermon. During the last prayer a white dog, kept usually in the fire temple, is brought near the corpse and induced, if possible, to look at it. This is supposed to drive away the impure demon that strives to enter the dead body. The dog is commonly brought in twice and the whole ceremony may occupy forty minutes. Then the body is borne off by four men, a fifth man preceding to clear the way, so that not even the shadow of an unbeliever may fall upon the corpse. At the tower, after considerable more ceremony, the body is left in the open, and the vultures, waiting around, swoop down and very soon the flesh is all devoured.

After seeing this grewsome spectacle I

witnessed the process of burning the bodies of dead Hindoos, the remains being dumped upon a huge pile of inflammable material. Several bodies were burning at the time within the inclosure and the result was far from agreeable. The death rate in Bombay at this time, on account of the plague, was about sixty a day. One feature of this ceremony is the taking of the sins of the dead man upon the shoulders of the nearest relative. When the deceased has no relatives, it is the duty of the village barber to take the sins of the dead stranger upon himself.

## CHAPTER XXVII

## A JOURNEY ACROSS INDIA

AT the end of a month I had earned enough money in Bombay, at the rate of about \$40 a month, to carry me through India, and I therefore set out for Calcutta, a distance of 1,400 miles. On Monday, June 10th, I packed my baggage for the journey across India. My experience in the month just gone had been an almost continued torture with prickly heat, constant perspiration and sweltering winds. Regular tourists know little of the real discomforts of hot-weather life in India, for most of them endeavor to reach that country during the winter months.

The hut of the poor man in India is made of bamboo, thatched with straw or palm leaves. There is but one room and it generally is as miserably furnished as one could imagine. Their food is boiled rice and limited vegetables, while knives, forks and spoons are unknown. The children have no garments whatever, while the native men are dressed when they have girded their loins with a strip of cloth. The women wind a sort of sheet about them and this can be used as a covering for the shoulders and head. These people earn a mere

pittance for their daily bread, and such is the unhappy condition of millions in this country.

From Hurda I endured a short ride to Arga. A doctor passed through the train and felt the pulses of the passengers, the natives, on account of the plague which exists so much of the time in the large cities of that country, being lined up on the platform before they are permitted to land.

Arga is noted as the city of the "Taj Mahal," the "Dream in Marble," a marvelous structure whose beauty and richness are not equaled by any other building in the world. Crossing the river Ganges on my way to Lucknow, a city that lives in military history, my next stop was at Benares, the Rome of the Hindoo religion. Here there are more than five thousand temples and shrines.

After a boat ride on the Ganges I traveled on toward Calcutta, which was reached on June 19th. Here I went to the general post-office, as I had been doing faithfully in every city of every country where there was a post-office, and had the cancellation placed in my book, reproductions of which appear in these pages.

When I went to inquire for board, I was told that the best kind would cost me fifty rupees a month, and that I would have to have my own servant, at a cost of six or eight rupees a month. The idea of being waited upon was distasteful.

I could not bear to think of having a serf stand around watching me take each bite and noting every move I made. The cheap servant system in India has spoiled the Europeans, who have become positively lazy. Many of them do not think of unlacing their own shoes, and it is not an uncommon thing for a clerk on moderate salary to call "boy" wherever he may be and command the servant to bring a book or article that may be only a few feet from the indolent person's chair.

I preferred to take boarding accommodations in the cheapest class, with the sailors, paying therefor one rupee and four annas per day.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

## THE GLORIES OF MOUNT EVEREST

WHEN I inquired whether or not it would be possible for me to get a good view of Mount Everest, I was told that it was out of the question to see the glory of the snows in the Himalayas during the rainy season. This information, however, did not shake my determination to see the king of that mountainous range, and the hill dwellers who inhabit that section of the country. My nearest point was to be Darjeeling, 370 miles north. I left Calcutta for that place, buying a round trip railroad ticket and traveling third-class.

At Bogooole I bought a native supper, and, through ignorance, almost caused a Hindoo provision seller to lose all the wares he had on his tray. I began making selections and, to my amazement, he threw away everything I touched, for the reason that I did not belong to his caste. I had learned that it was necessary for me to carry my own drinking cup, for a native will not permit one to drink from the cocoanut shell which he carries for his own use. In no other country are the lines so closely drawn.

On this trip I actually found a cool night in



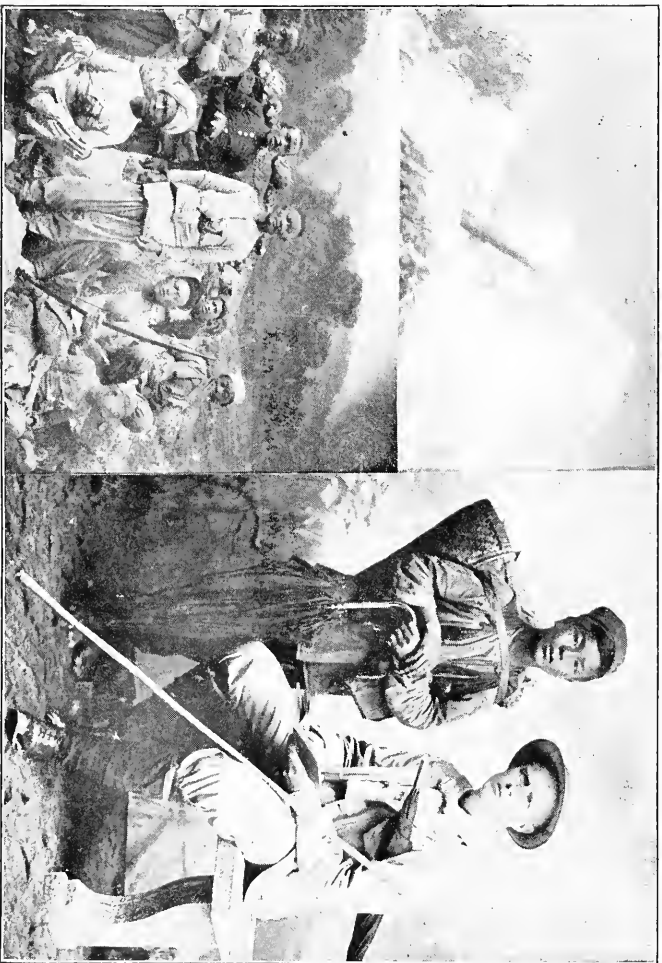
India and, stretching out in the railroad car, enjoyed the change from the insufferable heat immensely. Passing through jungles and forests on a little toy railway to which I had transferred, penetrating the home of tigers, elephants and wild hogs, I reached Darjeeling, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. It was raining, and I received no encouragement when I began to ask how I was to see Mount Everest. I was finally told that I would get the best view from the summit of the Singalila range, forty miles from Darjeeling. That wasn't welcome news, but I shouldered my pack and started out to cover the distance on foot. I attracted the attention of every native I met, for it was something marvelous to them to see a white man carrying something on his back. Reaching a small mountain village, I found entertainment at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wright, missionaries, and the only white persons in the village.

The pack had been growing very heavy and I finally engaged the service of a coolie to carry it. His stipulated price was the equivalent of sixteen cents a day. He was to board himself. After a delightful service at the mission home, which was hugely enjoyed by a large number of hill natives who had come to the village to attend a bazaar, the coolie and myself started out, first through a bamboo forest and

then making a climb of about four thousand feet to Toughi. Here we spent the night and the following day reached a valley at the foot of a mountain from which we expected to obtain a view of Mount Everest. The last two thousand feet of the climb were indeed a hardship, for the atmosphere was rare and my breath came with difficulty. The wet weather, the sudden change from the heat of Calcutta, and the lofty elevation were all against me, and when we reached the next bungalow my head was aching terribly.

The next morning my hopes were realized. The coolie was rapping on my door and window very excitedly. The morning was bright and off in the distance I saw the snow-capped Mount Everest, gigantic and proud. After I had enjoyed the inspiring picture for some time the veil of clouds and mist came up again and the great mountain was again hidden from view. My purpose was accomplished, and in the face of the fact that no one seemed to think, when I started, that I would be able to accomplish that which I set out to do.

I returned to the bungalow after this most gratifying experience and cooked some potatoes and eggs over my fireplace. With what I had cooked, and bread, raspberry jam and tea, I was exceedingly comfortable there by a glowing fire. There was not a man within forty



A DISTANT VIEW OF MOUNT EVEREST.—NATIVES NEAR THE BORDER OF TIBET.—  
THE AUTHOR AND HIS COOLEY IN THE HIMALAYA.



miles of me who could speak English, but I had no sense of fear on that account, and felt rather at home with my coolie and the native in charge of the bungalow, even though they spoke in a tongue different from mine.

There were rain and mud and a slippery time through the jungles on the return trip. We passed many native huts, but I did not enter, for it would have broken the caste of the dwellers therein for me to have passed through their doors. While on the return trip I purchased a chicken for eight annas, sixteen cents, and told my coolie to kill it. He absolutely refused, his religion forbidding him to take life. When I again reached the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wright, it had been five days since I had heard a word of English spoken, and the syllables were music to the ears. I reached Darjeeling on June 3d, having walked more than eighty miles.

## CHAPTER XXIX

## SELLING TYPEWRITERS ABOVE THE CLOUDS

IN this mountain city it was my desire to remain about a week, for it is a great health and pleasure resort, and then there is the glory of the snows, which a great part of India is a stranger to. I secured employment, therefore, with G. S. Bomivetsch and my work was to sell the Remington typewriter away up there in the Himalaya mountains. This employment gave me a chance to see something of the military and commercial life of the country. Upon approaching a business man it was necessary to send my card to him by a native servant, who presented a silver plate at the door for that purpose. A coolie carried the sample typewriter, for in Darjeeling it would have been disgraceful for a white man to do such a thing. I found many men on my rounds who were ignorant of the value of typewriters, but managed to make my expenses while thus engaged in selling a great modern invention in a city above the clouds. The week spent there was a constant delight to the eye, for the view of the great mountain range and the stupendous wall which no human foot has been able to climb, combined to make an impression upon my mind

that can never be effaced, and which is one of the most pleasant memories of the trip. The principal industry here is the cultivation of tea. Maize, or Indian corn, is the staple product of the hills, while here and there, in the lower portions of the high country, rice is grown considerably. The most primitive implements are used in tilling the soil for these products. Millet, wheat, mustard, sugar cane and vegetables are grown to some extent.

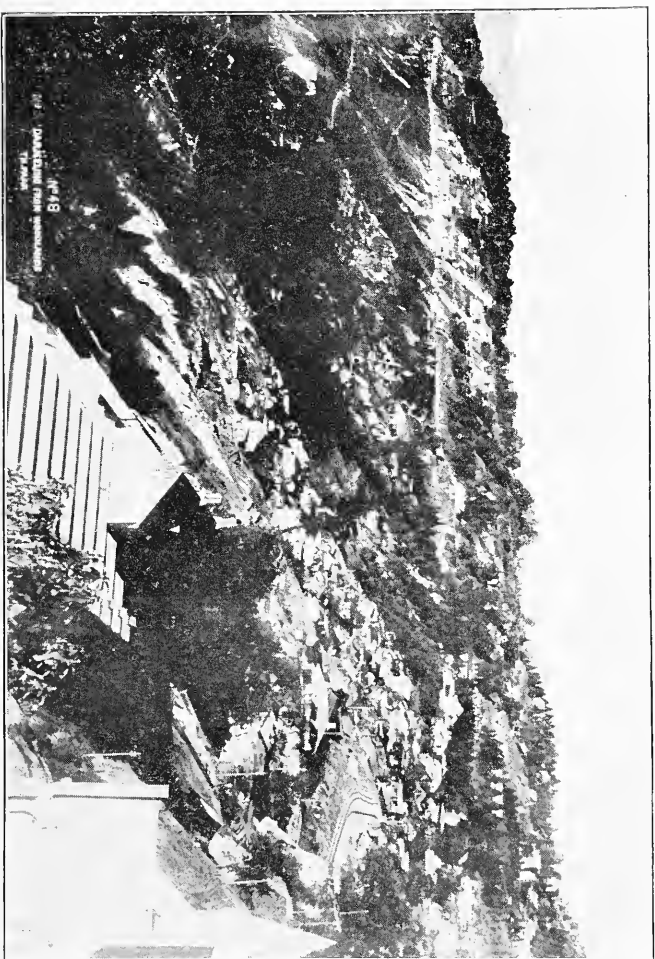
Upon my return to Calcutta I accepted another position with the Remington Company, working for Mr. Stockwell, the agent, at a salary of fifty rupees a week. On Sunday, July 21st, while at church services at Union Chapel, I was feeling ill, and was told by a Mrs. Brockway that I seemed to have the fever. This was indeed unwelcome news, but I felt that she was right. The dreaded malady had fastened itself upon me and I was taken to the Brockway home, the parsonage, and was soon a wretched victim of the debilitating disease. No pains and attention were spared for my comfort. It was indeed a home away from home. But it pulled me down terribly and took ambition and determination away almost as much as had the seasickness on the rolling Atlantic.

Having recovered by Wednesday, July 30th, I took passage on the steamer "Catharine

Apcar'' for Hong Kong, paying thirty-five rupees, with daily diet included. I was only a deck passenger and, as I had done before, had to cast about for the most comfortable place I could find. This experience is almost equal to the Klondike rush, about which I already knew something, the unrolling of one's blankets on the deck of a ship constituting a recognized claim. I found a place under one of the life-boats, secured a piece of canvas which I threw over the boat to make a sort of private compartment, and completed a chain of good luck by finding a cot. No deck passenger could have been surrounded by greater luxuries. During a storm, however, misfortune overtook me, for as the ship tossed helplessly it gave such a lurch that my cot broke down and I found myself lying on the flooded deck. While I was crawling about, looking for another cot, I met the second officer, an American. He asked me what I was doing, and when I informed him that I needed another cot he invited me to take one of the berths in his cabin and to make myself at home there during the rest of the voyage. Such little acts of kindness were the bright spots that helped to equalize the hard features of my working journey around the world.

We reached Singapore August 12th, and had twenty-four hours ashore there. Singapore is





DARJEELING, INDIA, WHERE THE AUTHOR SOLD TYPEWRITERS ABOVE THE CLOUDS.



a beautiful modern city on the equator. It exports more tin than any other port in the world, and bears many evidences of the prosperity which makes its development and advancement possible. When we left the dock our vessel had seven hundred Chinese passengers, all bound for Hong Kong. They were huddled together like sheep, and after they had become settled, most of them were smoking opium and gambling. The majority of them had been working in tin mines, and had plenty of money with which to gamble. Professional gamblers make it a business to travel between Singapore and Hong Kong, for the sole purpose of fleecing the passengers.

On the second day out from Singapore one of the Chinese passengers died. His body was wrapped in the mat upon which he lay when death came. Some scraps of iron were tied to his feet, and at 8 o'clock in the morning the Hindoo sailors slid his body overboard. No one showed respect for the dead. Not even his wife looked at the lifeless body. The death caused no more grief among his fellow passengers than if the corpse had been that of a stray dog. The other Chinamen were too anxious to return to their gambling to have time for sentiment and tears.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## CHINA AND THE PHILIPPINES

ON Friday, August 16th, the sea was very rough and the wind blew fiercely from the north. The frightened Chinamen were washed from one side of the ship to the other. Gambling was stopped and the cards, chips, mats and rice dishes were swept overboard. The second officer and myself saved two Chinese children from drowning by rushing into water which was about three feet deep on the deck. For five hours the fierce waves lashed the ship in fury, and for two days we had continued rough weather on the China Sea. Before we reached Hong Kong there were three dead Chinamen on board. We entered the harbor of that city on the morning of Monday, August 19th. The voyage had consumed nineteen days.

Hong Kong is a clean, finely situated city, with a modern air about it. At 5 o'clock that afternoon I boarded a river boat for Canton, passing a very delightful night on the Canton River. After landing at Canton, having dismissed pretty sharply the greedy Chinese guide who wished to show me over the city, a young Englishman and myself decided that we could

see more by walking to the various places of interest than by sitting at ease in the chairs which were offered for our use on every hand. One guide, in that way, served us both, and the plan proved to be highly pleasant and satisfactory. We saw the processes of silk-weaving, stone-cutting, painting on rice paper, the manufacture of fans, pottery and China and ivory ware, all done under the most unfavorable conditions as to light and ventilation, and performed according to methods that are two thousand years old. After seeing the many interesting and ancient sights of the city, including the temples and the idols, I got on board the vessel for the purpose of returning to Hong Kong.

At Hong Kong I learned that transportation to Manila was very high, and my money permitted me to travel only third-class. I took my small baggage and entered a steam launch with forty-six Chinamen. We were taken to the "Standfield," an old boat used by the American government for disinfecting third-class passengers. My poverty, and the kind of travel it necessitated, made it necessary for me to undergo the same sort of examination to which the filthy Mongolians were subjected. There was nothing to do but grin and bear it, although the thought of such a process was far from pleasing.

I went below with the Chinamen and each

man was provided with a tub. A bath was the first thing on the cleansing program. I took off my clothes, and after removing from the pockets my note-book and every other article that might be damaged by the steam, which was 250 degrees hot, threw my garments upon a carrier, which took them, with the clothes of the Chinamen, into a huge oven. After I had taken the medicated bath I was looking toward the upper deck, and there saw the inspector give to two Japanese who had not been disinfected, tickets which showed that they had been. My blood boiled. Here I was, subjected to this indignity, while one of my countrymen was permitting two foreigners to slip through without it. The disinfection as applied to the Chinese is all right. They need it. I did not need it, but simply because I was unwilling to pay the high rate of better passage, I had to submit. It is strange that every man with a little extra money which he is willing to part from is perfectly free from contagious diseases.

My clothes were sadly wrinkled and stained when they came from the heater. I never looked so utterly bad, as to apparel, until I went through the sweat-shop over which the Stars and Stripes were flying. I got into a steam launch and went to the "Perla," which was to take us to the Philippines.

The weather was fair and the sea was grand,



A COLLECTION OF POLICE BUTTONS FROM THE UNIFORMS OF OFFICERS IN MANY CITIES. THE MONOGRAM IN THE CENTER IS **JOHN ANDERSON** IN ARABIC.





but it was extremely hot when we reached Manila Bay. My first mission in Manila was to find employment. This I did in an American barber-shop, going to work at once after buying a white duck suit, which, in that city would be called "conventional," on account of the general use that is made of such garments. For my first week's work I received \$22.50 in American gold, the best wages I had received during all my journeyings. I found that there were three prices for everything. A native may pay \$5 for an article, a Spaniard will pay \$10, and an American \$15.

Manila was one of the most fruitful places for the study of new conditions and the possibilities of a country that I had visited. The biggest fight I saw while there was the struggle between Americans to see who could do the least work and get the best positions. Manila is the most expensive place to live in that can be found in all the East. The only cheap article I found was a postage stamp, it having been many months since I mailed a letter for two cents. It was while I was in Manila that I first heard the news of President McKinley's death, and the memorial services held in our new possessions on account of the taking off of this good man were impressive, and as sincere as they could have been in one of the states that had long owed allegiance to the flag.

## CHAPTER XXXI

RETURN TRIP TO CHINA—EXPERIENCES IN  
JAPAN

IN my first visit to the Philippines I spent one month, at the end of which time I went on board the steamer "Esmeralda" for a return trip to China and a short stay in Japan. I was a deck passenger again and occupied a tent. There were several Americans on board, and after I had recovered from a spell of seasickness caused by a very rough sea, I opened an American barber-shop on deck and did a good business shaving the "long" faces of the seasick passengers. On Monday, October 7th, after delightful hours spent with friends whom I had become acquainted with during my previous visit to Hong Kong, I went on board the steamer "Salazie," a French mail liner, after paying \$12.50 for third class passage to Nagasaki, Japan. There were only eight passengers in the third class department—two French women, two Japanese men, two Russians, an Englishman and myself. We got along very well at the table except for the fact that the Russians took all the cheese and the "Japs" insisted upon cleaning out the olive dish. While my English friend and myself had plenty

of bread and vegetables, we were willing to let the warring foreigners fight for their favorite delicacies as long as they wanted to.

October 10th and 11th were spent in Shanghai, a city that is known in the far east as the model settlement. On the 13th we dropped anchor in the harbor at Nagasaki, a city surrounded by a group of green-clad islands, making a most attractive picture. The first impression of Japan was a good one, for there were evidences of cleanliness on every side. On the railroad trip from Nagasaki to Moji, for which I had purchased a third class ticket, I was the only white person in a car that contained about one hundred Japanese. The passenger coaches in Japan are modeled after the American coaches, but the seats are close together and the cars are small and easily crowded. The Japanese are very friendly, and one of them, who appeared to be of the better class, asked me to partake of the lunch which he carried in a little pine box. He had boiled rice, pickles and vegetables, and he gave me two sticks with which to carry the food to my mouth. I must confess freely that the first mouthful was carried to my lap. Notwithstanding the difficulties, I succeeded in getting away with a liberal portion of the lunch, which was altogether toothsome.

By the middle of the afternoon we were in

the famous rice-belt of Japan, where the stout little men and women of the country were hard at work in the fields.

In Moji I made arrangements at a hotel, after having been asked various prices at different houses, for a room at the rate of one yen, or fifty cents a day. When I reached the entrance to the hotel, I was asked to remove my shoes before stepping upon the matting. A Japanese girl approached me, made a little bow, squealed as though some one had pinched her, and then took my shoes and gave me a pair of sandals made of rice-straw. She then piloted me to my room, which contained rice-straw matting, a thin cushion to sit upon, and a charcoal-box. The girl brought some hot charcoal, made a "shakedown" on the floor and then sat down, with her feet under her, and watched me closely. I began to prepare for retiring, thinking she would leave the room. But no, she sat there and waited until I had crawled between the quilts. Then she took the lamp, made another little bow, let loose another squeal, and left me alone.

The quilts in this first-class Japanese hotel were so short that I could not stretch out without having my feet unprotected, and the pillow, filled with seed, was so large that my neck and head were very uncomfortable. But such things all go with the discomforts which a per-

son undertaking such a task as I had must bear with patiently.

At 7 o'clock the next morning the girl came to my room and began to slide the little doors back, and then the wall partitions which had formed the apartment in which I had spent the night. By the time she had finished pushing doors and walls this way and that, I found myself lying out of doors, with only a roof over me. I could not help taking such a hint as that. It was time to get up. In a few moments, after I had dressed, the girl returned with my breakfast, made up of an egg omelet, rice and tea. She sat near me and when my awkwardness in the use of the chop sticks was manifest she began to feed me. Such accommodations are not to be found in ordinary hotels. It was a charming diversion that might have turned the head of a fickle traveler.

## CHAPTER XXXII

## JAPAN'S INLAND SEA

THAT morning I made preparations for a trip on the famous inland sea of Japan, and bought a ticket for Kobe on a little Japanese freight and native passenger steamer. I was the only man on board who could speak English. At noon a boy came around with a tray filled with small pieces of fish, and another bearing a dish of vegetables. I also had a wooden vessel filled with boiled rice, and was given a pair of chop-sticks with which to eat. The chief engineer laughed at my efforts to use the sticks and kindly taught me how to manipulate them. I practiced faithfully and was soon able to use them as skillfully as a native.

I was a curiosity on that boat. Everybody was interested in me. The women thought my light hair was wonderful and they wanted to touch it and see, doubtless, whether or not it was hair. They also wanted to feel the gold filling in my teeth, that feature of my appearance exciting the greatest wonder.

The thing I missed most was bread. There was not a piece of it on the "Asahigow-quinaru." The Japanese are not a bread-eating

people. Probably they will not be so long as the rice holds out.

I was two days and two nights on the inland sea, between Moji and Kobe. I had paid the equivalent of \$1.20 for my transportation and food and had received all of the courtesies and marks of kindness that could have been bestowed.

At Kobe I looked for employment again, but was unsuccessful, and then began a tour of Japan on foot, going to Suma, Macko and Akashi. A little "Jap," who was making a long journey in the same way I was, fell in with me, and we continued our wanderings together for a long time. One night we stopped at a cheap hotel, and when I awoke the next morning I found that my companion had gone and taken my faithful umbrella with him. He was good enough to leave his tiny Japanese umbrella with me, while my other possessions were safe under my head, having been used as a pillow. After passing through numerous cities and villages, I finally reached Osaka, the second largest city of the Japanese empire. The streets are narrow and dark, and the city is said to have three hundred bridges. It seemed that I crossed them all not less than three times before I reached the general post-office, where I went in order to get the customary cancellation stamp, without which my trip

would have lost one of its most valuable features. Here I was in a great city with only twenty sen, or ten cents, to pay for a night's lodging. The financial skies were again becoming deeply clouded and I realized that something must be done.

While inquiring for cheap lodgings in a narrow street I became the center of interest. One young Japanese took an interest in me and volunteered to give assistance. He took me to the police station, where there was an officer who could speak English. I explained my predicament to him, and he told me he could find a place where I could sleep for the ten cents I had appropriated for that purpose. In the place he took me to I was given a "shake-down" in true Japanese style. The next morning the proprietor insisted upon my taking back the money I had given him for lodging, and his wife fixed a lunch for me to carry with me. Surely there is some of the milk of human kindness in every quarter of the globe.

On the highway out of Osaka I met four jinricksha men who wanted me to ride with them. I explained my financial circumstances, and furthermore, made known the fact that I was a barber, suiting my actions to the words by displaying my barber tools. The result of this was that I received five sen, or two and a half cents, from each of three of them for running





A JINRICKSHA MAN IN JAPAN.



the clippers over their heads, the fourth one agreeing to pull me to the next village. These little fees for the barber work I had just done constituted one of the real windfalls of my experience.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

## THE FINANCIAL SKIES BRIGHTER

WHEN we reached the village, the jinricksha men began to tell the people all about their "hair-cuts" and to run their hands over their smooth heads and laugh. At Kioto I had another streak of good fortune, for in that city there was a European hotel in which a number of American guests were housed. The proprietor, a Japanese gentleman, said the Americans doubtless would be glad to have the services of an American barber, and said he would gladly give me board and room for a few days in order to have me in the house. I did a profitable business, ate in the guides' dining-room, was shown many favors by these guides and the 'ricksha men, and, altogether, found myself most favorably situated for seeing the sights of the old imperial capital. The last man I shaved during my stay in the Kioto hotel was an Italian prince, who remained in his bed while the operation was performed. While seeing Kioto I had made twenty-five yen, or \$12.50, in working at my trade.

After walking to Kusatsu I took a train there for Nagoya, the railroad fare being less than one cent a mile in that country. From Nagoya,

which is a modern city with straight, regular streets, I traveled along the eastern coast highway, coming in sight of Mount Fugi on Sunday morning. This mountain is the theme of poem and song in that country. That same morning I reached Yokohama. After spending two days in that city, I took the train for the capital of the empire, Tokio.

From there I went to Nikko, the most famous place in all Japan. It is filled with magnificent temples, places of historic interest and spots of rare beauty, all of which were seen as rapidly as possible. The Japanese say that one has not seen real beauty until he has seen Nikko. At the hotel there I did some barber work and spent delightful hours with the educated natives and the tourists who were there. After a trip to Lake Chusenji I began the return journey, and was soon in Yokohama. It was necessary for me to have employment before sailing again, but I found the task of finding it in this city a very difficult one indeed. Meeting refusals at all sorts of places, I finally accepted the inevitable and shared the work the Japanese barbers were doing at the United States hospital. Two classes of persons are well cared for in Japan—tourists and sailors. As I was not able to pay for the accommodations the tourists were able to buy, I found that I was in a class by myself. A young man who

was in charge of the United States navy coal-yard gave me employment helping him to fit up a new house, and I stayed at his place while waiting for a chance to secure passage out of the country.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

## HOMEWARD BOUND

IT was a difficult task to secure a working passage on an outgoing ship. The answer was the same everywhere, to the effect that only Oriental labor was employed on the vessels. After several of the darkest days I ever knew, the long-looked-for opportunity came and I was taken as third cook on the United States transport Warren, bound for Manila. It was a happy moment when I walked aboard the Warren and was shown to the "glory hole," the place reserved as the sleeping quarters of the crew. The last row of little bunks was occupied by the cooks, waiters and bakers, and I soon found my place. My first duty as a third cook was not along the line of cooking at all, but consisted in cleaning skylights and scrubbing woodwork.

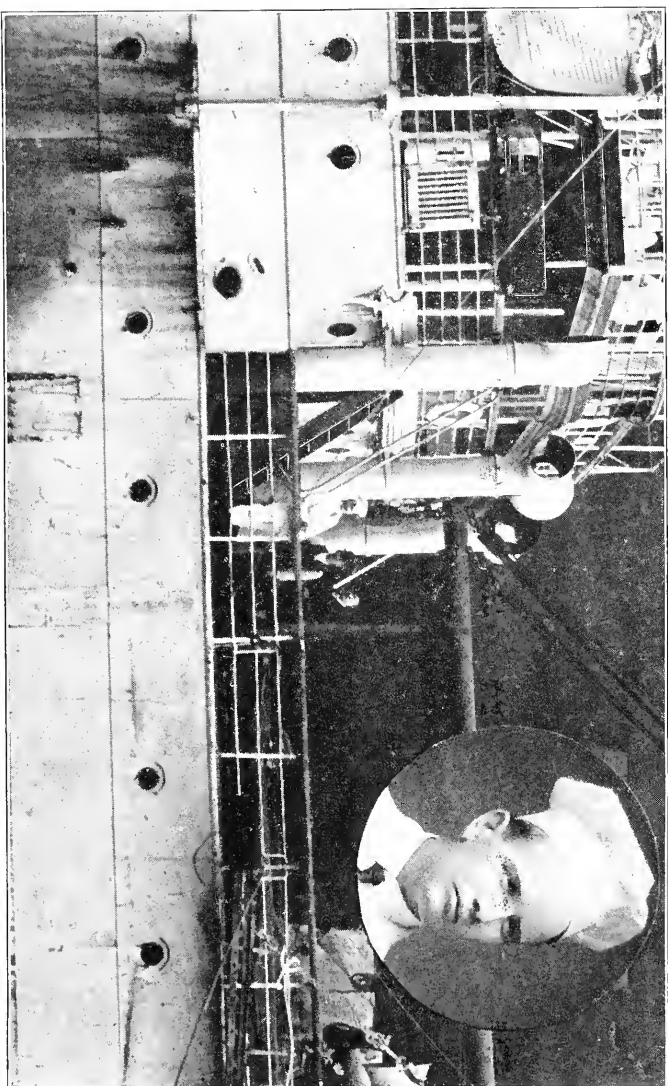
The eating features of this passage were good, for anything on the ship that I wished to call for, at mealtime, was mine. I was sure of living well during the voyage, and it is verily true that a stomach well-cared for goes a long distance toward insuring a happy frame of mind and satisfaction with the world. After I had finished washing and scrubbing, I was put to

work applying a coat of white paint to parts of the ship in the vicinity of the cook's galley that needed it. Meanwhile the Warren was tied to the shore, having been delayed for repairs. The next day I was informed that my wages would be \$40 a month until I reached San Francisco. It seemed good to hear of promised payment in the gold of my own country.

The task of cleaning and painting went on for days. At length I was given work more in line with the modest title I bore, and these duties were far less laborious than the ones I had started in upon.

On Sunday, December 1st, the crew of the Warren rejoiced, for water began to flow into the dry dock and the ship soon floated. We moved out into the bay and I was homeward bound. One week later all hands were called into the saloon cabin and I received pay for nine days' work. Monday afternoon we were in sight of the Philippine Islands, and on Tuesday, December 10th, the Warren dropped anchor in Manila Bay. It was announced that we would sail for San Francisco on the 15th, by way of Nagasaki. While we were anchored the chief cook and the steward got into a dispute, and as a result the chief cook threw up his job, and the rest of us were moved up one notch. I became second cook, preparing the





THE U. S. TRANSPORT "WARREN" ON WHICH THE AUTHOR, MR. ANDERSON,  
RETURNED TO SAN FRANCISCO AS COOK.



meals for the firemen and sailors. Eleven hundred soldiers boarded the Warren for the trip to the United States, and the vessel therefore had a full complement of passengers.

On the 15th we left Manila Bay and started for a cooler climate, the weather in the Philippines being unbearably hot, even in December. On the homeward trip the Warren seemed to be a floating gambling house. There were games of chance everywhere. Soldiers were squandering the money they had earned while fighting for the flag, and the members of the crew wasted that which they had worked so hard for. In the saloons and cabins the officers and others able to play for higher stakes were indulging in the same pastime. Money changed hands freely. Boys with funds at day-break retired without money with which to pay expenses after reaching San Francisco. I became convinced that the gambling habit is one of the worst the American man is a victim of.

On the fifth day out we reached Nagasaki. On the 21st anchor was raised and the journey toward home was continued. General Funston was on the Warren at the time I was serving in the kitchen, but the nearest I came to meeting him was when he peeped through the skylights into the saloon galley where we were at work preparing the meals.

Christmas was one of the busiest days in the galley, for there were extra dishes to serve. It was little like a holiday to me. There was nothing in my stocking that morning, for there had been a poker game in the "glory hole" all night, and Santa Claus refused to visit such a place.

In the culinary line the boys in blue, those who do the fighting for their country, fared worst. The food given them was frequently bad. Many times I saw soldiers take their plates of stew, and then with curses, throw the stuff overboard and make their meal on hard-tack and coffee in preference to that which was served them as rations for that day. Soldiers many times offered me money, sometimes as high as a dollar, for the contents of my well filled plate, which they perhaps saw me eating as they passed the hatch back of the galley. The boys who made the long marches and carried heavy knapsacks and won battles for the American flag were treated like swine on the transport Warren, while the giddy officers feasted like kings. It is a condition that should bring the blush of shame to the ones in authority over such affairs.

On January 9th, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, my heart leaped for joy as the Warren entered the Golden Gate at San Francisco. The journey around the world had been accom-

plished. I had traveled 36,000 miles and had endured hardships and enjoyed many pleasures. I came home convinced that my country was the best on earth. I was more proud of the Stars and Stripes when I returned than when the trip began. I had heard the praises of America sung in every land, and had seen how the citizen of this country is respected and honored. These experiences have been weakly told, but rest assured, reader, that they are faithfully portrayed, and that the writer took up the avocations of a home life, after traveling in many strange lands, a better American citizen than ever, and firmly grounded in the belief that what this country has accomplished is due to a high degree of patriotism and to the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. The darkest countries I saw were the countries without the Gospel. With it in every clime, the world can be won for progress, for commercial advancement, for the uplifting of all mankind and for the proper glorification of Him whose words and works made America's proud position possible.











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